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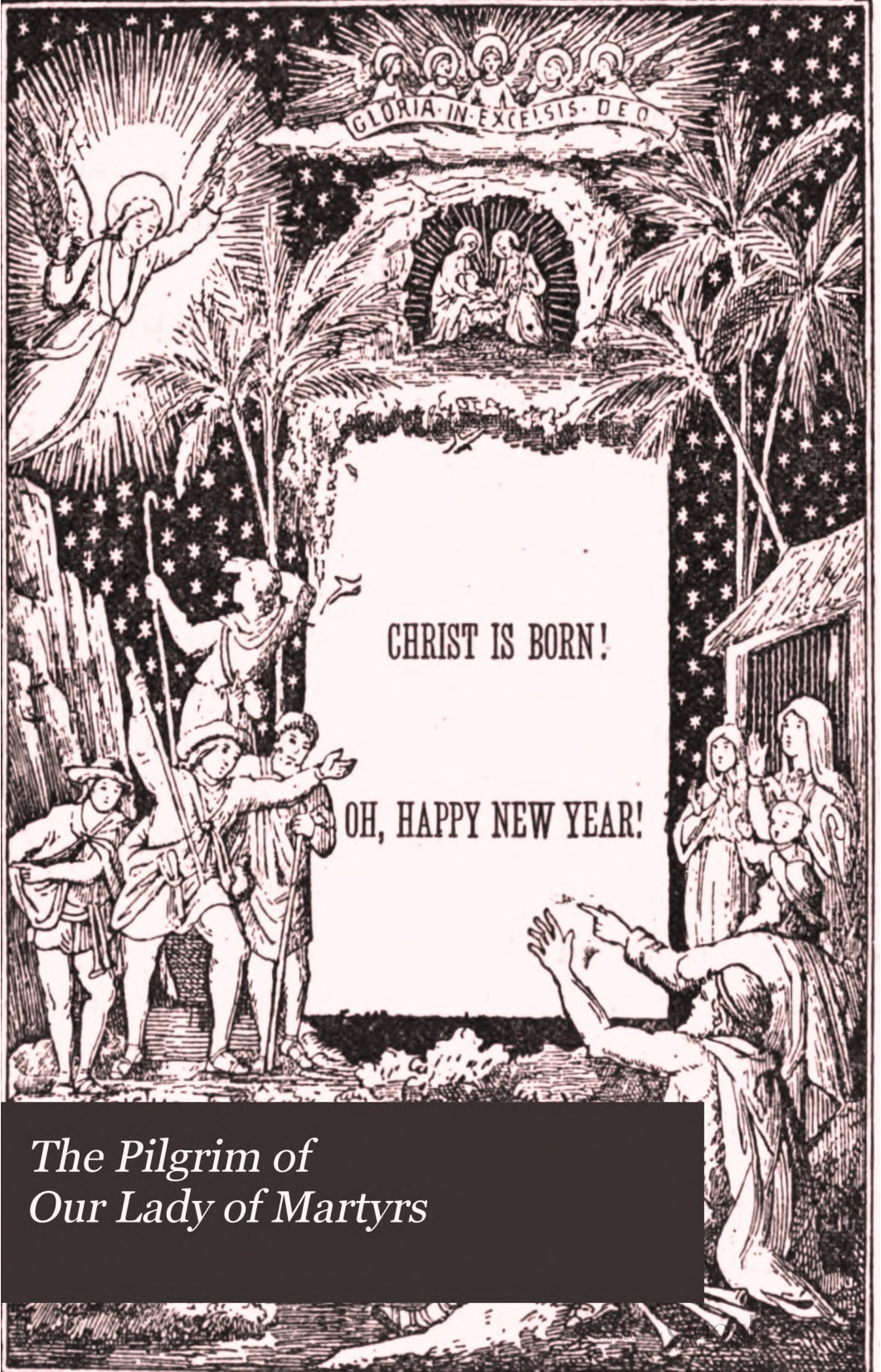

The Pilgrim of
Our Lady of Martyrs

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

AN AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE

POPULAR LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

Published in the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart (Apostleship of Prayer) and other Societies, and of the North American Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

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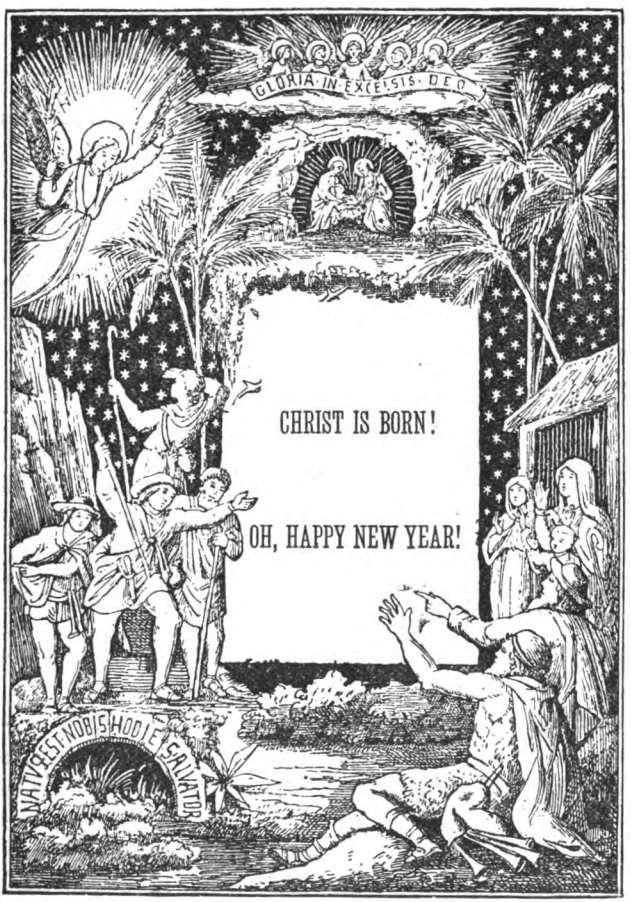
READING ROOM

THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. JANUARY, 1888.



THIS DAY IS BORN TO US A SAVIOUR.
HAIL JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH!

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DO YOU KNOW EMMANUEL?

IT is strange how few people take pains to make acquaintance with the Only Person Whom it is really important to know.

They try to make other friends, they keep up the slightest acquaintance with the rich or with men of influence in business, in society, in politics. They are always hail, fellow, well met! with their comrades. But the Only Person Whose riches last, Who has all influence in this world and the next, Who is the Best of all companions, "walking with us by the way,"—Him many never know, others forget, and yet others shut the door against Him when He comes their way. And the few who keep up His acquaintance for the most part pay Him less attention than to the commonest of their every-day friends.

This is because they do not really know Who this Only Person is. His name is Emmanuel.

When the Czar of all the Russias visits the German Emperor, even republican America knows who each one is, their age, their general appearance as the illustrated papers have it, their family intermarriages with England, and their dispositions, friendly or unfriendly, towards France and other countries. And nearer home each freedom-loving American, when the President makes his round of travel, must at least see him and, if possible, take him by the hand. How many know or care to see Emmanuel, Who is a greater King than all emperors, Who is of the family of every man, Who is always among men because "His delight is with the children of men?"

Emmanuel is the name of a Man. But this name has a meaning: it means—God with us.

Men nowadays as always, here as everywhere, need very sorely to see God. They may try to hide it from themselves, or they may say that they know a great deal about Him already, but this is the sad truth. When they wake at dead of night, when they are alone in the fierce thunder-storm, when the darkness and desolation of a great grief come over them, they need very sorely to see God. Then they would feel a little more secure. They would know then just what awaits them after the darkness of

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death, and whether the wrongs and sorrows of this life will really be made up in the next. But God is a pure Spirit and somehow very far off. Through his telescope man sees the farthest star, but he catches no glimpse of God. The light of conscience shines inside him, but without God it only shows him troublous phantoms. Oh, God must come down to him; he must know Emmanuel—**God with us!**

Emmanuel is a Man, that is, He has flesh and blood and a human soul like ours. But we wish to know Him personally, and this Person is totally unlike other men. That is why Emmanuel is the Only Person Whom it is really important to know.

He lives, but His is more than human life. He took in His own the hands of a maiden who had died, and she lived again. He stood in front of a tomb, weeping with those who wept; and then, suddenly, with His wonderful mastery of life He called to His dead friend, and the corpse, four days mouldering in the earth, came forth rejoicing in new life. Even from the hem of His garment healing came to the sick, and still comes, year after year, to many who know Him as He is. But we need life very sorely, and we fear sickness and death. This Person is the Master of life: we must therefore know Him—Emmanuel.

He knows, but not with the narrow knowledge of even the most learned men. He looks into the hearts of the men who come before Him, He knows those inmost thoughts which are not clear even to ourselves. When we try to make full confession of our sins to the priest, we only aim at telling them as He knows them. What is more, He knows God's thoughts. Nearly all we can know about God, we must learn from Him; and one day He—Emmanuel—will examine and judge us. But we must know how to prepare for that last judgment. We must therefore make haste to know this Person Who is the Judge and Who is Light of Light.

He loves, and with a human Heart that sends the blood pulsating through His veins. But His heart-beats are not like other men's. Death is the test of love. They may, now and again, die one for another—a mother for her child, or a man for his very dear friend, or many together in the enthusiasm of battle for their homes and their country. But He dies—He chooses of

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His own will to die—for all men, for men who do not know Him, for those indifferent to Him, for His enemies. They misuse life and trifle with it. That they may not lose it forever, He lays down His life for them. No man taketh it from Him—it is the will of His Heart. Hath a man greater love for his friend than this? Yet to profit by it, we must know the Person of our Friend—Emmanuel.

The life, the knowledge, the love—wonderful, more than human, Divine—of this Person, Emmanuel, are not over with His death; for He is the Master of life—always living to make intercession for us. He is God with us—even to the consummation of the ages. He is ever knocking at the door of our hearts, offering us His own life, which is the forgiveness of sin and the strength of grace. He is ever teaching us just what we must do to be saved, from sin and misery here, from death and the eternal darkness hereafter. He is ever loving us, giving to all willing to receive Him His own Being in mystic Food.

For Emmanuel, Whom we must know, is Jesus Christ: this Person is the Eternal Son of God become Man, taking human nature on Himself and living in a human mode of existence in time. And Emmanuel—God with us—Jesus Christ—teaches us in His Church, gives us life in the Church's sacraments, and, in a new and veiled existence, loves all and draws hearts to Himself in the Divine Eucharist—the Blessed Sacrament of our altars. There we shall know Him like His disciples after the resurrection,—in Holy Communion—in the breaking of the bread.

A DAKOTA CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE tinkling of a little bell—"O my God, I give Thee my heart!"—"A Merry Christmas, children!" Such were the sounds that, at four o'clock in the morning, broke the slumbers of the boarders remaining at the convent for the Christmas vacation. It was in a religious institution away off on the great western prairie, near the border line of the Dominion of Canada.

"Merry Christmas!" was answered back in every cadence, from the sleepy tones of one who was not yet fully awake, to the high treble of some terrible "little one," who had been awake for over

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an hour before the bell rang, fearing lest the others would steal a march on her and go off to Mass without her. Then silence reigned and every one went quickly to work to dress and say morning prayers before the 'Bus or big sleigh would come up for us.

At 4.45 the bell rang, summoning all who were going to Mass to come quickly, for the horses could not bear to stand long in the cold. Out we all went, about twenty-five in all. Oh, the cold, the terrible cold! it took our breath away. But never mind; we are brave up here. One or two exclamations, and the scarfs are pulled over our faces, we huddle into the open 'Bus, and in a few moments all are comfortably seated. One nun and four babies from three to six years old are all that are left behind.

"Well, Bernard,"—that's the driver's name—"how does the thermometer stand this morning?"

The answer is: "It don't stand at all; it is 40° below zero."

Well, well, this is dreadful—but off start the horses. The snapping, crackling noise of the snow, the still, cold, clear air, the beautiful, bright stars, all look like Christmas.

One ventures to say: "I hope our poor Lord had a milder night than this to be born in!"

That was a reminder we were going to welcome and adore that Divine Lord,—so quickly all struck up the *Adeste.* We disturbed no one; only the silent stars and boundless prairies were our companions.

Soon we reached the church. In the vestibule each child was examined to see if face or hands were frozen. All were well, not even cold; but yet the fire was welcome. At five, High Mass began. I did not think the choir sang the *Adeste* as well as the children had done. It was so inspiring to hear the *Venite Adoremus* ring out over the frozen prairie, to the accompaniment of the sleigh bells and the sound of the horses' hoofs as we galloped along.

After Mass all muffled up well. It was getting colder—45° below zero; but it was Christmas, and all must be merry. The cold was but a little thing in comparison with all our Lord suffered for us.

Mass over, and yet not daylight! It is only seven o'clock. Oh, how pleasant to be home again; and, joy of all joys for the children, we are to have the Christmas tree before breakfast! The

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little ones are waked up and dressed, Santa Claus rigs himself out in buffalo robes, the tapers are lit, the *Adeste* is sung, and the doors thrown open. What a vision of beauty! The great tree loaded down with presents—dolls, shoes, whistles, writing-desks, books, candies, oranges, just everything! Each present was received with a burst of gladness.

Now a beautiful French doll from papa—"Oh, it can turn its head every way!"

A set of dishes—"Please, please, may we have a party to-day with my new dishes?"

This is interrupted by a loud blast on the horn which one of the boys has just received.

All good things as well as bad come to an end. The tree is relieved of its burden. It looks very bare, and yet there are pretty ornaments on it still.

"Oh, let it stay two or three days to remind us of how happy it made us!" is the petition of a little flaxen-haired Norwegian, who, though not a Catholic, begged to go to confession, for she could not enjoy Christmas until she had told "an awful sin" committed in Chicago! Poor Chicago! I wish hers was the greatest that ever arose from its swarming multitudes, to bring down from heaven its maledictions on this wicked world. She is ten years old.

After breakfast every one is again busy getting ready for last Mass, for those who went to second are just returning. No cooking will be done to-day; all was prepared yesterday, and heating just a little is all that will be required.

"Are all well muffled up?" is a question answered by each one presenting hands and face all covered up splendidly. One little one says she supposes people's eyes don't freeze!

Off we go again. It has moderated greatly—gone up at least ten degrees. We can tell it because the horses are not covered with frost, and the driver's beard and eyebrows are not hung with icicles. Some have not looked up out of the buffalo robes, but a swing and a jerk tell them—"We are there!"

The church is so nice and warm. After a short delay High Mass begins. The church is very full of people and the church is large. The men look like buffaloes and bears with their big coats. The ladies—oh, there are no ladies, but moving bundles of furs and shawls. At one o'clock we start back; the wind has

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risen. Well, all set off to face one of the very coldest days in our very cold climate.

Home again! One must be in Dakota—North Dakota—to know the pleasure of the heat.

"Oh see, Annie is frozen! Sister Joseph is frozen! Hilda is frozen! Quick! quick! snow and rub them!"

Coal oil is splendid for taking out the dreadful white spot. In a few moments the rubbing with snow has caused the frozen parts to resume their proper color. No harm is done. The ones that were frozen did not know it until told!

Freezing is a small matter, if the proper means for drawing out the frost are *immediately* taken. But if neglected, much suffering will ensue, and the effects of the freezing will last for a lifetime in a peculiar tenderness and aptness of the parts once frozen to easily freeze again.

The hardships of Christmas are over. We shall have Benediction at the Convent, and there will be no going out again till the morrow. The day is spent in giving parties with the new dishes, taking the dolls to visit each other. Before night two whistles, a ball, and a work-box are in ruins. But it has been a merry, merry Christmas indeed!

IN THE LAND OF FIRE AND DESOLATION.

(*From Letters of a Missionary in Patagonia, published in the* Unità Cattolica, 1886.)

[Leo XIII. erected the southernmost extremity of the American continent into a Vice-Prefecture Apostolic, and confided it to the care of a worthy and zealous member of the Salesian Congregation, founded by the saintly blind priest, Dom Bosco.]

THE island of Terra del Fuego is a perfect labyrinth of channels, creeks, bays, gulfs, and peninsulas, and forms with surrounding islets a wonderful archipelago. The main island is covered with snow-capped mountains, composed of clayslate, greenstone, and granite. The southern and western coasts are sterile and gloomy, well deserving the appellation—*Land of Desolation*—given to it by Captain Cook. Yet the mountains rising behind mountains, forming intervening valleys and covered by thick, dusky masses of forest-trees, lend to the general aspect a certain

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mysterious grandeur. Magellan called it by its present name—*Land of Fire*—from the numerous fires kindled by the natives along the coasts. Later travellers thought the clouds above it came from smoking craters of volcanoes; but now it is known that heavy fogs hang over the land, moved by gusts of polar wind and reflecting the sun's rays, and disappearing as that luminary ascends the heavens. One volcano only has been discovered.

Nearly all of Terra del Fuego is in the possession of Chili, leaving a small portion of the eastern side to the Argentine Republic, with Staten Land at the extreme southern point of the archipelago. Quite recently the Argentine government has chosen Staten Land as a place of "perpetual banishment." Hence a Governor has been stationed there, and a light-house has been erected. Except this island, a station on the shore of Hopparo for British whalers, and a Protestant mission called Usciumaia, the whole of Terra del Fuego is inhabited by savages descended from the tribes in the Western Andes and Patagonia. The principal tribes are the Acaluffi (3,000), sparsely scattered over the territory lying between Cape Pilar and Stewart Island; the Oua (2,000), and the Iagan (3,000), the last dwelling on the islands of Beagle's Channel.

These savages are very ugly. They are low in stature, the trunk very bulky in proportion to the slender limbs. Their color is of a dark mahogany, their faces flat, foreheads low, and their eyes almond-shaped. They live in huts formed of boughs unskilfully interlaced, and subsist on the fish, to catch which they skim over the water in light canoes, and on the seafowl and other birds which are plentiful. Even the little humming-bird may be occasionally seen sipping sweets from open flowers after several days of rain, sleet, and snow. They are good hunters with a sling, and with bows and arrows pointed with bone or flint. They wear mantles made of the skins of seal and guanaco. The climate is cold and damp. Winter reigns nearly all the year and vegetation is scanty; yet strange to say the Fuchsia and Veronica are found in full bloom on strong woody stems at the bases of mountains, two-thirds of which are covered with snow. There is also a bright yellow fungus, about the size of a common apple, which adheres to the bark of the beech-tree. When young it is elastic and full of moisture, but after fructification becomes mucilaginous and sweet to the taste. This, with a seaweed, is a staple article of their food.

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They keep up large fires near the coasts in order to cook their fish, and warm their limbs benumbed with cold.

Mammals are few. Besides seals and whales, they have the bat; three kinds of mice, the fox, the sea-otter, guanaco and deer.

These sons of the forest are not naturally fierce, and we have good reason to believe that they will accept the truths and maxims of Christianity with much docility. As to their own religion, they worship a good spirit and an evil one, and they invoke them to obtain food or to conquer their enemies in exactly similar terms and ways. They believe that sickness results from a wicked spirit entering the body, and hence they have professed sorcerers that pretend to drive them out.

Some of the elders among the coast Indians may have heard the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary before our arrival among them. In 1846 unfavorable winds forced the French ship *L'Arche d'Alliance* to seek shelter on that desolate coast. Captain Marceau—so famous for his Christian life and devotion—cast anchor in Port Gallant Bay, and awaited a fair wind to enable him to continue his voyage. Observing a great number of natives flocking to the coast from the interior to see and admire his noble ship, Captain Marceau, by kind and courteous gestures, invited them to come on board. Immediately they ran and leaped into their canoes, and ere long the deck of the excellent ship was covered with natives, to whom the sailors distributed food and clothes.

The chaplain was summoned, and he was delighted to show them a crucifix and try to make them comprehend that Jesus had died to save them. Then he bade the sailors sing over and over again those two blessed names of Jesus and Mary, and induced the natives to sing them with the crew. The Captain ordered the carpenter and painter to ornament one of the canoes with a wooden cross, and to paint the words *Jesus and Mary* on the prow in golden letters. A cross eighty feet in height was made, on which Captain Marceau hung several medals, and it was borne processionally to an eminence on land prepared to receive it. Hymns were sung, the chaplain blessed the cross, and then the crew and their new acquaintances knelt together and sang *Jesus and Mary* with one heart and voice. Since that time no other Catholic that we know of has visited them.

During the last six years our missionaries have built two

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handsome churches, and opened four colleges, one of the latter for arts and trades. They have also founded several pious associations [especially the League of the Sacred Heart, as described in our MESSENGER for March, 1887]. While in search of infidels and natives they have travelled several thousands of miles over the deserts of Patagonia, on one side as far as the Rio Colorado, and on the other as far as the mysterious Lake Nahuel-huapi and the summits of the Andes. These journeys are very costly in sacrifices, because it is very rare to find any but brackish, nauseating water, which even the horses refuse to drink. Also, these poor people are very exacting, and it requires a deal of patience to submit to their petty tyranny. But the missionaries and two catechists persevered in going from *rancho* to *rancho*, although it was seldom any place could be found in which it would be possible to celebrate Mass.

TO-DAY.

Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work, and duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh, just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace, just for to-day.

And if to-day my earthly life should ebb away;
Give me Thy Sacraments divine, sweet Lord, to-day.

In Purgatory's cleansing fires brief be my stay;
Oh bid me, if to-day I die, go home to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for to-day.

—*From a Catholic Reformatory School in England.*

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THREE NEW YORK MARTYRS.

LET us go back two hundred years since. The Dutch burghers are living peacefully enough along the Hudson River under English government; and east of them New England Puritans are spreading their settlements. To the north are the French in Canada. But westward—along the Mohawk and south of Lake Ontario—the terrible Iroquois Indians still hold their Five Cantons in the forest primeval.

The gentle Christ has passed among them, and for twenty years the black-robed missionaries labored in their midst. But now the French and English wars have driven out the priests, and the roughly hewed log-chapels are deserted. Many and many a new Christian, but late a painted savage, has given up home and family to go and live in the distant Canadian mission, where they are free from the persecution of these native American heathens.

Father Charlevoix,[1] who knew many of the principal actors in these troublous times, says of the latter—"they were so exasperated at this, that they declared enemies of their country all the Christian Iroquois who had abandoned it, and this rage won for many of them the crown of martyrdom."

The death-struggle of three of these heroes of Christ we take from his vivid pages. They are associated with the time and place where the present shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs had its beginning, and their memory is consecrated in its veneration.

I.—STEPHEN TEGANANOKOA.

Stephen, well named from the first Christian martyr, came to Sault St. Louis (now Caughnawaga, and still a Christian Iroquois town, near Montreal, Canada), with his wife, sister-in-law and six children, being at that time thirty-five years of age. He had nothing savage in his disposition, and his sincere and tender attachment

[1] We follow the magnificent six-volume English edition, given us with invaluable notes by Dr. Gilmary Shea: it is already scarcer than the French original.

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to his wife, in a country where license reigns and men so commonly change wives, would alone stand as a proof of the innocence of his previous life. As soon as he arrived in the new town, he earnestly solicited baptism, with all his family, and they obtained it after the ordinary trials. He sent them every day to morning and evening prayers and to the instruction given to the young, himself setting them an excellent example by his regular attendance on all the exercises of religion, and his exactness in receiving the Holy Eucharist frequently.

By this pious life he seemed to be prepared to triumph over the enemy of Jesus Christ and to defend his faith amid the most cruel torments. In the month of August, 1690, he set out for the fall hunt, accompanied by his wife and one other Indian. In the month of September they were surprised by a band of fourteen Cayugas, who bound them and took them to their Canton. As soon as Stephen beheld himself in the hands of these savage men, he had no doubt but that he would be condemned to the stake. He warned his wife of this, exhorted her to persevere in the faith, and, in case she returned to Sault St. Louis, to bring up their children in the fear of the Lord.

The three prisoners were taken to Onondaga (near the present city of Syracuse); God wishing apparently that Stephen's constancy and fortitude should shine forth in a place then famous for the assemblage of a host of Indians from all the Iroquois Cantons and for the fearful licentiousness prevalent there. Although it is the custom to await prisoners at the entrance of the village, the joy felt at Onondaga on their having in their hands some of the settlers at Sault St. Louis, made all stream out far in advance to meet them. Each had decked himself in his finest attire, as for a day of triumph; all were armed with hatchets, knives, clubs, or whatever they laid their hands on, and fury was depicted on every countenance.

When they reached the prisoners, one of these Indians, approaching Stephen, said: "Brother, thou art dead: impute thy misfortune to thyself alone, for thou left us to go and live among those dogs of Christians at the Sault."

"I am a Christian," replied Stephen, "and I glory in being one. Do with me what you will: I fear neither your outrages nor your fires. I willingly give my life for a God Who shed all

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His blood for me." Scarcely had he ended these words when the furious savages sprang on, and gashed him deep on the arms, legs and whole body; they then cut off several of his fingers and tore out all his nails. One of the band then cried to him: "Pray to God."

"Yes," replied Stephen, "I will pray," and raising his fettered hands, he made, as well as he could, the sign of the cross, pronouncing aloud in his own language these words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Half his remaining fingers were immediately hacked off, and again they cried: "Now pray to your God."

Again he made the sign of the cross, and they immediately cut off all the rest of his fingers, and for the third time called on him to pray, loading him with insults. As he endeavored to make the sign of the cross with the palm of his hand, it was cut off entirely, and he was slashed wherever he had made the sign of the cross.

After this bloody prelude, the prisoners were led to the village, and near a great fire in which stones had been heated red hot. Several were placed between Stephen's thighs, which were then violently pressed together. He was next ordered to sing in the manner of the country; as he refused to do so, but began to repeat aloud the prayers which he was daily accustomed to recite, one of the savages took a burning brand and drove it far into his mouth; then, before he had time to breathe, he was tied to the stake.

When the courageous neophyte beheld himself amid the instruments of torture and a crowd of executioners, he looked calmly on them and said: "Satiate yourselves with the pleasure of burning me; spare me not; my sins deserve even greater sufferings than you can inflict. The more you torture me, the more you increase the reward prepared for me in heaven."

These words rendered them still more furious; each seized a brand or red hot iron, with which they slowly burned the body of this holy man, who endured the cruel martyrdom without breathing a sigh; he even seemed as calm as though he suffered nothing, his eyes raised to heaven, and buried as it were in profound contemplation. At last his strength began to fail, he asked a few moments' truce, and then rallying all his fervor, he made his last prayer. He commended his soul to Christ, and implored Him to pardon his executioners. They at once resumed his torture; his

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constancy did not flag, and he gave up his soul to his Creator, triumphing by his courage over all the Iroquois cruelty.

His wife's life was spared, as he had foretold her; she remained some time a prisoner in the country, where neither entreaties nor threats could shake her faith. On recovering her liberty, she proceeded to Agnier (the Mohawk country, where the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs now is), which was the place of her birth. There she remained till her son came for her and took her back to Sault St. Louis.

The Indian who had been captured with Stephen, escaped with the loss of some fingers and a deep wound in the leg. He was taken to Cayuga, where all the means were employed to force him to marry again and plunge in all the debaucheries in which that tribe had sunk; but he constantly replied that his religion forbade both. Having at last come towards Montreal with a band of warriors of that Canton, he secretly withdrew and returned to his Mission, where he ever afterwards lived a most edifying life.

II.—FRANCES GONANNHATENHA.

Two years afterwards a woman displayed a constancy, in no wise inferior to that of the virtuous Stephen. Her name was Frances Gonannhatenha, and she had been baptized at Onondaga, her native place, whence she had taken refuge at Sault St. Louis. There she edified all by her piety, her modesty, and especially her charity; and as she was in easy circumstances, the poor always found her an assured resource in their necessities.

One day when she was three leagues from the village, engaged in fishing, she heard the enemy were making a descent on Sault St. Louis; she at once embarked in a canoe, with two of her friends, to go to the assistance of her husband. The women arrived in time to save him; he jumped into a canoe, and this little band deemed themselves safe, when the canoe was suddenly surrounded by a whole army of Iroquois about a quarter of a league from the village. The husband's head was at once cut off and the three women led to the camp.

The cruelties perpetrated on them the first night they spent there, convinced them that they were condemned to death. The savages amused themselves by plucking out their nails, and then burning

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the bleeding fingers in their pipes. The two companions of Frances were then given, one to the Oneida, and the other to the Seneca Canton. She herself was given to her own sister, who was of high rank in Onondaga. This woman, discarding the affection which nature and blood should have inspired, left her sister to the discretion of the sachems and braves, which was equivalent to condemning her to the stake. In fact, as soon as she arrived at the village, she was compelled to ascend a scaffold. There, in the presence of her kindred who had all crowded around to witness her torture, she declared in a loud voice that she was a Christian, and deemed herself happy to die in her own country and by the hands of her own kinsmen, like Jesus Christ Who had been crucified by His own countrymen.

One of her kinsmen, who was present, had five years previously gone to Sault St. Louis to induce Frances to return to her own canton, and having failed, still harbored resentment. The words just uttered by this fervent Christian roused him to fury. He sprang on the scaffold, tore off the crucifix which she wore on her neck, and with a knife, which he held in his hand, he cut a cross on her breast.

"There," he cried, "is the cross you love so much and which prevented your leaving the Sault, when I took the pains to go for you."

"Thank you, brother," replied Frances, "the cross you have torn from me I might lose; but you give me one that I shall not lose even in death."

She then spoke of the mysteries of the Faith with an unction and a power far above the capacity of an Indian woman.

"Fearful as the torments are to which you condemn me," she said in conclusion, "do not think my lot one to be deplored. It is your own that calls for tears and sobs; this fire that you have lighted to torture me will burn but a few hours; but another fire that will never be extinguished, is prepared for you in hell. Yet it is in your power to avoid it; follow my example, become Christians, live up to the laws of the holy religion and you will escape the eternal flames. Moreover, I declare that I wish no evil to those whom I behold ready to take my life. Not only do I forgive them my death, but I pray the Great Master of life to open their eyes to the truth, to touch their hearts, and grant them grace

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to be converted and die in the sentiments with which He inspires me."

These words of the bold widow, far from moving the savage hearts, only increased their rage. They led her for three successive days through all the lodges, to make her the sport of a brutal mob. On the fourth day they took her back to her stake, and bound her. They then applied to all parts of her body lighted torches and gun barrels heated red hot. This lasted several hours without her uttering the least cry. Her eyes were fixed on heaven, and one would have said she suffered nothing.

This is the testimony given by Sieur de Saint Michel, then a prisoner at Onondaga, but who escaped some time after, as they were preparing to burn him alive. He witnessed all the tortures inflicted on Frances, and on arriving at Montreal gave an account, which drew tears from the whole town. He declared that he had been unable to restrain his own, especially when the courageous martyr, having had her scalp torn off and the bleeding skull covered with hot ashes, was unbound; for instead of running, as others do, whom this torture renders frantic, she knelt down, and raising her eyes to heaven, offered to the Almighty the last breath of life left her.

A shower of stones that instant rained upon her, consummating her sacrifice, in the very act of prayer and most intimate union with God.

III.—MARGARET GARANGOUAS.

A third victim whom the mission of Sault St. Louis sent to heaven, was immolated the next year in the same village. She was a young woman of twenty-four, named Margaret Garangouas, also an Onondaga, and baptized at the age of thirteen. She married soon after, and God blessed her marriage by giving her four children whom she brought up in piety. The youngest was still at the breast, and actually in her arms when, toward the fall of 1693, while visiting her field, a quarter of a league from the fort, she fell into the hands of two Indians of her Canton who led her to Onondaga. On the first tidings of her arrival, all poured out of the village to await the captive on a knoll which she had to pass. As soon as she appeared, the air resounded with fearful cries, which awakened only gloomy forebodings.

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No sooner had she reached the knoll than she was surrounded by four hundred Indians. They began by tearing her infant from her arms, then stripped her naked. After this, numbers rushed upon her, slashing her with their knives till her body was nothing but one wound, and the blood streamed from every pore. A Frenchman who had witnessed this pitiable sight, considered it a prodigy that she did not expire on the spot.

Margaret perceived this man, recognized him, and addressing him by name, said: "You see to what a state I am reduced. I have only a few instants to live. Thanks be to God, I fear not death, and horrible as that may be now prepared for me, my sins deserve still more. Beseech the merciful Jesus to pardon mine and give me strength to suffer."

She was then led to a cabin where a Frenchwoman from Montreal was a prisoner; the latter seized the first moments to exhort Margaret to endure with constancy a temporary torture in view of the eternal rewards that would follow it.

Margaret thanked her for the charitable counsels which she gave her, and repeated what she had already stated to the other French prisoner. She added that since she had the happiness to be baptized, she had never ceased imploring God for the grace to suffer for His love; that now she could not doubt but that Heaven had heard her vows; that she died happy, without any feeling of resentment against her kindred and countrymen now transformed into executioners; that on the contrary she conjured the Almighty to enlighten them with the light of faith, and that her only anxiety was for the salvation of her son.

The two captive women were still conversing on the truths of eternity and the happiness of the Saints in heaven, when a band of Indians came to lead Margaret to a spot where she was burned alive. No regard was shown to her youth, her sex, or her birth, although she was the daughter of one who was in a manner chief of the village, and in whose name all the affairs of the nation were transacted. As a Christian and inhabitant of Sault St. Louis, she was too gentle to find favor with these heathens. She was accordingly bound to the stake, and her whole body burned with an inhumanity that could have been inspired, especially in the case of a woman, only by hatred against her religion. She endured this long and rigorous martyrdom without betraying any sign of

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pain, and as long as a breath of life remained she was heard invoking the holy names: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph."

At first she asked from time to time a little water; but she soon repented this weakness, and begged them to refuse her if she asked again.

"My Saviour," she said, "suffered great thirst when dying for me on the cross; is it not just that I should suffer the same torment for Him?"

Her executioners burned her from noon to sunset; then, impatient to see her expire before night obliged them to withdraw, they unbound her from the stake, scalped her, covered her head with hot cinders, and bade her run. She knelt down, however, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, commended her soul to the Lord. Although struck repeatedly with a club, she continued to pray.

At last one of these savages, crying: "Will not this dog of a Christian die?" seized a large knife and attempted to plunge it into her belly, but the knife broke and fell in pieces on the ground. Another took the stake to which she had been bound and beat her over the head. As she still showed some signs of life she was taken up and thrown on a heap of dry wood; this was set on fire and she was soon consumed.

Her son was given to an Iroquois, who wished to revenge on this little creature an insult which he considered himself as having received from the French. Three days after the mother's death, a death-cry was heard at nightfall. All the Indians ran to the spot from which it came, and the Frenchwoman from Montreal with the rest. There they found a fire kindled, and the babe which they were preparing to cast into the flames. The very Indians could not but be moved at the sight; but they were still more so, when they saw a little innocent, only a year old, raise its hands to heaven with a sweet smile, and thrice call its mother, showing by its gestures that it sought to embrace her. The Frenchwoman felt assured that its mother had appeared to it; and it is more than probable that she had besought the Almighty to restore it to her at once in order to secure its eternal salvation. Be that as it may, the child was not given to the flames. One of the most influential men in the village seized it by the feet and dashed its head against a stone.

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A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

IN August last, the Memorial Church of the Sacred Heart at Loigny, in France, was opened for the obsequies of a brave and noble Christian soldier, General de Sonis, known among his countrymen as the "General of the Sacred Heart."

Funeral services of a very simple character, without military honors at his own request, had first taken place at a church in Paris. His three sons followed with uncovered heads, and his fellow officers were well represented. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, General L'Hotte, representing the Minister of War, pronounced a few words of adieu over the tomb of his valiant brother-in-arms who, he said, "had in private life the virtues of a perfect Christian, and in public life deserved to be a model for all soldiers."

A short time later, his remains were removed to the church at Loigny, erected by means of a subscription set on foot by his much loved friend and comrade, General de Charette. Under its vaults have been laid to rest the twelve hundred soldiers who fell on the 2d of December, 1870. It was the wish of General de Sonis to be buried here, near the battle field of Patay where he had unfurled the banner of the Sacred Heart in the war of 1870, and which was the same over which had floated four centuries before the standard of the Maid of Orleans.

As a military man, no one stood higher. The Minister of War, in a letter of condolence addressed to his widow, says: "The army and the country have sustained an irreparable loss. I associate myself with your sorrow, whilst I render homage to a great memory. No one can forget the heroic conduct of General de Sonis on the battle-field of Patay where, falling wounded, he had but one con-

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cern—the fate of the troops whom he was leading to combat. The glorious wounds which he received in the defence of France led to his premature death, thus depriving the army of one of its most valued leaders and the Minister of War of one of his most valiant aids."

It was on the 2d of December, 1870, that he received the wound which maimed him for life, during the heroic charge made by the former pontifical zouaves on the Prussian forces. He fell, with his leg broken, in the midst of thousands of his comrades. Snow had fallen, and he remained nearly the whole night exposed to the piercing cold, and preparing as best he could for the death which seemed inevitable.

"I have suffered much," he said to the priest who found him; "but at least, I have offered all my sufferings to our good God for our poor country!" While they were carrying him away on a litter, the shaking of which at every step renewed his agony, he was heard to say: "O my Master, O my good Master, Thou hast suffered much more than I!"

Faithful to his country, whether at home or abroad, he was equally faithful to God and to His Church. In Africa, where at the call of duty a considerable portion of his life was spent, he has left memories which still survive, whether among the colonists, to whom his example was a source of admiration, or in the tents of the Arabs, who called him the "just man"—a name by which they still deplore him.

It is not sufficient to say that he gave upon all occasions, even where faith seemed to be least held in honor, a public example of the fulfilment of every Christian duty. He was always the first every Sunday to assist at the offices of the church, even when obliged to go a long distance to do so. Each week saw him at the Holy Table and each return of the grand festivals of the Christian year witnessed an increase of his fervor. It was his habit always to shut himself up in the church of the parish in which he happened to find himself, to pass the night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday near the tomb of his Lord. This he called his "Vigil of Arms." *O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo!* He had long been a fervent Associate of our crusade of prayer—the League of the Sacred Heart.

General de Sonis directed that no epitaph should be placed upon

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his tomb other than the simple inscription *Miles Christi* (Soldier of Christ)! And no eulogium could better sum up the history of his life. Whether we consider the moral courage with which he so loyally confessed Christ before men, or the physical bravery which placed him in the foremost ranks of the defenders of his country, his appears to have been essentially a military spirit. His whole career is but an exemplification of the truth that there is, and can be, no antagonism between fidelity to God's commands and patriotism of the purest type.

At one time, in Paris, when ordered to drive the Carmelites from their convent, he preferred to resign his commission rather than execute such a command, saying to the Government—"In becoming a soldier, I offered my *life* a sacrifice for my country, but not my *honor*."

Before engaging in battle, he was seen to go apart for prayer, and at the sound of the trumpet to sign himself with the sign of the cross. Such pious practices could not fail to provoke the raillery of his companions; but their smiles were soon changed into admiration and enthusiasm when they beheld him dashing against the enemy, at the head of his command, leading them onward to victory or death. Nor was his courage displayed merely in the excitement of a splendid charge. After the amputation of a leg, in consequence of a wound, the General found himself unable to mount his horse, and his physicians assured him that what he so much desired could be made possible only by a second amputation. Although his friends dissuaded him from this, the General unhesitatingly submitted, preferring the additional suffering thus entailed rather than remain inactive.

Such are the fruits of Christian heroism. Of such men a country may well be proud; they are the salt of the earth. General de Charette, in announcing the death of General de Sonis to the old Zouaves, said of him: "His life may be summed up in two words: *honor* and *sacrifice*."

——Give
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
Under Whose colors he had fought so long.

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Hymn for the League of the Sacred Heart.

Music from ZANARDINI. Arranged by Rev. T. A. METCALF.

p

1. Form your ranks, oh! all ye Leaguers of the Heart di vine; Fight your
2. Chris tian men and Christian maidens and ye faith- ful all, Come and

p

battles with the mighty arms of pray'r; And your conquering hosts shall gather round the
worship the sweet Heart of Christ our King; See how Jesus has repaired the guilt of

ho - ly shrine, Crowned as vic - tors by the King, Whose love we
Adam's fall, And the glo - ry of such love, we'll grate - ful

share. } Heart of Je - sus, with love for us burning, Make us
sing. }

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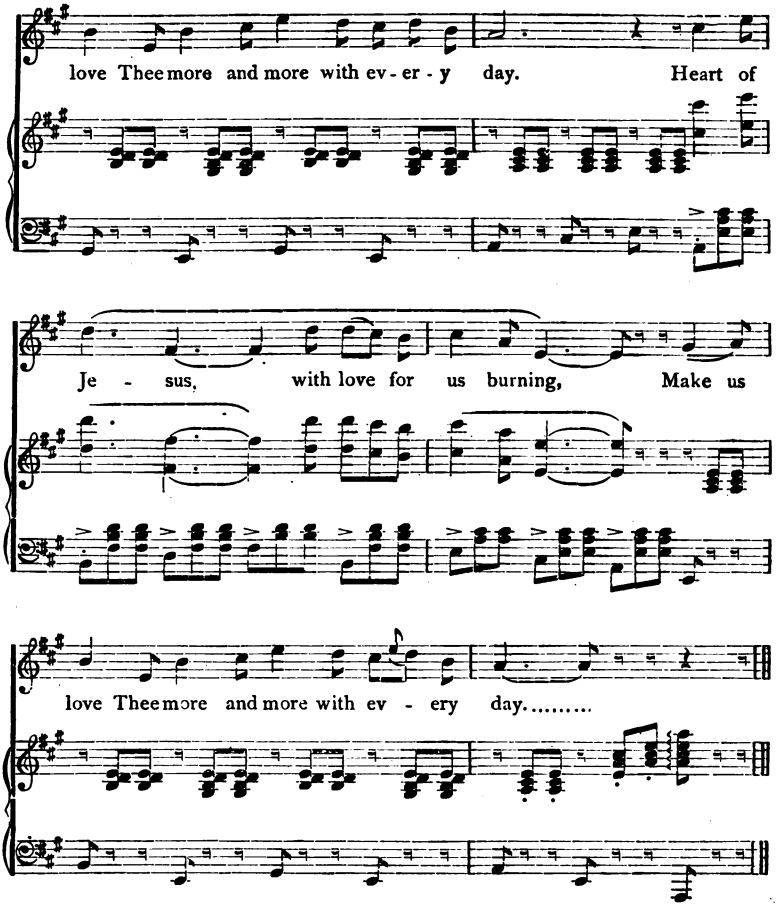

3.

Lo! Thy Heart, O dear Redeemer, is a furnace fierce,
Ever burning with the fire of love divine!
Grant that ever through our hearts this heavenly fire may pierce
And transform them into loving hearts like Thine.—Cho.

4.

How ungrateful we have been in all the years gone by,
For Thy mercies and Thy graces freely given!
Heart of Jesus Which so often we have caused to sigh,
Add repentance as our final gage of heaven.—Cho.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE PETER PENCE FOR THE POPE.

THE Pope is the common Father of all the faithful. He, under Jesus Christ of Whom he is the visible representative, is our first pastor and through him we have all our Christian privileges. Whatever concerns him is therefore of prime importance to each one of us. His wants are ours, and we will not desert him in the hour of his need.

Let us listen to his own words, not less true now than ten years ago when spoken (11 September, 1877). He is speaking of the humble Peter Pence,—the contributions for the successor of St. Peter, which flowing in from the least as the greatest parishes of the Catholic world, provides the means for the Head of the Church to fulfil his high office.

"The Peter Pence is at the present day a work of *capital importance*, without which there would be for the Holy See neither liberty, nor dignity, nor any assured means of performing its divine ministry."

'At the present day,' more than ever before, because much of the former resources of the Church have been plundered since the governments allowed Rome to be taken from the Popes—the spiritual rulers of the world—by a single circumscribed and usurping nation.

More than once Leo XIII. has acknowledged that "his heart bled within him" when he found himself unable to satisfy demands made from every side for the increase of Christ's kingdom. A little reflection will show the overpowering burden which rests upon his shoulders. Besides the business of all the dioceses of the globe which must be faithfully attended to, how many works of charity, of poor missions, of education for the clergy, and of the public government of Christ's Church still remain to be done?

The priestly Jubilee of our Pontiff is now passing. It has brought home to us all that, despoiled as the papacy is by armed force, the Pope still triumphs over the world in the name of Christ. With the Catholic priesthood he overcomes those who would thrust the interference of laymen into all the holiest duties of the Church. As Pontiff-king, he infinitely overtops the usurper whose hour of darkness it now is. As universal teacher, never did the light of Christ's Vicar shine brighter.

But let it also impress on the hearts of all the loving duty of contributing and liberally to the support of him who is our common Father; for, as he has said, gifts thus made to the Holy See and the Church "assuredly will gain the treasures of the Divine goodness and mercy."

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. FEBRUARY, 1888.

INSTRUCTIONS.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART

IS THE proper name of the *Apostleship of Prayer* as an Association. It is distinct in end, means, and organization, from the *Confraternity* and the *Living Rosary.*

Its *Associates* league together in certain easy but strong devotions to the *Sacred Heart of Jesus*, for obtaining His and their own *intentions*, thus practising an *Apostleship of Prayer*, with mutual share in merits.

It numbers 15,000,000 Associates in all parts of the world, including nearly all Religious Orders.

Its motto is *Thy Kingdom Come.*

Its exterior and distinctive sign is the *Badge.*

Its devotions are the *Three Degrees:*

1st. At the morning prayers to consecrate the day, its *prayers, works*, and *sufferings*, to the Sacred Heart. This *Morning Offering* is the *one duty* of *all* Associates.

2d. The daily Rosary decade (*1 Our Father, 10 Hail Maries, 1 Glory*). Those who practise this, form *Rosary Bands.*

3d. A monthly or weekly *Communion of Reparation* for sins against our Lord.

The 2d and 3d Degrees suppose the 1st, but are *not imposed on all.* They are strongly recommended, and like the 1st, have heavy *Indulgences.*

Admission requires a priest as *Director* in charge of a *Centre* aggregated by *Diploma.* He appoints lay *Promoters* who regularly, under him, see to the admission of new Associates, and keep them in Bands; after six months, Promoters' names are sent to the Head Director, who confers a diploma and cross, entitling to 26 Plenary Indulgences yearly.

I. Each Associate's name must be *registered* at the local Centre.

II. Each Associate must receive a *Certificate of Admission* procured from the Head Director.

It has been *approved* by nine Pontifical Acts of Pius IX., and nine of Leo XIII., who also specially blesses the *Intentions* given out for prayers each month.

It is under a Cardinal Protector and a Director General confirmed by the Pope, and in each country a Head or Central Director, who publishes monthly the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Rosary Tickets, Calendars*, as well as the only authorized *Handbooks, Certificates*, and other papers. To him the requests for prayers (*Intentions*) and the list of good works (*Treasury*) are sent on the prepared blanks.

It should carefully be noticed that, in general, the Indulgences marked on the Tickets can be gained only by the Associates of the Holy League.

The American Head Director is the

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.,
Gesù, Philadelphia, Pa.

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OUR BLUE COVER.

"THE Directress of St. Anne's Association is rather blue over the blue cover," writes a good Sister, adding conscientiously: "but I suppose there is some reason for the change."

Reason, indeed! The PILGRIM rather thinks there is a reason, and a number of very good ones, too. But the chief, the all-sufficient reason is that the PILGRIM is not the full *Messenger*, but only the *Little* Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The *Messengers* appear regularly in some shade of *red*, in memory of Him Whose blood-stained garments were as if *dyed in the wine-press*. Perhaps the only exception is the Mexican green, which we believe has some national meaning; and we have not yet seen the color of our twenty-second brother in Tamul—the language of Southern India. For twenty-two *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* there now are, spreading a pious network of holy aims and thoughts round the world each month, in their thirteen different languages!

Now, with these there are already five *Little Messengers*—French, Spanish (2), Hungarian, and our own PILGRIM—sharing, as we said the latter was to do, at the beginning in January, 1886, "the work of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, taking to itself the popular direction and explanation of all that is interesting or profitable for the greater number of the Associates." And all these *Little Messengers* are in *blue*. So we have simply swung into line.

But why do the *Little Messengers* dress in blue? For distinction's sake?

Yes, partly; and in our own case this is a very solid reason. The PILGRIM, as a true *Little Messenger*, has been a great help to the work of the full *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. But it was so like the latter in look that there was danger of one being mistaken for the other, and so either hindering its own spread or preventing many of its readers from making acquaintance with much that is of great importance in our work.

For it is the office of a *Little Messenger* to be cheap: and the PILGRIM has certainly been that. But its cheapness is designed to

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help spread that fire which the Sacred Heart came on earth to kindle. Now the Australian *Messenger*, which is also cheap and began after our own, has at the close of the first year more than 11,000 subscribers among a very much smaller population than ours. And Father Ryan—the Head Director out there—writes that he has great expectations of the year to come. Our expectations are great enough, but we are ashamed to say how far the American reality falls behind the Australian. We hope, therefore, our new and blue cover will draw more attention to the fact that there is a very cheap and popular devotional magazine before the public.

On the other hand, many of our PILGRIM readers did not, perhaps, appreciate the work of the large *Messenger*. The latter gives fuller instruction, the official explanations, and also a very varied and leisurely entertainment, as its late highly illustrated articles show. In fact it is a full magazine of the literature of devotion, always pursuing its own special end; and this end cannot be reached by the *Little Messenger*, with all its bright little examples and edifying histories and precepts—line upon line. And, until we get to Paradise, the large *Messenger* cannot go for a few cents a year as does its little PILGRIM. Yet many of the latter's friends would gladly receive the former—means and leisure both allowing, since after all not much of either is needed. The color will now remind them of this.

But there is yet another reason, to be seen with half an eye. As we said far back in the beginning (January, 1886), the PILGRIM, "according to his quaint French name, is the *Little Messenger of Mary's Heart.*" And, we add now that we have been able to make the change, blue is the color consecrated to the Virgin Mother. It is the color of heaven reflected in her pure eyes, and of her Son's mantle and her own according to the use of their country. And in her sweet name it will well set off the words of love and life which the PILGRIM tries faithfully to bring to all who will receive him.

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FROM THE CROW CAMP.

(*A Montana Missionary's Letter.*)

DEAR REV. FATHER: As the interest in our Indian missions is growing more and more throughout our land, I have thought it would give you great pleasure to receive an account of my own labors among the members of the Crow Tribe.

I.—IRON BULL, MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

On the 4th of August, 1883, Father Barcelo and I arrived at the mission to which we had been appointed among the Crow Indians, or, as they call themselves, the Absàruki. To our great surprise we found over four hundred lodges at the Agency, which, being divided into several camps, formed according to the Indian fashion their different villages. We were at first regarded with great suspicion and looked upon as complete strangers. And, in truth, it was the first time I had ever visited them, but my companion had paid two visits to another of their camps in previous years. During these visits he had studied their language and baptized over one hundred children.

This fact led us to the camp of the Great Chief, Iron Bull, or Tsirepumete. Iron Bull is a man of remarkable affability and received us with much kindness. He knew a little Piegan and could speak a few words in English, so that I was enabled from the first day to converse with him. He remarked that white men were very rich and had plenty of money, and that we must have come well supplied with this desirable luxury, so as to be able to procure some wives from the camp.

I took occasion from this to explain to Iron Bull that we were Catholic priests and that our motive in coming to his Reservation was, not to seek for wives, but to teach his people about the Great Spirit who made us and who gave us laws to keep, which lead to the beautiful land of heaven.

This so pleased the chief that we were invited to open a mission there immediately, which was, of course, the object of our visit.

The first task was to learn the language, which is a work involving much labor and time. We found an interpreter at the Agency who consented to give fifteen lessons at a high price.

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With his help we translated the morning prayers, a short catechism, and an instruction for catechumens. We soon discovered that our interpreter spoke the language in a very imperfect manner, so that we were obliged to have recourse to some of the Indians themselves. It is difficult to conceive how tedious this process is, and the difficulty is increased tenfold by the flightiness of the Indians' minds. It is almost impossible to keep their attention for any length of time unless you introduce some vivid illustration, and the more vivid the examples are the more successful will you be in speaking with these poor people.

After fifteen days of earnest labor I had learned a sufficient number of words to compose a hymn containing those truths which the Crows could then grasp. The hymn was adapted to the air of *Iste Confessor*, and soon became very popular in two of the camps. The wife of the chief set the fashion by learning it and singing it on every possible occasion. Immediately everyone was seized with a desire to do the same, and I was repeatedly stopped by Indians who insisted on my then and there chanting their favorite hymn. It was useless to plead fatigue—they would have at least one stanza; and I assure you that my lungs were very seriously tested by these repeated *encores*. The Crow Indians are passionately fond of music, and if only some trained musicians, like the devoted Father Bandini, would come to them, they would soon gain their affections and win them over to the practices of an upright Christian life.

In the beginning we had found a decided opposition to our work, owing to the fact that they feared we would take away their wives; and it was only after prolonged explanations that they realized the exalted and safe position of a celibate clergy. They also regarded baptism as a sort of witchcraft invented by white men; and the mothers would hide their little ones for fear they might be seized by us.

But God helped us wonderfully. The chief's brother fell dangerously ill, and Father Barcelo baptized him and gave him Extreme Unction. To our great joy, and to the surprise of the Indians, the dying man recovered so rapidly that the following day he was able to visit the neighboring lodges, where he indulged in extravagant praise of Father Barcelo and of the powerful medicine given by the Great Spirit of the Black Gowns. This fact

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made our labors less difficult, and we gave a great deal of attention to these two camps.

The Crows are extremely fond of dogs. Some lodges have from fifteen to twenty, and they form a large portion of the population. These dogs are half wolves and keep up a continual howling. They like to manifest their lung capacities during the night, and if one gives the signal you will soon hear in every lodge the most unearthly and appalling concert conceivable. They are very unfriendly, especially to strangers, and I have had several unpleasant encounters with them, as my torn and mutilated trousers will testify. The Indians are fond of dog-stew, and when a band of forty Sioux visited our camp ten or twelve dogs were killed, for the savory banquet with which our visitors were to be regaled.

II.—HOW THE CROWS CAME INTO THE WORLD.

They have some strange traditions regarding the origin of the human race. Once, after I had delivered an instruction on this subject, Iron Bull volunteered to give me the history of the Crows from the beginning of the world to the present day. It is a tissue of the most marvellous absurdities and I give it in his own words:

"I, Iron Bull, knew my father, my father knew his father, and so it was for seven generations. Before that only Old Wolf, the Great Spirit, was living; and the earth was so small that there was only room enough for Old Wolf to sit down. All around the earth were the great waters.

"Now it came to pass that Old Wolf one day took some earth and threw it into the water, and the first Crow Indian was thus formed. This Crow was blind and could not open his mouth, so Old Wolf gave him sight and opened his mouth that he might live. Then Old Wolf called into existence the buffalo, the elk, and the other animals. He also made more Crows, both male and female, by throwing earth into the water. Then the land was too small for these newly-made inhabitants.

"So Old Wolf called for a bird and sent it under the water; and as this bird did not return he sent another after it, which came to the surface with sand in its beak, with which Old Wolf made much land. And then he made the Piegans, the Sioux, the Snakes, the Flatheads, and many other tribes, and placed them in different parts of the circle he drew.

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"But he located the Crows in the centre, because they are the first people in the world. They have always been at war with the other Indians and they have never been vanquished, but have killed their enemies and taken many scalps.

"In bygone days we had no clothing, no knives, no weapons. Then we covered our limbs with buffalo robes, and made knives and arrows out of stone, and drinking cups of the horns of the buffalo. We obtained fire by boring a hole in a piece of dry wood and turning a stick through this hole very fast. This was hard work, even for our young men, but we were very happy and had plenty of food. When the white men came they gave us knives and rifles for our buffalo robes and we like these very much. I am glad to see you, Black Gowns, because your wonderful medicine cured my brother."

Such is the substance of the history of the world as told me by this chief.

The Crow Indians are passionately fond of dancing, and they sometimes spend an entire month in this pastime. This, naturally enough, caused a poor attendance at our services, as those who did not take part in the dance themselves spent their time in looking at the revellers. The dancers frequently passed from one portion of the camp to the other, the women leading and the men following, all uttering the most frightful sounds, suggestive of anything but music. If a garden was found in the way, the procession halted and a short performance was given to coax Old Wolf to grant them a plentiful supply of squashes and of corn.

At last, the dancing became intolerable—everywhere from morning till night there was nothing but this constant swinging of the feet and the most frightful howls. So I remarked to the chief it was a pity his people should waste so much strength in dancing, since they were liberally supplied with provisions and clothing by the Government and white men had to work for all these articles.

"Now this," I said, "seems unjust, that white men should have to toil for you to waste your lives in idleness and play. You must learn two things—*Prayer* and *Work*. Otherwise your people will kill themselves in this foolish sport."

My words were not without effect, at least for a time, and I had the joy of seeing many of the Indians at our services.

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III.—MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

The Crows give to God the name of Old Wolf, and they address the priest by the same title. We thought it best to correct their notions on this subject from the start. So, putting on our cassocks, we went among them and told them that our name was Black Gown, not Old Wolf. It did not take long for them to adopt the new title, and soon we were called Black Gowns by all, or in the Crow language, "Itastesipite."

You must not think we always met with a courteous reception. Sometimes we were harshly repulsed, and once a squaw set upon me with a stick, and I had to leave that portion of the camp with more speed than grace.

We bent all our forces to persuade the Crows not to call the Great Spirit by the name of Old Wolf, but by that of "Maker of All Things." It was not very difficult to do this, for the Indians themselves frequently change their names and we had only to show them that Old Wolf wished to change "Issakuate" into "Akbatatdia." It is true that some few Indians already knew of this latter name, but they were very few indeed, and the general term was "Issakuate."

I found a few Crows who had heard of our Lord, Whom they called "Itsikbaris,"—the Speaker of Good Things,—and one, on seeing a medal of our Lady, told me that it was the Mother of the "Itsikbaris," and that he had learned this from the Piegans. Some years ago Father Imoda, whom they call Cut-Face, and the renowned Father De Smet, called Big Body, had visited this tribe and spoken many good things to them, so the chief said; but they had not been able to prepare any for baptism.

We were enabled on several occasions to give this sacrament to the dying, sometimes in very strange circumstances. One day, as I was passing through the camp, my attention was called to a large crowd of Indians surrounding a lodge and crying bitterly. When I was near I saw at the entrance to the lodge twelve women prostrate on the ground and blood streaming from gashes in their hands, while one young woman, the wife of the sick man, was making frantic efforts to escape from the grasp of two others who were holding her by the hands. They told me that a young man was dying in the lodge, and that these ceremonies were usual when

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a person is dying, to move the Great Spirit to have pity upon the departing soul. Entering the lodge, I baptized the young man, conditionally, and he died shortly after receiving the sacrament.

As soon as a Crow Indian has breathed his last, his relatives wrap his body in a blanket or buffalo robe and carry it to their burial grounds. They do not follow our customs in this regard, for they have a great prejudice against placing the bodies of the dead under the ground. Some build a lodge and, placing the body inside, cover the structure with boughs. Others procure materials for a coffin from the Agent, and lay it upon planks which rest on four poles some ten feet in height. In a few tribes the custom is to fasten the corpse to the branches of a tree. In others the body is carried to the top of a hill where a mound of stones is erected, over which the relatives and friends watch for nine days, uttering the most dismal and heart-rending cries, while the Evil Spirit is successfully kept at a distance by means of most foul and fetid odors.

The Indians are very suspicious of white men and this fact greatly impeded our work among them. They tried us in many ways, but when they became fully convinced that we really had no other motive for coming to them than to help them save their souls, their confidence was unbounded. Many times have they left the entire camp in our care (when going out for a long hunt), and their advice always was to keep their horses safe from their enemies, the Piegans. This advice we had not much difficulty in following and consequently we won their good will.

One Indian who had lost his horse insisted on coming to see us. Being introduced by the chief, this favor was readily granted. He came, grasped our hands vigorously, smoked the calumet of peace, and left without mentioning to us the cause of his visit. Soon afterwards he espied his horse straying about, and in great glee rushed to it crying aloud that the Black Gowns had made him find his lost horse. This will show you how very simple these poor people are.

They often summon us to cure the sick, but our invariable custom is to answer that they must go to the Agency or seek advice of their own medicine men, who possess wonderful knowledge of the healing properties of certain herbs for all ills of the body;—that we can only cure the sickness of the soul by instruction and baptism.

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Our first convert was the Indian who had aided us to translate the prayers. He was very fervent, and soon after his baptism his wife also was converted and made a member of Christ's Church. We then blessed their marriage, the first Catholic union among the Crows.

IV.—HARD HEADS AND IDEAS.

I mentioned in the beginning of this letter the inability of the Indians to grapple with abstract and spiritual ideas. Their minds are always considering the concrete—the material—and hence they ask us very amusing questions. An Indian came to me and said that he was very anxious to go to heaven, but that he would like to know first what kind of a place it was and whether the soil there was good. He was very much puzzled when I answered that there was no ground there, and asked, with a look of blank surprise:

"If there is no ground there, how shall I be able to lie down and rest?"

It would have been impossible to explain this to him, so I inquired: "Do you think the stars are weary?"

"No," he quickly replied, "they are resting peacefully."

"Yet," I rejoined, "they are not on the ground, nor do they need this earth or this soil. So in heaven you will rest and, nevertheless, you will not require the ground to support you."

This answer apparently satisfied him. But, as he was of an inquiring turn of mind, the following conversation took place.

"Black Gown, is heaven very far from the sun?"

"Heaven is very far from it—the fleetest horses travelling from the sun could never enter it, but we can reach it in a moment of time."

"Well, Black Gown, that is good news. But what food do they eat in heaven?"

"There is no meat in heaven, brave chief, and no buffaloes to hunt."

"No meat, Black Gown! Then I do not want to go there, for when I have no meat I am ill, and if I never could get any I should die. Heaven is not for the Indians."

"Wait, chief, until I tell you what I mean. It is true that in heaven we shall not have any meat, but that is because we shall

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not need it. People there are never hungry, never suffer from thirst, never know sickness, but they live in a state of complete happiness which is always the same—and will never change."

This was the turning-point; for when I had further explained how free we would be in heaven from the ills and aches which beset us here, he exclaimed: "O Black Gown, tell me what I must do to save my soul—show me the way to heaven!"

Some others were anxious to know if I had ever been in heaven and gazed upon the Great Spirit. I replied to them that I had never seen the Great Spirit nor had I ever been in heaven, but that I hoped to go there after I had shown the Crows the way to enjoy the same happiness.

They wanted to know my history and in what part of the world I was born. So I told them that the world was something like a squash, and when the sun leaves one portion it goes to visit the other, where there is land and water as in the upper portion—that *they* lived on the top of the squash while my country was underneath.

This was so puzzling to them that I had to revolve a bucket of water with great rapidity to show them in a slight degree how the waters of the earth are kept in position. I would have liked you to see the expression on their faces when they witnessed the experiment. It was one of complete happiness—so novel was it to these poor untutored children of the forest.

Iron Bull is a man fond of dignities and attention. He informed us when we arrived that he was a great Indian—a wonderful warrior—a powerful chief and the greatest man living. To indicate his office, he saluted us by raising his hand to his forehead and extending it in the form of a plume.

We then said that we also were held in esteem by our own people—that we did not like war but peace and brotherly love;—that on certain days the white men came to the temple we guarded, and listened with deep attention to the words we uttered.

Iron Bull soon sent a message through the camp that I was a great chief among the whites, and that the Crows should regard it as a high honor to have me among them.

The opening of the Northern Pacific brought an invitation from the Agent to the Indians to go to the Yellowstone, sixteen miles distant. It was accepted with the greatest enthusiasm and Father

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Barcelo and I were left to guard the camp in their absence. When they returned it was very delightful to listen to the glowing reports of the strange marvels they had seen—how they had danced and feasted and, above all, how Iron Bull, his wife and twelve young men, had been carried as far as Helena by the wonderful steam-horse.

"Many white men," said Iron Bull, "came to watch us eating and I always made a big sign of the Cross before beginning my meals."

It was soon after this that there was danger of war between the Crows and the Piegans, owing to the fact that the latter had stolen some horses from our camp. But in the pursuit two Crows were wounded and the Piegans managed to get away successfully, so that this impending war was fortunately averted.

V.—THE MEDICINE-MAN.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians are much given to superstition. This was a formidable obstacle to our success.

To form an idea of the "Minnatsi," you must picture to yourself, near every Crow lodge, three sticks arranged in the form of a pyramid upon which rests a blanket or buffalo robe containing "medicine" or superstitious objects. To this bundle is attached a shield made of buffalo hide and capable of resisting the sharpest arrow. This combination is the Minnatsi, and was the object of so much veneration that I felt bound to speak against it.

I told the Indians that the Great Spirit had given to men seven powerful remedies for the ills of the soul, and that the white men called these medicines "Sacraments." If they wished to have the sacraments they would have to destroy the Minnatsi, because they were attributing to it a power which it could not possibly have. In a few brief but telling words, the doctrine of the Church on superstition was given to them and to my intense joy orders were given by the chiefs to take away the Minnatsi from the lodges of the men who had been present at my discourse—it being a custom with them to leave untouched all the possessions of absent warriors.

The next task was to try to persuade the medicine-man to give up a large serpent he possessed, which, he claimed, worked wonderful cures. This serpent was made of rags, and when

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anyone was ill there was a lengthy ceremonial performance, of which the serpent, incantations, and dances were the principal features. Sometimes, it is true, potions made from herbs were administered to the sick, but this was the exception, not the rule.

Accordingly I had a long talk with the medicine-man during which I showed him the absurdity of deceiving the people any longer, since it would be the easiest thing in the world to expose his fraud. I told him that his medicines were very beneficial and likely to do much good, but that I greatly desired to burn the rag serpent, as it was an object of superstitious worship and was the occasion of the people committing many sins.

The request was such a bold one that the medicine-man was overpowered and seemed to doubt my being in earnest. I went to much trouble to convince him that I was perfectly serious and spoke at length of the choice blessings the Great Spirit would lavish upon him, if he would only give up his infamous practices. In a few moments I could exclaim like Cæsar of old: "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—for the rag serpent was no more, only a few charred remains were left to tell of its existence.

While speaking of the medicine-man I must bear witness to the wonderful knowledge many of these have of wild herbs and roots. They are intimately acquainted with their curative and their poisonous qualities, and if they know how to cure a friend they know equally well how to poison an enemy.

Iron Bull, however, has adopted a peculiar course of hygiene for himself. Every morning, as soon as he has risen, he rushes to the river, dives once and then swallows as much water as his stomach will hold. The result is what might be expected—a severe fit of vomiting follows, after which the chief enjoys a hearty breakfast.

VI.—GOOD WORK AT LAST.

The condition of the old women among the Indians is beyond description. They have to perform all the menial offices of camp life and endure the most brutal treatment, while the men pass their time smoking or lounging in the sun. These poor creatures are ready to embrace Christianity, for they have heard that the Christians hold women in honor and do not treat them as slaves and the lowest of creation. They attended the prayers with

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fidelity and listened with eyes wide open to the story of heaven where there is no sorrow, no pain, no fever, no tears, but everlasting joy abounds and the old are clad in the freshness and vigor of youth.

In the midst of my labors I heard that the time for the distribution of annuities was at hand. This meant a general dispersion of the Indians for about six months, and I saw the necessity of doing effective work before we parted.

The chief had received my instructions so readily and had carried them into execution so perfectly that I felt he was a fit subject for the sacrament of baptism. His wife was already in the Church, leading a fervent life and doing much good in the camp. So I had a lengthy conference with Iron Bull, during which I briefly repeated the instructions I had given and urged him to consider the vanity of human things in comparison with those which are eternal.

At the end Iron Bull earnestly implored me to wash his soul in the saving waters of baptism and make him a member of the Catholic Church of Christ. This sacred ceremony took place on the 14th of September, 1883, when many others joined the chief in his good purpose. The Christian name of Iron Bull is Joseph, that of his wife, Mary. If our labors continue to be as successful as they have been the Crows will be transformed into Christian doves and we shall possess one of the most fervent Christian communities in existence. That this grace and favor may be granted us by the sweet Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the pleading of His Immaculate Mother, is the earnest prayer of your devoted servant in Christ,

P. P. PRANDO, S. J.,
Missionary to the Crows.

—Contributions to the missions described in our pages may be sent to the MESSENGER office, which charges itself with forwarding them to their destination.

For the Holy Childhood:

S. M. Bryson, Lancaster, Pa. ("to have a heathen baptized with my mother's name—Phœbe Ann"), . $5.00

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

A DEATHBED CONVERSION.

OUR LADY IN VIRGINIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(From a time-worn and yellowed paper—evidently the manuscript of some address to a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin—we take the following narration of what was then a recent conversion of note in Alexandria, Virginia. Its interest is not past with the fifty years since it took place.)

THE subject of these remarks was born a Catholic and baptized by the venerable Father Francis.[1] As is often the case with those who are allured by pleasure or led by evil example, he forsook the haven of truth, and before arriving at manhood he had made shipwreck of both morals and faith. He became a professed infidel.

A man of strong though uncultivated mind, he made himself master of everything that could avail him in the defence of his wretched principles. Such a man and such a mind must always gain, as was the fact in this instance, a fatal sway over the young men who come within the sphere of his influence. This was the more extensive as he was disposed to disseminate principles which unfortunately meet with too ready a reception from our corrupt nature. Error and sin go hand in hand.

A gentleman described in my presence a scene which occurred within his own knowledge, and which exhibits most vividly the character of this person. One of his disciples, stricken down by disease, was on the bed of death. The friends of the unfortunate man sought to win him from his error. With this object they secured the aid of an Episcopalian clergyman. He repaired to the couch of the dying man, and to the best of his ability, no doubt, labored to effect his conversion. Hearing of this the infidel, spurred on by pride of opinion and love of display, determined to meet face to face with the minister and to urge the claims of his own system. He entered the room of the doubting, anxious youth. The preacher aghast could not retreat. Confronted by the dreaded antagonist,

[1] Francis Neale, S. J., Brother of the second Archbishop of Baltimore.

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whom hatred and false zeal excited to unusual efforts, he feebly urged—to use the words of another—"his system of salvation." His opponent met all his arguments rather with the invective and sarcasm of his rude eloquence than with direct reply. He succeeded, the preacher was silenced, and the young man shortly after died—as he had lived—the victim of the most exaggerated form of infidelity.

Far from any attempt at concealment, this man took every opportunity of gaining proselytes, even up to his last sickness. His family, who were pious Catholics, with the eyes of faith beheld the dread punishment in store for him. They prayed without ceasing for his conversion; but there was not a ray of hope. The same bitter, contemptuous smile ever played upon his lips, whenever the subject of religion was introduced. He would converse with ease on other subjects—that was forbidden. He studiously proclaimed before a clergyman the superiority of untrammelled reason as shown in his own case, in smoothing the pathway to the grave. He opposed to him the anxious uneasiness of the Christian as an evidence of the inadequacy of faith to sustain a man at this trying moment. Several Catholic clergymen visited him, but were not heard beyond the limits of ordinary conversation.

Sympathy for the family extended to the unfortunate man. A priest from a neighboring congregation remarkable for its devotion to the Mother of God, was invited to see him. He met with a polite reception, but the first approach to the all-important point was checked. Finding all else in vain, the priest asked leave to pray.

"Pray," replied the sick man with a sneer, "but pray loud that the God of the Christians may hear you!"

The priest fell upon his knees, and recited distinctly the *Memorare:*

Remember, Mary, tenderest-hearted Virgin, how from of old the ear hath never heard that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken of God. Virgin of virgins, Mother, emboldened by this confidence, I fly to thee, to thee I come, and in thy presence I a weeping sinner stand. Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy pity hear and answer. *Amen.*

He rose from his knees and cast a glance of mingled hope and

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fear at the invalid. The latter was resting his head on his raised hand, and his eyes were streaming with tears—the effusion of varied emotion, of faith revived and of sorrow for the past, of joy perhaps for the light of grace which had burst with full splendor upon his soul. The Mother of mercy and of sinners had heard the appeal to her maternal heart, and unlocked the treasures of grace committed to her.

The now repentant man motioned the good priest to his side, and throwing his arms around him told him, as well as sighs and tears would permit, a change—he knew not how or why or whence—had come over him. The faith imbibed in early childhood was again as fresh as when instilled from a mother's lips. Humbly he begged permission to unbosom his conscience to his sympathizing listener; he would hear of no delay, he could have no relief until the consoling words of absolution had been uttered over him at the close of his general confession.

He begged his confessor to make known, as widely as he could, the change that had occurred, and he took a melancholy gratification in repairing the evil of former days. At his request the volumes of infidel literature, with which he was well supplied, were committed to the flames. He desired this to be done in the public highway; but his wishes in this particular were not acceded to from motives of prudence. Death in a few days terminated a life, which in its promise and conclusion were as happy as its full meridian had been gloomy.

Remember that it was never heard that any one had recourse to the Mother of mercy, and was forsaken.

—Contributions received for the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York:

"A little girl five years of age," Randall's Island, N. Y.,	$1.00
Mrs. E. A. Cox, Mobile, Ala.,	2.00
J. Shields, McVill, Pa.,	8.00
Sara M. Rand, Keokuk, Iowa,	1.00
Friend, New York,	2.00
Michael Flinne, New Castle, N. B.,	1.00

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A SAINT OF THE SODALITY AND PROMOTERS' PATRON.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.—JANUARY 29.

THIS is the Saint known all over the world as the high-tempered boy who conquered himself so far as to become the very model of meekness and loving kindness. His beautiful little treatises, which try to make piety and the love of God palatable and toothsome even to those who do not like pious reading, have been translated into all languages. They are the models of our twenty-two MESSENGERS, which strive in their thirteen languages to publish just such entertaining and consoling matter for the particular needs of every soul. One of the works in which all the MESSENGERS interest themselves is that of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is, as it were, the crowning of the ruder and more popular work of the League of the Sacred Heart. This gives a new reason why St. Francis de Sales should interest us, as he was in a special way the Saint of the Sodality. It was also among the religious of the Visitation, whose order he founded, that God chose the Blessed Margaret Mary who was to manifest the grace and love of the Sacred Heart to men in these latter times; and he has been chosen as a patron of our Promoters.

St. Francis came into the world in his father's castle in Savoy, in the year 1567. So dainty a wee little one he was that his mother had to use every care to bring up her first-born. But she did not forget to take care of his soul along with his body. Soon after he began to talk he was heard one day to lisp:

"God and my mother love me well!"

Finally he was sent off to school in the great city of Paris, which then as now had much that was good and much that was evil in it. He was at the Jesuits' college, and so entered their

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Sodality, and afterwards, when he was only about thirteen years old, became its *prefect.* This would hardly have happened had he not been the model of all. In fact, he was already beginning to be a Saint. He received Holy Communion every week, he prayed much, and practised severe penances.

God tried him, as He does all whom He loves. A horrible temptation to despair came over the youth, and in his distress of mind he went and knelt before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and there vowed perpetual virginity. He also promised to recite each day the beads in honor of his good Mother Mary.

When he grew up to be a young man, he went, in accordance with the ambitious designs of his parents, to study law in Italy. One of his Professors said to him:

"My son, when you are at Rome study theology more than Roman law; some day you will be bishop of Geneva."

The prophecy was fulfilled. But when he had become a priest and prelate of the Church, he still kept his preference for the work so dear to the sorrowful heart of Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs. He loved the poor, the little ones of this world, and the abandoned. He had no work more at heart than teaching the catechism to the common people and the ignorant. So, at the end of his life, he had brought back to the fold of Christ's Church more than 72,000 souls who had been seduced from her in the first times of the Protestant heresies.

In his episcopal household, all had to confess and communicate at least once a month, and he gave them the Blessed Eucharist with his own hands.

He visited his diocese in every part; and with all this he still found time to write those delightful books which are as well known now as in his own day. They have merited for him the title of Doctor of the Church.

On the feast of the Holy Innocents, in the year 1622, he went to receive his reward. A little before he died he murmured words from the Psalms:

I will sing the praises of the Lord forever: I remembered God and I was comforted.

To which he added, with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, when they would fain have made the risen Saviour to tarry with them:

It is towards evening and the day is now far spent.

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These were his last words. While those around his bed were pronouncing, in the prayers for the dying, the invocation—*Holy Innocents, pray for us,*—he gave up his own innocent soul to God.

THE BIRDS' CHARITY.

THIS charming winter scene is described by St. Francis de Sales for the edification of his penitent, St. Jane Frances de Chantal.

It had snowed a great deal, so that the yard was covered with a full foot of snow. John went out into the middle of it and swept clear a little space amid the snow, and threw into it some grain for the pigeons to eat. They flocked all together to this dining room, to take their meal, and with admirable peaceableness and respect; and I amused myself looking at them. You could not believe the great edification these little creatures gave me; for they never said a single little word, and those who had taken their repast soonest flew away a little distance to wait for the others. When they had cleared half the space, a quantity of little birds, who were looking at them, came down around them. And all the pigeons who were still eating, withdrew to one corner to leave the greater part of the place to the little birds, who also came to put themselves at table and to eat, without the pigeons troubling them for it.

I admired their charity; for the poor pigeons were so afraid of bothering these little birds, to whom they were giving alms, that they kept themselves all huddled together at one end of the table. I admired the discretion of these beggars, who came for their alms only when they saw that the pigeons were at the end of their meal and that there was still enough left for them. At last, I could hardly prevent myself from shedding tears at seeing the charitable simplicity of the pigeons and the confidence of the little birds in their charity. I do not know if a preacher would have touched me so deeply. This image of virtue did me great good the whole day.

A PROMOTER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is a great mania nowadays to have everything done by the laity. No more teaching Brothers or Sisters in the schools, no more priests interesting themselves in things outside their church door, but everywhere lay schools, lay newspapers, and so on.

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Of course, so popular an association as the League of the Sacred Heart could not be behind in the movement; and it has been our boast and, with God's grace, the great cause of our success from the beginning, that our chief work was done by lay people. Men and women, young and old, as Promoters, do the work of enrolling and keeping together the Associates in the parishes, where a more formal society would require public receptions in the presence of the priest. In this way the League has penetrated where other pious associations could never dream of reaching, in among the busy hum of factories and where even the common duties of Christians were held in little honor. In the same way, on the other hand, it has entered into the cloisters of monks and nuns, who regularly do not join with the outside world in their devotions.

For this reason our MESSENGER is constantly repeating what is said in the *Handbook* of the work, that the permanence and success of the organization depends on the training of Promoters. They are recognized and encouraged in the Statutes given by the Holy See; and our pages have furnished several notable instances of the work they can do, when properly set on the track.

But it is not often a Promoter is called on to undergo such difficulties, or to persevere so long and bravely, as the one whose story comes to us from our Director General. We give his own account, in letters written from his home in Belgium. Many of our readers will find much of what he says quite applicable to our own difficulties. Here too the *name* of the Apostleship of Prayer is known, and often used, without much attention being paid to the reality. May this little history help to the understanding of the true work of our Holy League.

"In 1870, the 1st Degree of the Apostleship of Prayer was established in our city; but the work made no progress. By whose fault? I know nothing about it.

"In 1880, I received a great grace which I attributed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I did not know how to show my gratitude and this troubled me; but one day on the cover of the Wreath of Mary I read the announcement of the *Handbook* of the Apostleship of Prayer.

"'See here,' said I to myself, 'perhaps this is the Manual of the association to which you belong!'

"I bought the little Handbook without delay. I had no sooner

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received it than I began reading it. My astonishment grew with every page. In short, I read it all that very day, in admiration of so beautiful a work, and saying to myself:

"'Here is an excellent means of paying your debt of gratitude to the Sacred Heart. I am going to establish the 2d and 3d Degrees of the Apostleship!'

"Accordingly I applied to the Rev. Pastor, who answered me:

"'Begin, at any rate; later on I will help you.'

"I took him at his word and began working. All this happened in the month of October, 1881, and it was only with great trouble I was able to find thirty persons by the month of April, 1882.

"The reason is this. I am only a simple workman—a shoemaker—and so without any influence or authority. However, I now had my first two bands of Associates. I kept on without being discouraged, in spite of many repulses and much annoyance. The Sacred Heart has blessed my efforts, and to-day, Rev. Father Director, I have the honor and the pleasure of offering you the following summary of the continued progress of the Apostleship among us for the succession of years since then.

Years.	Months.	Subscriptions to *Little Messenger.*	Promoters.	Associates.			
				1st Degree.	2d Degree.	3d Degree (Monthly Communion).	3d Degree (Weekly Communion).
1882	April.	1	1	30	30	30	
1883		2	2	60	60	60	
1884		4	4	120	120	120	
1885		4	4	120	120	120	28
1886	October.	11	9	321	300	300	35
1887		12	11	360	330	330	42

"In the month of January I took a subscription to the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and in three months we had gathered for the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father's Priesthood:—Good Works, 2,970;—Masses, 630;—Communions, 1,025.

"Besides this, we have begun the work of old rosaries, crosses, medals, pictures, &c., in behalf of the Missions. We also practise the Apostleship of good publications, by spreading pamphlets, magazines, and the announcements of Catholic publications.

"I must break off here for my work is calling me."

Our Rev. Director General answered this letter by his personal congratulations on the good done. The excellent Promoter in

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return thanks him for his letter, which had "made him weep for joy," and then gives the following additional news. It must be remembered that hitherto, *alone during five years*, he had started and carried on the working of the Apostleship.

"At last, after five years, I have the happiness of seeing the Apostleship officially established. What a joy for me—a poor laborer—Promoter! The Director will be the Rector of the College, for whose devotedness I can answer.

"I have turned over to the Rev. Pastor copies of the thirteen lists of Associates, which I had registered with you. I have given him all the details—the work has been completely organized, except for the public devotions which he himself will establish in the church;—there are 360 Associates with a Council; and at the last reunion in the month of May, I bade farewell to the Council, as naturally it was no longer my duty to direct it. As for myself I am a useless servant.

"This, Rev. Father Director, is where we are at present with the dear Apostleship. Do whatever you choose with my letter. Let my brother-workmen set themselves to work; they too will succeed. The Sacred Heart will help them."

The American Head Director during the past two years has repeatedly called the attention of the Rev. Clergy to the necessity of choosing out and training suitable Promoters, if they wish to make a true success of the great work of the League of the Sacred Heart in their parishes. Daily experience is confirming the wisdom of this advice, which after all is no more than putting in practice the express rules of the Association. Where the priest himself does the enrolling of Associates, and there is no other bond among them than the meeting to which they are invited for the First Friday or some one Sunday of the month, the League will not do any great work, and it will soon come to be confounded with other devotions which are limited to the inside of the church walls. This, also, prevents the extension of the work to those who are not likely to enter the church for more than the necessary devotions of their life, or when they die—feet foremost. Yet these are precisely those who most need the helping hand of such a League, which binds its Associates together in a union of prayer and good works for each other. Great is the force of public opinion and sympathy; and great the blessing on united devotion to the Divine Heart.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

KEEPING HOLY THE SUNDAY.

IN some countries, once Christian, the Christian Sunday has almost gone out of fashion, at least among many of the inhabitants of towns and cities. Our own Catholics need to attend to this commandment, if not in the same way, still quite as much as the dwellers in revolutionary Paris.

Every man must worship God every day. But it is of the nature of things that men together—human society—should publicly worship God at some time fixed by the proper authority.

From the beginning, this was the seventh day of the week—a day of rest from labor and of sacrifice and prayer to God.

Christ's Church, with the Divine authority He had bestowed on her, changed the appointed day from the seventh—the Jewish Sabbath—to the first of the week—the Christian Sunday. This St. John calls *the Lord's day*[1]—because it is the memorial of our Saviour's resurrection from the dead.

The ceremonies and special observances of the Jewish Sabbath were done away; but the substance of the commandment always remains the same.

1°. Rest from needless servile work—that is, from the work which comes to us under the name of *labor*, such as the *laboring man* is forced to do on other days. This applies, in its measure, to the Church's holidays of obligation; and it is labor of this kind which the commandment *prohibits*.

2°. Keeping holy the day by sacrifice and prayer, that is, by devout presence at the Holy Mass—the Sacrifice of Christ's Church. This is all that is positively *commanded* by the Church for her children.

But it is her spirit that the whole day should be one of devotion. For this reason the offices in her temples are multiplied, with vespers and catechism and all manner of meetings of pious societies. Moreover, Christian common sense supposes that the day, even after the strict obligation of the commandment is satisfied, will not be spent in amusements which quite destroy all the good the prayers and Mass may have brought to the soul. The Church has never commanded her children to be Pharisees by mere outward decorum on the Sunday. But she has always exhorted them to the inward spirit of prayer for that holy time, and, most of all, she warns them against sinful amusement. And who shall say that the Catholics of our great cities need not her warning?

For them, and for the many who know not the Sunday Mass at all, our Associates are to pray this month.

[1] Apocalypse, i. 10.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. MARCH, 1888.

LINE UPON LINE FOR LENT.

LENT at first meant the spring—the time when life springs forth again from the death of winter. So the Lenten fast is a time when the soul should become alive, rising up from sin to new life in Christ—*if by any means I may attain to the resurrection which is from the dead.*[1]

In Lent the March winds blow. Thinking on past sins, with repentance because they have offended Christ's love—confession with contrition—are winds that purify the soul. *Arise, O north wind, and come, O south wind, blow through my garden.*[2]

March is the month of St. Joseph. To repent and confess and begin a new life pleasing to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, we need the encouragement and protection of Christ's dearest friends.

St. Joseph, Friend of the Sacred Heart, pray for us.[3]

St. Joseph is the patron of the universal Church. Lent is the season of seasons for the Church; for then, if ever, her wayward children look into their hearts and think seriously.

Good St. Joseph, our Guide, protect us, protect the Holy Church.[3]

Thinking seriously leads to penance—that is, to disapproval and detestation of sin against our loving God, and the wish sin had not been committed; to displeasure and sorrow over the sin which is past and can never be changed, though our Lord's forgiveness may blot it out; to amendment for the future, with present satisfaction by humble confession and penance.

Lent is the time of penance, ending in firm hope and strong love at the Easter Communion. There is a special Plenary Indulgence for a second Communion offered during Easter-time in reparation for those Christians who do not perform this Easter duty, of which the Sacred Heart of Jesus is yet so deserving.

[1] Philippians, iii. 11. [2] Canticles, iv. 16. [3] Indulgenced.

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IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH.

THE worthy Mother d'Astros, who died in 1883, was during many years the chief portress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Marseilles. In this humble employment she rendered a thousand services to the poor and ignorant and gave consolation to persons of every class, with whom her office necessarily brought her in contact. Her great resource was her devotion to St. Joseph. With his powerful aid she found means to instruct first communicants who could not succeed with other teachers, to tear the scales from the eyes of prejudiced Protestants, in fine to feed the poor and clothe the destitute. The most disgusting tramp was sure to leave the convent well fed, after awhile well clad, and a little later absolved in the holy tribunal and nourished with the Bread of Life. When people, surprised at the results of her efforts, would ask, "Why, where did you get means for that?" or "How did you possibly succeed in this?" her reply was uniformly, "The good St. Joseph helped me."

In 1882 a neighboring curate complained to the pious portress, that he had no statue of St. Joseph suitable for his church. Mother d'Astros tried to procure one in the house, but there was none to give.

"Had you not better put up a box for alms, with an inscription?" was suggested to her.

"Oh no," she replied; "I will begin a novena to St. Joseph to-day."

Three days after, a grand carriage halted at the convent door, and a wealthy Portuguese nobleman paid the Superior a visit. On withdrawing, the noble visitor asked the humble portress what works of zeal were carried on by the community. She mentioned the *Free School*, *Sodalities*, and *Aiding Poor Churches*. "We have so many applications from parish priests that we can scarcely meet them; just now one needs a statue of St. Joseph."

"Indeed," said the stranger, "well, he shall have it. I have a great devotion to that glorious Saint, and it will give me great pleasure to give a statue that will propagate his worship."

The worthy Don then gave such a liberal donation that the good curate procured a handsome statue of St. Joseph, and one of the Immaculate Mother to match it. E. V. N.

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FATHER BARBELIN'S STRATAGEM.

ST. TERESA pronounced that soul happy who had a zealous friend. Of two such souls a little story may be interesting. They were Irishmen, and as

> By the Mac and the O'
> An Irishman you know,

we will call them by these cognomens.

Mr. Mac was a genial, joyous-tempered man, Mr. O' serious and inclined to take gloomy views. They were friends from boyhood, had come to America together, married at the same time, lived near neighbors, were prosperous business men, pew-holders in old St. Joseph's, and wellnigh inseparable. No shadow of distrust had ever arisen between them; even politics, though Mac was a Democrat and O' a Whig, could not mar their souls' harmony. Yet year after year one subject gave trouble to Mr. O' and amusement to Mr. Mac; the former sometimes venturing an allusion in his sober, deprecating way, the latter turning it off with a merry jest or teasing acquiescence.

"Fifteen years!" said Mr. O', as he rose from his Ash Wednesday collation.

Mrs. O' looked up in surprise; but when he went on with slow deliberation, "Please God, I'll have it out with him this very night!" she was enlightened, and lifting her hand in a warning way, said: "I'd keep quiet."

"Keep quiet and the man that is more than a brother to me going headlong to perdition! Fifteen years since he was at his confession—think of that!"

"I wouldn't be reminding God of it. Who told you to keep account of it, anyhow?"

"Who told me, is it? My friendship tells me, ma'am; yes, my love for him tells me, if you understand that."

"I don't then. Maybe friendship and love might find something better to do."

"And let the friend perish forever! You wouldn't like to be so treated, Mrs. O'."

"I'd like less to be interfered with," was the stout rejoinder.

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"My soul is my own, and your soul is your own, and Mr. Mac's soul is his own."

"And all the souls are God's," interrupted Mr. O', frowning.

"Very well, they're safe enough. God can take care of His own."

A glance at the clock warned the husband to end the matter there and then, if he would be in time for the evening services; but coming home from church he parted with his wife at their own door, and went on to Mr. Mac's, where he purposed to "have it out." They had the store to themselves, for he declined an invitation to the sitting-room, but it was long before he could have it out. His companion, knowing well what was coming, talked away as if that was his one duty in life, which he meant to fulfil. At last, with a twinkle in his merry eye, he came to his friend's help, by gravely asserting that they were "at the beginning of Lent."

Mr. O' eagerly seized the bait.

"So we are, glory be to God! We have seen the first day of it, but," with a deep sigh, "who shall see the last?"

"That's hard to tell."

"So it is—you're right—who can tell? See here now, Mac," coming desperately to the point; "let both of us make up our mind to be ready should it please God to call us before Easter."

"But suppose it doesn't? There's all the trouble for nothing."

"Trouble!" reproachfully.

"Well, I shouldn't have used that word," began the other in a grave, meditative tone, and the monitor quickly took it up.

"Oh, of course, it was no harm, only being such a serious thing."

"Serious! If that be the case I'm all right. When a thing is serious one *must* be troubled about it more or less. However, you are right. That Easter contingency is no serious trouble. If we are called to a better life, we shall still find Easter and"—

"But are we ready? that's the question."

"Which I shall answer cheerfully. You, one of the pillars of St. Joseph's, are always prepared for a happy"—

"Is it I?—God pity me!" interrupted Mr. O' in such deep distress that the joker was touched, but went on carelessly:

"And I have a private understanding with St. Peter."

"There is that light talk and the matter so terrible!" sighed O'.

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"What is so terrible? My sins, you mean, of course"—

"No, then, I don't. I believe you haven't a sin to account for here or hereafter, if you'd only go to confession. I believe in my soul that's your only sin—neglect of the sacrament"—

"But see here; if I have no sin to confess, why go to confession?"

"What are you talking of, man alive, aren't we all sinners?"

"But you just now set me up for a saint, and I was *so* grateful to you, and *trying* to be humble, saying 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'"

"Now, Mac, let's be done with this folly."

"With all my heart, O'. Thank you kindly, not alone for your good opinion, but still more for reminding me of neglected duty. Faith, if I hadn't that to keep me humble I'd be lost entirely."

So it ended as ever, and—"Indeed, I don't blame him"—was all the sympathy the zealous friend got at home.

Lent was passing along more rapidly than ever known before. The fourth week came and still nothing was done. Mrs. O' would no longer listen: "For we'll not agree," she wisely reminded him, "and the fairies will think we're always quarrelling."

He ventured to sound Mrs. Mac on the subject, but though hitherto the best of friends they almost came to a quarrel. Next he unfolded his grief to Father Barbelin, only to be told smilingly, that he was a good friend and must pray hard; and when he despairingly urged that he had been praying for years and nothing came of it, what was the reply?

"There are always years to pray. Our good God counts them; and should we stop praying before the right one comes, we lose all we have done in *our own years.*"

Thoroughly disheartened now, for Father Barbelin spoke in his easy, chatty way, as if the loss of a man's soul was of no consequence whatever, the poor friend betook himself to St. Joseph's shrine, went over all the particulars, and ended by putting the whole responsibility on the blessed Patriarch.

"I'll keep on praying, for the priest told me and I'll not disobey him," said he in conclusion; "but I've lost all hope, and anyway it was none of my business, so God wouldn't hear me, blessed be His holy will forever!" And he went away, feeling as lost and desolate as if he had seen the grave close over his friend.

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Meantime the two wives had had more than one friendly talk on a subject that was of deep interest to their hearts, though they cruelly tried poor O' by their perverseness. Mrs. Mac had also secretly made up her mind that this Lent should bring her husband to the altar, and, being a woman, was not going to give up in despair. She, too, laid the case before the dear little saint (as he was well called), and when she returned home her heart was light and not hopeful but certain.

The next Friday evening Mac's patience was sorely tried by his wife's dilatory ways. In vain he reminded her of time's steady flight, and prophesied that they would be late. "I told you so," said he, as on entering the church yard they heard the organ sound. But she was as grave as an owl, and not to be moved from her steady pace through the crowd that blocked the way from the door to Father Barbelin's box. Unrelenting as fate she pushed him onward. Murmurs and hard looks from the throng, her husband's despairing gestures that no passage could be made to their aisle, all availed nothing. Finally she spoke aloud, to his horror and the amazement of all.

"You should have let me go first." They were just then in front of the confessional, and Father Barbelin *naturally* looked out, entreating quietness, but interrupted himself to greet Mr. Mac, whose hand he shook cordially.

"Just in time, my dear friend—no, never mind the service, all is God's work—the present time is the best, these good ladies will give up their turn,—that's right, my children, a man has so little leisure."

Thus the soft, childlike voice, addressing by turns the penitents in waiting and the victim, who struggled in vain to escape that gentle yet iron clasp, muttering explanations and excuses, until he found himself on his knees in the box; the startled girl whose place he unwillingly usurped having been pulled out of the way by the female crowd who were enjoying the by-play which was "so much like the good Father!" The male spectators, not yet fully divining the trick, looked doubtfully after the wife already far up the aisle, then all recollecting themselves devoutly, the little incident seemed like a dream; but Mr. Mac occupied the confessional.

"And what either of us was saying I'll never tell you," he

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said afterwards; "one thing alone is clear to me, that I ought not to let priest or wife off easily after that outrageous trick."

"Who told you to get up such a scene?" asked the wife coolly. "Was ever anything so scandalous! Couldn't go peacefully to your confession at the proper time like anybody else, but get up a sensation like that! I'll be ashamed ever to see Father Barbelin."

"I believe you. And how either he or you can look at me"—

But Mac couldn't go on scolding. His wondering friend O' was "put out" more than himself by the trick which he gravely characterized as "very strange indeed;" while everybody else declared it capital, and it was treasured up with scores of kindred episodes.

ST. JOSEPH FOR THE COLORED MISSIONS.

[The MESSENGER is happy to give publicity to a work of zeal in honor of St. Joseph—for souls at our own doors.]

WHERE THE NEGROES LIVE.

7,000,000 negroes are in the whole United States.

500,000 live in the Northern and Western States from Maine to Oregon.

1,500,000 live in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas; all formerly slave States.

5,000,000 dwell, between the Potomac and the Gulf, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

IN THESE EIGHT STATES THERE ARE AS MANY NEGROES AS WHITES.

WHAT THE NEGROES BELIEVE.

3,000,000, communicants and members all told, are claimed by the various Protestant sects.

100,000, *hardly, are Catholics.*

3,000,000, and more, consequently, *have no professed religion:* not indeed from any fault of theirs, for they are naturally a religious people; but because:

"*The little ones ask for bread and there is none to break it to them.* (Lamentations, iv. 4.)

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"*Pass over and help us,*" they cry out to us.

And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them, because they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. Then He saith to His disciples, The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest. (St. Matthew, ix. 36–38.)

GRAVE WORDS OF EXPERIENCED BISHOPS.

WILMINGTON, DEL., *November* 2, 1887.

My Dear Father Slattery,—

I hear with exceeding pleasure that you have actually begun to provide a house, wherein priests are to be educated, who will convert our colored people. We must do something for the colored people or run the risk of provoking our Lord's malediction. But we can do little till we have men called to and educated for this particular mission. In the diocese of Wilmington alone, there must be more than one hundred thousand colored people, and yet I doubt whether among them all, one hundred be Catholics; and at present, little is doing or can be done towards winning them to the Church. May the Lord then signally bless and prosper you in your undertaking and enable you to furnish us with men who will give themselves to the work of rescuing a people deserving so much at our hands, and, moreover, more readily to be won, I am convinced, than others more cultured if you please, but at the same time far from being so religiously disposed.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

✠A. A. CURTIS,

Bishop of Wilmington.

MERIDIAN, MISS., *November* 2, 1887.

Dear Father Slattery,—

Your letter of October 20th came to hand to-day. You therein set forth the plan of erecting St. Joseph's Seminary to train priests exclusively for the Negro Missions and you request the approval of the Bishops of the South. They no doubt feel the great responsibility that burdens their consciences for the salvation of the millions of the colored race within the limits of their dioceses. I,

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for one, feel also the difficulties that surround the accomplishment of the task. Our priests everywhere in the Southern States are devoted to their duty and willing also to work for the colored people as well as for the white. But the work for the one and for the other is quite different, and it is almost impossible, a few cases excepted, as far as my experience goes, to do much good for the salvation of the negro whilst engaged in the ministry for the whites. Again, most all the Southern dioceses stand greatly in need of priests to keep up the work that has already been established and needs to be continued; consequently it is next to impossible to obtain priests willing and possessing the necessary requisites to devote themselves to this peculiar work. I hail with much pleasure and anticipation of great good the erection of the Seminary contemplated by you. Having worked exclusively among the negroes for many years, you will be able to train young men for the same work and to provide us with priests whom we so sorely need.

I hope and trust that the Seminary may awake Catholics to the necessity of rearing the negro race in true Christian morality, for not only the welfare of souls but even the future material and political welfare of this great republic is at stake. I think that in order fully to succeed in this admirable and necessary work, we should have negro priests and teachers. And the more I have observed the condition of the negro race, at least in the State of Mississippi, the more the thought has been strengthened. I trust in course of time another Seminary may be erected in order to train colored men for the priesthood and thus to establish the work on a permanent and firmer basis.

Wishing you every success and sending you my episcopal blessing on this contemplated work, believe me,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

✠ F. JANSSENS,

Bishop of Natchez.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY AND SOCIETY.

1. St. Joseph's Society is composed of clergy and laity, the former devote themselves to the evangelization of the colored people while the latter contribute of their means to support the missions.

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2. Annual subscribers to St. Joseph's Seminary become members of St. Joseph's Society.

3. The yearly payment of, at least, twenty-five cents entitles to membership.

4. Any person willing to undertake the office of zelator, by collecting annually of twenty persons the sum of twenty-five cents each, will please address:

REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY,
St. Joseph's Seminary,
Baltimore, Md.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP.

5. The spiritual benefits of membership consist of a participation in the merits of the Missionaries, in their sufferings, labors, and good works; as well as in the prayers daily recited by rule in the Seminary, and in the Holy Sacrifice offered every week for all the members of the Society, living and dead.

6. From the opening of the Seminary the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered three times every week for all who contribute at least twenty-five cents annually.

7. Donors of $100 and upwards are enrolled as special benefactors. The Holy Sacrifice will be offered up every month for their intention.

8. The donor of a burse ($5,000) for the perpetual education of Missionary Priests, thereby becomes a FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY AND THE SEMINARY. In order to perpetuate the memory of an act so pleasing to God and to secure for the FOUNDERS constant and daily prayers, their names will be inscribed on a MARBLE TABLET which will be placed within the Seminary Chapel. During their life and after their death the Holy Sacrifice is and will continue to be offered twice a week for their intention.

9. Legacies may be bequeathed to "St. Joseph's Seminary of Baltimore City."

"*Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" (St. Mark, xvi.)

"*Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the evil day.*" (Psalm, xl.)

"*If any man shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his*

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bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" (I John, iii. 17.)

It must never be said that the *Catholics* of our country are less zealous for the civilization, the conversion, and the spread of the Gospel among the Colored Race than their *non*-Catholic brethren who make great sacrifices and contribute enormous sums of money for the propagation of what they consider to be the truth.

Prayers for an increase of Vocations to this Missionary Priesthood.

Say, at least once a day, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and the *Glory*, followed by the ejaculation:

St. Joseph, Friend of the Sacred Heart; pray for us. (100 *days Indulgence, once a day.*)

CONTRIBUTIONS have been received since our last from the following:

For the Pope—

Caspar Reinbolt, Nauvoo, Illinois, . . .	$3.00

For the Crow Indian Mission—

John McCabe, Ardoch, Dakota, ...	5.00

For the Holy Childhood—

Cash, Baltimore, Maryland, ...	1.00

—Father Pfister, S. J., writes from Shanghai, China:

"I received your kind letter of the 18th October, and with it the bill of exchange on London for £47.13.9., all in good condition. Our Father Procurator sold the bill, and we gained $8 or 10.00 by it. [This was the $232.00 contributed last year by various readers of the Pilgrim for the mission described in April, 1887, *Poverty in the Flowery Land.*] This sum has been put aside for the use of Father Speranza among our poor Christians in his section at Tsong-ming. Believe me, the charity of the givers would with difficulty be better placed."

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

FATHER WALWORTH'S POEMS.

IN a late number of the New York *Freeman's Journal* the announcement is made that the well known house of G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon publish a book of poems by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, of St. Mary's Church, Albany. A forestalment of the work is given and this we reproduce, as it deals with the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville.

The first number of the PILGRIM—three years ago last January—contained a poem by the same Reverend singer, *Ke-We-Ge-Waun*—"I wish to go into Thy lodge"—telling of the simple and touching longings of the untutored Indian after God. We conclude that many of the poems in the new volume will be tuned to similar themes, for which Father Walworth is known to have a strong liking. The freshness and clear simplicity with which he treats them—something like the wholesome fragrance of hemlock boughs that hang over the Schoharie ravines or like the bright cheeriness of the goldenrod in the riverside meadows of the Mohawk—add greatly to our pleased expectation. We shall have a volume of poems that all of us can understand, and that will enlist the sympathy of all who are either Catholic or American or both. In this it will differ from much of the more pretentious recent verse, where language and thought alike demand of the reader acquaintance with antique affectations and new literary fads.

In the poem given here, the terms "saint" and "martyr" are freely applied; but this is understood to be only as a matter of private devotion and belief, and not in any way to forestall the decision of the Church which alone canonizes the martyrs as saints. It must not be taken, however, as mere poetry; for it truly represents the persuasion of many hearts. Those who have been interested in the efforts made to secure due honor for those who suffered and endured in the heroic age of the early Christian

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missions in what is now the United States, will remember the action taken by the Plenary Council at Baltimore in 1884. *Rev. C. A. Walworth, Albany,* is one of the four names then signed as *Promoters* to "A Summary of the Data and Motives for a POSTULATUM of the Council to the Holy See, in regard to the introduction of the Cause of Beatification of *René Goupil,* novice, *Isaac Jogues,* priest, of the Society of Jesus, who, after missionary labors among the Indians, suffered torments and captivity from the Mohawk Iroquois, and were finally slain, in hatred, it is believed, of the Christian faith, near the present *Auriesville, N. Y.;* the former, September 29, 1642; the latter, October 18, 1646; Father Jogues being the *first priest* to exercise the ministry in the colony and city now known as *New York:*—also, of *Catherine Tegakwita,* Iroquois virgin, born in 1656 at *the place where* the two former were slain, and on Easter Sunday, 1676, baptized in the mission established there."

This *Postulatum* was voted unanimously by the Council and thus became the official request of the entire American hierarchy. During the following year, four other sets of petitions—of which one was unique, being from twenty-five different Indian nations in their respective languages—were presented to the Holy Father and received with the most kindly interest.[1] The matter was recommended to the Sacred Congregation of Rites and to the Propaganda at Rome, and definite and encouraging instructions given to the American Postulators in February, 1886. If during the intervening two years little has been done to further the "Introduction of the Cause," it is owing exclusively to the impossibility of finding the time needed for preparing the necessary documents on the part of those charged with the work. Meanwhile, the reports have been received of several remarkable graces believed to have been granted through the intercession of these Servants of God.

As we have begun speaking of this subject, it is worth our while to reproduce from our pages of just three years since,[2] two passages which show clearly the ideas that have consistently governed our work from the beginning, both in regard to the proposed Beatification of American Saints and to the American shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. This will emphasize what we

[1] See PILGRIM for February, 1886.

[2] March PILGRIM, 1885.

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have been repeating in both our magazines from the beginning,—that "It is as necessary that Catholic families should have religious associations with Fatherland as with home, if the Church is ever to have more than a purely *individual* influence in the country."[3] This is a simple commentary on Father Walworth's fine lines:

> "Say not America's saints are all foreign,
> That martyrs have left no rich blood on our sod."

And this is why we so persistently keep before our readers American Indians and American negroes, American converts and American edifying lives. The mission chapel built last year by our readers in distant China will prove there is nothing un-Catholic in this. It is idle to dispute whether we shall say American Catholics or Catholic Americans. We are here; and if we care nought for the workings of God's grace at home, what can we expect from over the seas and far away?

"It is well to sum up briefly what has been said in the preceding numbers regarding the reasons for the existence of our shrine: 1st. It is the sanctuary of the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, such as is found here and there in all countries wherever the Catholic faith has taken deep root.

"2d. It is founded on a spot where great things were done and suffered, and great fruits of suffering brought forth, in the toilsome beginnings of our country; and the actors, whose example still remains to edify and encourage us, were representatives of the New World in the highest sense, those who were born from its native race and those who were to become American to win Americans to Christ.

"3d. It is the restoration of the old shrine and its venerated statue of Our Lady of Foye, round which priest and people gathered two hundred years ago, seeking and not in vain the protection of the Immaculate Queen of Martyrs: 'Remember, Mary, tenderest hearted Virgin, how *from of old* the ear hath never heard, that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken by God!'

"Again, it is no mere memorial of the past glory, but it is also bound up with the desire of making known the present apostolic labors of the Church among the remnant of those original Ameri-

[3] MESSENGER for January, 1888.

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cans, whose misfortunes can never deprive them of the right belonging to every man that cometh into the world, that of being enlightened by the True Light. The Apostleship of Prayer, or of almsgiving, or the missionary's high call, would be first fruits of its new existence, more precious than the healing of the body or even the restoring of peace of soul.

"The Blessed Virgin does not fear the memory of her own faithful children in the spot where they proclaimed by their deeds and death her sway over the spirit of as many as love her Divine Son. That they may or may not be canonized will not prevent her keeping their memories fresh and green among the Christian people. She was in their hopes when they first sought her intercession in the wilderness, and her glory was their joy when they had here erected a house of prayer and praise in her honor. This restoration of her sanctuary, now almost forgotten, was wished and planned and begun before it was known that the three principal servants of God who had made the place illustrious would shortly be presented to the Vicar of Christ as fit candidates for the Church's altars. It is a new cause of reverent memory of what our Lady, the martyrs' and virgins' Queen, has already done in this spot: but her Pilgrim Chapel will not bring in any hasty or forbidden devotion, by anticipating the decision of the appointed judge, who alone fails not in his judgment in order that his brethren may be confirmed in their faith. And the memory of many others, who will never be even proposed for such public honor, will also cling around the spot so favored by the Mother of Divine Grace; and, God willing, of many yet to come in pious pilgrimage, and see—

> "Along his valley gleam
> The Mohawk's softly winding stream."

RENÉ GOUPIL.

By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, LL. D.

KNOW ye the fountains that feed the Schoharie,
Where cradled she lies in the Kaaterskill rocks?
Saw ye at Tribes' Hill the sweet stream marry
Her placid life to the wild Mohawk's?

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In the angle
Where they mingle
Stands the cross of Auriesville,
Stands a little oratory
On the summit of a hill.
It beckons, speaks; it bids you kneel,
It is full of a sweet story
Of a martyr now in glory,
Of a saint, René Goupil.

Come, go with me thither. We'll steal through the bushes;
We'll climb the steep bank where their lodges stood.
I'll show you the shells of their feasts, and the ashes
That blackened the ground where their fires glowed.
Who go thither
Still may gather
Pipes, and bowls, and wampum beads,
Bones of deer and bear and otter,
Hammers, axes, arrow heads.
To me there's blood that bleeds there still.
As the plough drags through the furrow,
Still, methinks, the red drops follow
Where they dragged René Goupil.

There yet stands the hill where the two prayed together,
Jogues, mournful survivor, and René the slain;
Here once stood the gate where the gentle lay-brother
Bent down to the hatchet that rent his brain.
The rivulet
Is running yet,
The same ravine slopes to it still,
And torrents through it still are carried
As the old "Relations" tell.
There by savage hatred hurried,
There by loving fingers buried
Rest the ashes of Goupil.

Say not America's saints are all foreign,
That martyrs have left no rich blood on our sod.
On the atlas of souls Lake George is the high road
Of heroes that hastened to die for God.
Spirits rally
In the valley
Of the Kanionga still;
Oneiouts, and Goiogouen,
Onondagas of the Hill
Where long lay the buried bell;
Sonontouans—brave, wife, maiden;—
Many trails that lead to Eden
Lead from thine, René Goupil!

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GRACES AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

From time to time publication will be made, as is but just to our Blessed Lady, Queen of Martyrs, of the manifestations of devotion toward her.

Mobile, Alabama.—I made a promise to the Sacred Heart for my husband, who was dying at the time I made the request, that if He would spare him to us, I would say the beads once a day for a month for the poor souls in purgatory, and send two dollars for the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. My request was granted, my husband is well and attends to business. Please have the Associates of the Holy League thank the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

[The following intention has already been recommended to the Apostleship of Prayer through the regular calendars of the League of the Sacred Heart.]

Kansas.—Having great confidence in the efficacy of the prayers offered at the holy shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, I would recommend to them my sister. She is a young Carmelite nun in a convent of Italy, and I hear she is now in poor health. Not only for her, but for our parents, who were lately bereaved by the loss of a dear son, I implore her recovery, if it be the will of God.

I have recourse to you, Rev. Father, to have some prayers offered on her behalf, if you will have the kindness to procure this to be done.

I feel confident that the Mother of God will assist us.

Contributions for the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., have been received since our last from the following:

The Orphan Boys, St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	$10.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Cotter, New York, ...	3.00
Louis Lonsway, Tiffin, Ohio, ...	1.00
A Servant Girl, Boston, Mass., ...	5.00
Mary Margaret Rodgers, Philadelphia, Pa., . . .	1.00
L. S. C., Baltimore, Md., ...	1.00

From Mrs. Helen McEvoy, Shreveport, La., a diamond ring, with a cluster of nine brilliants, has been received. It is wished to preserve this for the ornamentation of a chalice, which would worthily give honor at our Lady's shrine in the Holy Mass.

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THE LEAGUE, ITS END AND AIM.

THE Apostleship of Prayer is a League of zeal and prayers in union with the Sacred Heart. It is called *Apostleship*, because it has for its end to make true apostles of all Christians, by stirring up everywhere the ardent desire of God's glory and the salvation of souls. It is the *Apostleship of Prayer*, for prayer is the principal means it sets to work, a means all-powerful and one that remains within the reach of all, even when others are wanting. In some way it is a universal means including, besides prayer strictly so-called, all works and all sufferings offered to the Sacred Heart with the aim of supplication. It is the *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, because the Associates unite in a daily consecration to this Divine Heart—the source of zeal and the perfect model of prayer; even it is this consecration, or offering of the day for the intentions of the Heart of Jesus, that constitutes the first and the only essential of the excellent practices in use among the Associates.

Finally, this work is neither a Confraternity nor a Sodality, but a *Holy League*, approved by two Decrees of the Holy See and by the majority of the Bishops of the Catholic world, in whose ranks are already enlisted, under the banner of the Sacred Heart, more than 40,000 parishes, communities, or associations. Moreover, all others are invited to take part in it. Is not the zeal which this League of the Sacred Heart has for its aim to stir up, in reality the stimulus and the life of every Catholic society and work, and ought not the Divine Heart of Jesus become their bond and centre as it is their first principle and mainspring?

The first beginnings of this work go back to 1844, and it is in the diocese of Puy, France, near the celebrated sanctuary of the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, that it had its birth. But

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its prodigious development dates only from 1861—the year when the publication of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART began furnishing it with a periodical organ and brought out in relief its union with the devotion to this Divine Heart.

If we consider the ever increasing progress of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the simplicity and fruitfulness of its means, the plentiful blessings which the Divine Heart has been pleased to pour forth on the united efforts of its millions of Associates, we may well believe that this peaceful crusade is one of the principal institutions raised up by our Lord, to bring forth from the great devotion to the Sacred Heart all its fruits and to hasten the triumph of the Church.

A PENITENT'S RIDE IN OLD WEST VIRGINIA.

IT was the September of the year 1856. The only priest in all south-western Virginia had his home at Wytheville in the Great Valley, where for months he was detained sick. His territory was mountainous, and his flock scattered and few in number; and some of them, despite his zeal and peregrinations, were still to be heard from.

At the date in question, the Wytheville priest was in Tazewell County trying the virtue of the White Sulphur Springs, then a place of resort for the local gentry and invalids. Around the hotel, amid the native forest, was grouped a semicircle of log cabins, cozy and furnished with timely wood fires. In one of these sat musing, that autumnal night, the convalescing priest, when he heard a loud, sharp rap, as if for a sick call, and the opened door revealed the figure of a tall, commanding, mild-mannered stranger, drabbed to the shoulders.

"Pardon me, Reverend sir," said the stranger; "I am just arrived—one hundred and ten miles on horseback—from Abingdon, my home—and I must be on my return by starlight in the early morning, after a brief rest for man and beast. When I reached Wytheville—sixty miles—I hoped to find you there to make a request. But you had crossed the mountains fifty miles over here, and something still urged me to follow you. My name is Fitzgerald—a Marylander and a Catholic. I know my duties, but for years, among strangers, I have been remiss. Will you,

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Reverend sir, do me the favor to receive my confession? My health is not over stout."

"But you will wait and receive Communion at my early Mass?" said the priest.

"Impossible, this trip," replied the stranger. "My business is suffering already because of this additional *fifty miles ride* from Wytheville here. By taking another and shorter route, I hope to reach home to-morrow night."

He did, with a light heart, reach his home safely. But without knowing it, the invitation given and thus heeded by him, was this penitent's last. A few weeks later, swiftly and without alarming symptoms, he passed from earth to his eternal reward.

NEW SAINTS OF MANY KINDS.

DURING the late Jubilee solemnities, Pope Leo XIII.—a priest for fifty years—united with his own celebration the canonization of several Saints and the beatification of others. Outside the Church there are very hazy ideas about what it all means. I am not going to explain it here, nor to relate what has already appeared in all the papers—the overwhelming magnificence and solemn religiousness of the ceremonies. In the midst of bishops from all parts of the world, under the immense dome of the central temple of Christendom, the Vicar of Christ on earth proclaims to the universe new Saints and Blessed. All Catholics know that, in so doing, the Holy Father and Shepherd of our souls has simply set before us as our patrons and models true Christian heroes—*other Christs.*[1]

Pity those who know not and love not the Saints; and pray for them. Very surely they have paltry human heroes in their stead, or other creature-idols, and they can never realize, as He is, Christ the King of the Saints. But our *eyes shall see the King in His beauty,*[2] mirrored in the lives of His Saints. We believe in the *Communion of Saints;* they still have much in common with us, with the Angels *in heaven they have joy upon one sinner that doth penance,*[3] and the *Angel, having a golden censer, offers of the prayers of all Saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God.*[4]

[1] Tertullian's definition of the true Christian.
[2] Isaias, xxxiii. 17. [3] St. Luke, xv. 7. [4] Apocalypse, viii. 3.

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Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.[5] Hail, all ye Saints and Angels of God! Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

But it is well for us to know something of each of these new Saints thus presented to our love and veneration and confidence. The Blessed we shall hear about another month. We shall find they truly represent all classes and conditions of men.

1.—*The Seven Founders of the Order of Servites.*

These seven men were merchants of the city of Florence, and had been senators of that rich and proud republic. They do not seem to have failed in their commerce, and though they at last gave up their merchandise to live retired lives *hid with Christ in God*,[6] they were well and fairly on the way to be Saints while they were still active merchants. But then, this was six hundred and fifty years ago, and the time does slip away.

All the seven belonged to a confraternity of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary. They assembled together on the feast of her Assumption, the 15th of August of the year 1233, to sing her praises in their little chapel. Here the Queen of heaven appeared to each of them, inviting them to give up the world and strive after a more perfect life. They conferred together, there were no sacred obligations to hinder their following the call, and they began at once the most unmercantile operation of *selling all whatever they had and giving to the poor.* And then they *came and followed* Jesus Who, during His mortal life, had given exactly the same unworldly advice to *a certain ruler asking: Good Master, what shall I do to possess everlasting life?*[7]

They sought and obtained the blessing of the bishop, and then—like true penitents and soldiers of Christ—girt round with haircloth over which they threw an ashen-colored robe, they began their new manner of life. They desired, like our League of the Apostleship of Prayer, to extend the kingdom of the Sacred Heart of Jesus under the protection of His Immaculate Mother. But they had as yet no more definite plans. In this humble and peni-

[5] St. Luke, i. 28, the greeting of the Angel Gabriel to our Lady—words daily on every Catholic lip.

[6] Colossians, iii. 3. [7] St. Luke, xviii. 18–22.

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tential life, they remained for a year together in the outskirts of the city; and when they entered its streets even the babes cried out—"See the servants of the Virgin!" And this name, which Providence gave them, has been confirmed to them since that day.

They finally retired still farther from the noise and distractions of the world, and little by little around their solitude grew up the future religious order of the Servites. Here, on their Mountain of Wholesome Air—Monte Senario (*Mons sani aëris*), nine miles from Florence,—they lived in great devotion and austerity, one of them reaching the age of one hundred and ten years. This was the Blessed Alexis Falconieri, of the noble house of that name. He never became a priest, through humility, but worked and begged alms for the meagre support of the others. His niece St. Juliana, long since canonized, founded the third order, of Servite nuns; she is noted for her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Blessed Virgin gave them the black habit they wear in memory of her Son's Passion; and the different devotions to her own Seven Dolors—the beads and the scapular of that name—regularly come from their order. Their vocation did not, perhaps, lead to their spreading as widely as some of the other religious orders; but they have been widely scattered, and in America have set up their altars in Chicago, where their unmercantile spirit can have full place to conquer the commercial vanities of this world. Their seal is a lily-stalk, from which two branches break over forming the letter M (Mary), and the Seven Holy Founders are represented kneeling before Our Lady of Sorrow.

2.—*The Three Jesuits.*

These Saints—Peter Claver, Alphonsus Rodriguez, and John Berchmans—represent the three classes of members of the Society of Jesus, the first being a priest, the second a lay-brother, and the third a scholastic or student, who died before ordination.

St. Peter Claver and St. Alphonsus Rodriguez were dear friends as well as brothers in religion during their life on earth; and now they have been raised to the altars together.

St. Alphonsus was a man of mature age, a widower, when he became a religious. Men such as he do not leave the world idly; and for many a long year he was the edification of the community

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and the town, where he spent his life as porter of the Jesuit College. He is represented in his humble gown and mantle with the beads in his hand. So often had they slipped through his fingers in prayer that large callous spots were formed by their frequent handling. He was raised to sublime heights of prayer, and his canonization has been celebrated by the publication of two large volumes of his writings on prayer and meditation.

In the college with Brother Alphonsus was the young Peter Claver, who received from the venerable old man many wise counsels of perfection, especially the fundamental one—that only by utter detachment and death to self can we hope to live to God. His whole life put this principle in practice. He came out to America, and there spent life and strength among the poor and neglected negro slaves, denying himself all things for their dear sakes, since they were indeed dear to him for Christ's sake.

Saint John Berchmans was a Belgian, and noted from his childhood for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, hard by whose sanctuary of our Lady of Montaigu he lived. From this time of his life he has been chosen as patron of those boys who serve the priest at our altars. He came to Rome when the memory of St. Aloysius Gonzaga was still fresh in the Jesuits' College, just as the latter had caught up the chain of holy tradition from St. Stanislas Kostka. These three are pictured together as Patrons of Youth. They were all noted for perfect purity of life, for steadfast and tender devotion, for great courage and true manliness in resisting evil and persevering in good. Like them would be the Catholic young man who should never have changed his way of life from the fervent day of his First Communion. St. Berchmans has for his own special character that he applied himself resolutely to do the duties of each day as it came. There is little that is wonderful or extraordinary, at first sight, about his life. It is the steady perseverance in *being faithful over a few things* that has caused our Lord to *place him over many things.* His favorite maxim was what these new Saints all teach us, showing that Providence always places us where we too may be sanctified,—*My greatest mortification is the common life.* Surely his was not a common life, but to the common life before him he devoted his whole heart.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

FREQUENTATION OF THE SACRAMENTS BY MEN.

IT is hard to find reasons why men should not be as devout as women. They have souls to save; they desire peace of conscience, and God is willing to console them if they come to Him. The commandment, also, obliges them to hear Mass on Sundays and holy days. Yet at the Communion railing many more women are found than men.

It is not because women crowd men away from the confessional, though this may at times have some influence. Neither is it because men have less time, for their labor, if they are patient and humble under it, only helps to prepare them for the Sacraments, and the time required for immediate preparation is not long. It is true the greater responsibilities weighing on men's minds may prevent their attending to devotion, but even this springs from an illusion. Nothing so stays the mind and heart of a man as the familiar habit of piety toward God.

We must then conclude that, if men frequent the Sacraments less than women, it is either because they have some mistaken notion in their minds or are become the victims of sluggish habits in religion. The Sodalities of men equally with those of women ask monthly Communion of their members. So in the Communion of Reparation by the Associates of our League, and in all other devotions. The Church recognizes no distinction in inviting all Christians to the Sacraments. If a distinction is made in practice, it is unauthorized and harmful.

In some countries where the spirit of Revolution is abroad, a fashion has sprung up by which men who do not even comply with their Easter duty flatter themselves with being good Catholics. Thank God, this cannot yet be said openly of our own country. Yet it is true that, here too, the proportion of men faithfully frequenting the Sacraments is far too small. Against this evil—for it is an evil resulting in worldliness and coldness and indifference—the pious societies and popular devotions of the Church are instituted. This is a prime work of the League of the Sacred Heart; and its Associates are to exercise their Apostleship of Prayer this month in favor of men's frequenting the Sacraments more faithfully.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. APRIL, 1888.

APRIL FOOLISH, EASTER WISE.

IN the year of grace we have so safely begun, many odd things are happening.

I.

First, it is a hundred and eleven years since three figures have stood in a row in the year's number, and it will be as many more before the figures come together again in like manner—1777—1888—1999. Before this latter date we shall all of us have found out the vanity of the world and this short life of ours: *for the fashion of this world passeth away.*[1]

Once only since our Lord came to save the world, did the four figures of the year stand in a row—1111. This will happen again, should the world endure so long, in 2222. The first Pope said of it—*But of this one thing be not ignorant, my beloved, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*[2]

For a thousand years in Thy sight, says David the King, *are but as yesterday, which is past and gone,*

And as a watch in the night.[3]

And David's wise son, Solomon, adds his witness: *Although a man lived two thousand years,—do not all things make haste to one place?*[4]

[1] I Corinthians, vii. 31. [2] II St. Peter, iii. 8. [3] Psalm, lxxxix. 4.
[4] Ecclesiastes, vi. 6.

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So it is with us all. *As things that are counted nothing, so shall our years be.*

In the morning man shall grow up like grass, in the morning he shall flourish, and pass away: in the evening he shall fall, grow dry and wither.

. . . *Our years shall be considered as a spider:* its little life is spent in weaving its web, and the web, once woven, is frail and weak, holds but for a moment the freshness of the dewdrops in the morning, catches during the heat of the day only a few paltry flies for its weaver, and as the winds of night arise is torn asunder, like man's best laid plans in life.

The days of our years in them are threescore and ten years.

But if in the strong they be fourscore years, yet what is more of them is labor and sorrow.[5]

The number of the days of men at the most are a hundred years: as a drop of water of the sea are they esteemed: and as a pebble of the sand, so are a few years compared to eternity.[6]

This is the lesson of the years as they come and go: *because man shall go into the house of his eternity.*[7]

II.

It is not only the number of this present year that tells a tale. In the month for which we are writing, Easter—"the brightest of bright days"[8]—falls on the first of April, the day ever given over to scornful gaiety in memory of the foolish and the unwise.

The April fool also has his place in the words of the Wise Man. All his work is fruitless. *The labor of fools shall afflict them, that know not how to go to the city*[9]—that is, to the eternal city toward which all our years are leading.

Yet the foolish of this world despise the wisdom of Easter, which makes Christian souls die to self that they may rise and live forever with the risen Christ. *We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor,* they lament bitterly, fruitlessly, in the next world—in that joyless house of their eternity which they have chosen for themselves. Yet Easter called them too to arise, along with those of whom they now wonderingly com-

[5] Ps. lxxxix. [6] Ecclesiasticus, xviii. 8. [7] Ecclesiastes, xii. 5.
[8] The Church's office—*clararum clara dierum.* [9] Ecclesiastes, x. 15.

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plain—*Behold, how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints.*

At last they too must make confession, but not freely, secretly to God's priest, in the sweet and soul-soothing gloom of the confessional. But now, *troubled with terrible fear—groaning for anguish of spirit*—they are forced to say, in the open day of God's judgment:—*Therefore we have erred from the way of truth. . . We wearied ourselves in the way of iniquity and destruction, and have walked through hard ways, but the way of the Lord we have not known.*

What hath pride profited us? or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us?

All those things are passed away like a shadow, and like a post that runneth on,

And as a ship, that passeth through the waves: whereof when it is gone by, the trace cannot be found, nor the path of its keel in the waters:

Or as when a bird flieth through the air, of the passage of which no mark can be found, but only the sound of the wings beating the light wind and parting the air by the force of her flight; she moved her wings and hath flown through, and there is no mark found afterwards of her way:

Or as when an arrow is shot at a mark, the divided air presently cometh together again, so that the passage thereof is not known:

So we also being born, forthwith ceased to be: and have been able to show no mark of virtue: but are consumed in our wickedness.

III.

The wise Solomon still goes on, as if he might say much more:—*Such things as these the sinners said in hell.*

Was there ever an errand more April-foolish than their whole life has been? It has passed in toil and moiling amid trumpery vanities, in which they tried to dull the voice of conscience, saying to themselves: *Come, and let us enjoy the good things that are present.*

. . . Let us fill ourselves with costly wine, and ointments: and let not the flower of the time pass by us.

Let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered.

. . . Let none of us go without his part in luxury: let us everywhere leave tokens of joy: for this is our portion, and this our lot.

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Soon their April-fool's-day of life is over. *For the hope of the wicked is as dust, which is blown away with the winds and as a thin froth which is dispersed by the storm: and as smoke that is scattered abroad by the wind: and as the remembrance of a guest of one day that passeth by.*[10]

Even when the quick fiery passions of their youth are cooled by age and cease to fool them longer, evil friends still remain and tempting devils, and their own lifelessness for all that is good. And all these will not yet allow them to repent; but *they shut the doors in the street* of their heart, lest Christ should enter in; *the voice* of the past *shall be low*, so that remorse shall not be felt at the thought of past sin nor humble confession be made. They *shall grow deaf* to all but the crooning voice of sloth—*Thou wilt sleep a little, thou wilt slumber a little, thou wilt fold thy hands a little to sleep.*[11]

Then, at the last,—*all the foolish of heart are troubled.*

They have slept their sleep: and all the men of riches have found nothing in their hands.[12]

For *God hath said to them: Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee.*[13]

But in the clear day of eternity, in Easter brightness, *the just shall live for evermore: and their reward is with the Lord, and the care of them*—even here—*with the most High.*[14]

GUARDIAN OF VIRGINS AND FATHER, ST. JOSEPH.

[The feast of St. Joseph is celebrated on the 19th of March, that of his Patronage on the 3d Sunday after Easter, April 22, both included, this present year, for some or other of our readers, in the time of this number of the PILGRIM.]

MOTHER MARY of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Superior-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons, made known the following remarkable instance of the paternal protection of St. Joseph. It is likely to be interesting to many who from our pages have learned to honor and invoke "the Friend of the Sacred Heart."

[10] Wisdom, ii. v. [11] Proverbs, vi. 10. [12] Psalm, lxxv. 6.
[13] St. Luke, xii. 20. [14] Wisdom, v. 16.

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Many years ago the youthful daughter of a respectable family in one of the provinces of France, felt that God called her to sacrifice home and friends and enter the religious life. The faith that bears fruit in works was a part of the family inheritance. Her parents gave up cheerfully to God the child of their prayers and the centre of their earthly hopes, rejoicing that she had been called to serve Him in the religious congregation of St. Joseph, to whom they were especially devout.

Being unable themselves to accompany her to the mother-house at Lyons, they recommended her particularly to the conductor of the diligence. He promised to take every care of her. But when, late in the evening, they reached Lyons, either through wilful carelessness or neglect, he thought no more of his charge. On alighting from the vehicle, she turned to inquire the way to her destination. What was her distress and terror to see him drive rapidly away, leaving her alone and bewildered in the streets of the vast city!

As she thus stood, looking in her embarrassment from one side to the other, a man of respectable appearance came to her and courteously inquired if she was looking for any place.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I want to find the mother-house of the Sisters of St. Joseph."

"That is very far away," said he, "and besides, it is too late to go there. It will be more prudent to spend the night at a neighboring hotel to which I will conduct you, and where you will be well treated in every respect. Then to-morrow, as soon as you wish, you can go to the Sisters of St. Joseph."

The poor child in her provincial innocence felt not a shadow of suspicion, and readily followed her self-constituted guide. On arriving at the hotel she was shown to a room containing two beds; and overpowered by fatigue, she soon betook herself to sleep, having first recommended herself to St. Joseph.

A short time afterwards she heard some one enter the room, and became almost powerless with fright on seeing that it was her pretended protector. He threw himself on the bed near by. With feelings one can better imagine than describe, she called on St. Joseph, imploring him to deliver her from the danger she feared.

After some moments of anguish and breathless suspense, she thought the stranger had fallen asleep. Rising in haste, she

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sprang towards the door, but her enemy reached it before her and forcibly prevented her egress. In vain did she implore him to let her leave the room; his only answer was to lock the door and put the key in his pocket.

Then, when her terror was at its height, she remembered the words her mother had addressed to her in parting.

"I leave you, my dear child, to St. Joseph; I confide you to his care. He will accompany you and guard you and will lead you safe into his house."

Full of faith and confidence, the child fell on her knees and, with a flood of tears, reminded St. Joseph of her mother's promise.

"You cannot abandon me," she repeated; "oh, I implore you, come to my help. I have left everything for your sake, my country, my home, my father and mother. Oh, after so many and such great sacrifices, do not abandon me in the frightful peril in which I find myself."

Scarcely was her prayer ended, ere she perceived that the stranger was really asleep. Rising from her knees, she uttered the name of St. Joseph and ran instinctively to the door, forgetting that it was locked and the key removed. Suddenly the door opened of itself and the young girl beheld, standing on the threshold, a venerable old man whose white hair flowed over his shoulders. He was clothed in a long mantle and held a lamp in his hand.

"Imprudent child!" said he, "what are you doing here? Be quick; take your things and follow me."

There was no need to urge her, and when they had reached the end of the corridor, the old man stopped and said:

"Descend this staircase, go into the room below, where you will find the landlady of the hotel; tell her to give you another room, and to-morrow, very early, beg her to let some one take you to the convent of St. Joseph."

While her guide was still speaking, she heard her enemy running around the room from which she had escaped, and crying out "Where are you?" and she was astonished to find that the light carried by the old man, although very bright, was apparently invisible to her pursuer.

"Hasten your steps," said the old man, "and fear nothing."

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Entering the room he had indicated she found the mistress of the house, to whom she related what had occurred.

"I was much surprised," was the woman's answer, "at seeing you in such company, for the young man does not bear a good reputation; but I could only pity you"—from which it would seem she had been partly the villain's accomplice. Leading her to another room, she added, "Here you will be safe. You will be near myself, and to-morrow I will send you to your destination."

The next day, before her departure, the young girl asked to see the old man who had protected and saved her, that she might express her gratitude to him. What was her surprise to hear that there was no man in the house, and that none had entered there except the one who had brought her there the preceding evening! In vain did she describe the appearance of her deliverer, which was indelibly engraven on her heart. No such person had ever been seen in the house.

Then she doubted not that her protector had been her glorious Father, St. Joseph himself, to whose care her mother had confided her.

On reaching the convent she related her adventure to the Superior, who could not but regard such a miraculous intervention as a certain proof of St. Joseph's loving care over the young girl. She was some time later admitted to the holy habit under the name of Sister St. Jerome, and, after a life of more than ordinary holiness, died the death of the saints at the mother-house in Lyons, January 7th, 1866. She left her superiors at liberty to reveal the above facts, which she had wished kept an inviolable secret during her life.

HASTY JUDGMENT.

"IS Miss Elizabeth at home?"

"She is not at home."

It was the third or fourth time I had asked the same question. To-day the servant must have been in bad humor, for she added, with a shrug of her shoulders and a toss of her head, "She's never at home, you might come twenty times, and not find her;" and as I descended the steps I heard her mutter, "A gadabout, that is what she is!"

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I had the good luck to find Miss Elizabeth soon after that, and without calling twenty times.

She did not look in the least like a "gadabout." She was tall and thin and very pale, with an unmistakable look of ill health and overwork. I thought to myself that there could be no need of the latter. Miss Elizabeth and her sister Catherine had a small independence sufficient for all their wants; sufficient to keep in repair and pay the taxes on the old house built by their honored father, to dress well, and to keep a good servant.

I had come for a short visit to their city, and had brought with me a letter of introduction from a dear mutual friend.

Would I spend a few days with Miss Elizabeth during her sister's absence?

I was only too glad to do so.

The unamiable servant tossed her head significantly once more when I came with my valise for my three or four days' visit. She was an excellent person, Miss Elizabeth told me, but a little strange.

I then made acquaintance with a dear little old lady, who was bolstered up in the corner of a great sofa in the library. This was Aunt Eunice, who had come to stay with her nieces for good and all. Miss Elizabeth loved her Aunt Eunice because she was her mother's sister, and because she loved to love people; she could not help it. If they were ailing, like Aunt Eunice, she could not help falling down before them, figuratively speaking.

She told me how happy she was, how pleasant her life would be, now that she had some one to nurse and love and care for in the house. She loved to take care of sick people. She had nursed her mother through a long illness of ten years at least, and when it was all over she felt very idle and useless until Aunt Eunice came.

Was Aunt Eunice like her mother?

"She is as lovely as can be, she is an angel."

I was glad Aunt Eunice was an angel, but I was not glad to see Elizabeth looking so worn and thin, and often too tired to eat. She did not care for food to such a degree that she failed to remark when there was nothing, or next to nothing, on the table for anyone else. I had a very good appetite, of which I was a little ashamed when we sat down together to our meals.

Was she a gadabout?

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That question puzzled and vexed me, and when she very innocently spoke of going anywhere, I grew red in spite of myself. Our days were long, yet she never seemed to have any free time. We rose at five, went to six o'clock Mass, and did not hurry home, as we had two good hours before breakfast. Aunt Eunice would not have her tea brought up before eight o'clock, even if it were ready. A couple of times when it could not have been ready, dear Aunty showed a disposition to have it served, but she did not insist very much. She was an angel.

After breakfast, Miss Elizabeth went to market. She said she went to market, but I could have catered for a hundred persons during the time of her absence. I found out quite accidentally that Miss Elizabeth told fibs. She looked guilty as she entered from her "marketing," with a little suspicion of color on her cheeks, and a snapping sort of brightness in her poor blue eyes.

"I am home from market, Aunty dear," she would say in a would-be cheery voice. She had been gone four mortal hours, and the market was two squares off. The unamiable maid happened to be in the room about this time. Why did she cough, and what did she mean by that half-smile of hers? Did she know about the fibs?

I had a pain in my side, and being careful of myself to a laudable degree, I went to see a doctor. I left Miss Elizabeth reading 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' to Aunt Eunice, for the third time. I had heard it twice.

My income was something less than that of Miss Elizabeth and her sister, and some good friends helped me to spend it; so being in an economical mood, I went to the city hospital for my poor side. I had to take my turn with the crowd and had a long while to wait. I made an acquaintance while doing so. It was a dear old woman, bonny and clean-looking, as old as old could be and be alive, I thought.

What did she want?

Nothing for herself; but her boy had been ill a year, and now he could not rise to come to the doctor, so she came for him.

How old was her boy?

Not sixty, and as strong as strong could be, and so straight and handsome till a year before.

And then?

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The cars had crushed him a little, only a little, but he had never been strong afterwards, poor fellow, and he was "so good a man," "so good a son," "so good a Christian," "so good a Catholic." I thought the poor little mother would run on forever with her "so goods."

Did the railway people compensate him?

Oh, yes, for a month and more they gave him his wages.

And then?

They had to begin to use the money they had saved. It lasted a few months.

And then?

When it was all gone they wrote to Miss Elizabeth (actually *my* Miss Elizabeth), and she went to see them.

The sick "boy" had worked for her father before going to work for the railway people, and Miss Elizabeth knew how good he was, and she went to see them and she paid their rent, and every day she read to him an hour, and she made his bed and swept the room, and often cooked some little dainty for him.

Did she see him every day?

"Every day, Miss," straight from market she came, and for three good hours she worked for the old mother and her "boy." Look at this, and this, all her work.

I looked at them,—"this" was a clean white cap, and "this" a well ironed cotton gown, neat as a pin.

Just at twelve o'clock every day Miss Elizabeth took a little rest, kneeling before a tiny stand on which were placed her treasures, a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and one of St. Anthony, her Saint of saints. At one we dined, at least I did. At two, or thereabouts, Miss Elizabeth would remember that there was a hospital, or church, or book-store, or something she had never seen, something so very full of interest it would be a delight to see it. While Aunty was at her after-dinner occupation of nodding and snoring (she never admitted that she slept), Miss Elizabeth thought it would be a good time for that distraction—would I go?

She looked so relieved when I gently declined that I then and there suspicioned another fib.

She came home past four, breathless and panting. What a long sigh of relief she heaved when she saw Aunty still nodding! Had she asked for her?

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Not once.

Another glad sigh.

Was the hospital nearly finished or the church?

A puzzled and questioning look on the tired face; I knew now that it had been all a pretence. She had been "gadding about."

At six she asked if I was going over to the convent to Benediction.

No.

I could hardly bear the glance of gentle reproach she gave me.

I thought my staying would keep her at home, but I was mistaken.

She had not been gone long when the servant came to seek her. A poor girl wanted to speak to her on important business.

I went out to answer for her to the poor girl. What an object she was, that poor creature! I said she might tell me what she needed to say to Miss Elizabeth. It was to return to her a little book she had lost or forgotten at their place (a miserable locality at the other end of the city). The grateful creature had run all the way to restore it.

"She has been my best friend, God bless her!" she said of Miss Elizabeth.

She had no sick list, and yet the sick she saw and comforted were not few. The shame-faced poor she helped in secret; the things she ferreted out that they needed and that she got to them by stealth, could hardly be credited.

A poor and proud Spanish teacher slipped and sprained her ankle. Miss Elizabeth needed Spanish lessons; she had to take them at absurd hours, and (not to fatigue the señora) she could only give to them half an hour at a time, or even less. But they were so precious, these lessons, that they had to be paid for double. What did the Spanish lady find in her work box, in her napkin, in the pocket of her waterproof that hung in the hall? Miss Elizabeth came near not having the money for the tax-gatherer that year.

One unhappy day Aunt Eunice actually did not sleep. She called Elizabeth. No answer. She called the maid.

"Tell Miss Elizabeth I am awake."

Ann, the maid, laughed.

"Why don't you tell her?"

"I will, Miss, when she comes home."

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"Where is she?"

Ann laughed again as she answered: "Why, where she is always, I suppose."

"Where is she always?" screamed the indignant old lady.

"How do I know, Miss? gadding about, I suppose;" and the foolish girl went on to betray the continual absence of poor Miss Elizabeth.

Things went badly after that. Aunt Eunice was wakeful and suspicious. Miss Elizabeth could not give up her hours of worship, her sick, or the poor she loved so well—especially her hours of worship; they were her life, sweet soul. Almost all the rest she took was in the churches she entered hastily and stealthily, as it were, on her way to and from "marketing" or "shopping."

Finding that Ann was a faithful and honest girl in the main, and devoted to them in spite of her ill temper and hasty judgment, I laid a little plot to prove to her that her mistress was not a gadabout.

Miss Elizabeth had gone to market. I knew where she would go from there, so at the risk of offending her I sent Ann to her with a telegram that might, I thought, be important. I guessed it was from Miss Catherine, to announce her return, but it would serve my purpose. I told Ann nothing in advance. I wished her to see the old woman and her "boy," and Miss Elizabeth at work. But when she got to the place (it was rather difficult to find), Miss Elizabeth had gone. She saw the dying man, the venerable mother, the clean room, the air of peace that pervaded the place, poor as it was. There was no litter of medicine, no disorder. On a little table beside the sick man's bed were a crucifix, two wax candles, a bottle of holy water, and within range of the invalid's vision a picture of the Sacred Heart she had seen before. Ann had sharp eyes; she knew it again; had she not missed it from her mistress' room?

"What does Miss Elizabeth come here for?"

The old woman was not slow in telling her, but if she had been, Ann would have got to know all the same. She was not afraid to ask questions.

"Where has she gone now, do you think?"

"Most likely into the church hard by." There was a funeral going on there the old woman knew.

As Ann drew near, she saw the coffin being carried out, Miss

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Elizabeth following it with bowed head. Ann followed her. When the mourners—they were few and miserably poor—had all gone, Miss Elizabeth hesitated a little and then walked briskly away. Down one narrow court and then another, on and on she went, followed at a little distance by the astonished maid. At the last court they entered a policeman would have stopped them, but he recognized Elizabeth and let them pass, he following. Miss Elizabeth entered a dark alley or inner court, then descended into a cellar, gloomy as a dungeon, reeking with foul air. She knelt beside a bed; what foul thing was there in the rags and filth? A soul to save, Elizabeth would tell you.

Was it Miss Elizabeth who was speaking? The voice was tender as the voice of an angel, the words, Ann thought, were the words of Father John, the priest she loved best. The air made her sick and faint, she reeled into the street to keep from falling.

When Elizabeth came out she followed her again for some time, then suddenly lost her at a crossing where she saw her enter a car.

"This is what she does," thought Ann, "and I said she went gadding about."

She brought me back the telegram, and I told her to say nothing of what she had seen.

But a great change came over Ann. She told me with softened voice that she never could forget the things she had seen, the poor funeral, the miserable mourners, the foul cellar,—thoughts of them would haunt her mind forever. The only way she could banish them was by recalling the first picture, the little room, the bright old woman, the dying man with his gaze fixed upon the picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,—"her own picture, that she took from her own room," said Ann. "How often did I see her kneeling before it! I know she belongs to the League, God bless her."

"Will you not join it too, Ann, and help your mistress in her work?"

"Indeed I will, ma'am, and gladly. What would'nt I give to be like her!"

"You thought she was a gad about, Ann; you have changed your opinion I am glad to see."

"Indeed, if more would gad about in that way, there would be no such places as that horrible cellar, ma'am."

Let us follow the example of Miss Elizabeth as far and as well as we can. . . .

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SOULS FOR THE CROW MISSION.

An Appeal for Vocations.

TWO months ago we published a very charming account of this mission by Father Prando. We have received a contribution in money for its support, and we confidently trust more will follow. But besides money, something else is needed at that difficult post, and that is—heroic and apostolic souls to help in the mission work.

When two years ago we published the appeal of a South American bishop for men for his diocese, destitute of priests, a young seminarian answered, and the good Bishop Schumacher, formerly a Lazarist Father, on his recent visit to Philadelphia took occasion to express his gratitude. This time it is not priests, but teaching nuns that are wanted. God grant our words may be the occasion of starting up in the hearts of some of our Associates of the League, or of other Christian young women, true and sterling *vocations for the Ursuline community in Montana.*

It will be remembered that a few years since the Rev. Mother Amadeus and a few chosen companions set out on this devoted mission, to spend their lives in teaching and training up Christian maids and mothers among the Rocky Mountain Indians. Their work, God knows, was sadly needed, and God alone knows what great good they have worked among His abandoned children. Surely, too, they have been repaid in their toil and privations by His choicest consolations. But now, the alarm is sounded. These women-apostles—these American Catholics who have shown that our people are not selfishly centered in their own race and comfortable homes, but that some at least have the faith and charity and zeal to help the true native Americans, for whose salvation we are largely responsible—these brave Ursulines of Montana are in great need. Their sisters of the diocese of Cleveland, whence the missionaries first set forth on their way, write to implore the prayers of the League in their behalf.

"Help for our dear Sisters of the Crow Mission, Montana, who will succumb to the labor if assistance is not promptly rendered, notwithstanding that Rev. Father Superior and Father Prando are aiding as much as they can. But the laborers in that wild

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uncultivated vineyard are too few; and, *for want of subjects*, we are unable to send any more. May the sweet Heart of Jesus help us!"

Encouraged by former success, the Director of the League is bolder. He has already asked for money for this and other missions. He joins with the good Sisters in asking for prayers. But he also asks—Are there not souls among the readers of the PILGRIM, who are called by the Heart of Jesus to give life itself to the good work?

Our Golden Jubilee Address.

[The following letter is reproduced here from the last MESSENGER, for those who do not receive the large magazine.]

AMERICAN COLLEGE,
ROME, February 3, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I had the honor to present the Album and list of spiritual offerings of the "League of the Sacred Heart" to the Holy Father on the 21st of January—the feast of St. Agnes.

His Holiness expressed his gratitude, and desired that I should say that he sends his blessing to the members of the League.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ P. J. RYAN,
Abp. of Philadelphia.

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

QUEEN OF MARTYRS, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

BEFORE the brightness of Easter day comes the Holy Week. With Christ the martyrs have suffered; with Him they rise to glory. So, on the Friday before the Good Friday of all, the Church keeps the solemn memory of Mary, Queen of Martyrs; and with the eve of Easter she begins to sing with great joy and exultation to the Queen of Heaven. Our little shrine on the Mohawk claims Our Lady of Martyrs as its Queen; for there blood was shed for Christ. There too the dusky red men sang their litanies to Mary, Queen of Martyrs; and our own pilgrims of Assumption day sing to Mary, Queen of Heaven.

This year its feast-day—the Friday before Palm Sunday, kept in honor of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary—falls on the 22d of March. We recommend its pious observance to those who have interested themselves in the work at Auriesville. The first Mass of the Seven Dolors of our Lady was granted to the faithful people who were in danger of growing cold in faith through the evil influence of John Huss and his followers. Afterwards it was associated with early and touching manifestations of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the time when Luther was drawing Christians away from the faith and love of Christ. In our shrine, the devotion to the Queen of Martyrs is linked to the spread of faith, amid bloodshed and suffering, in our own American wilds.[1]

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus Mary His Mother.[2]

(*From the Stabat Mater.*)

Fount of love and sacred sorrow,
Mother, may my spirit borrow
Sadness from thy holy woe:

[1] See PILGRIM, 1885, page 158, and *passim.*

[2] St. John, xix. 25.

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May it love—on fire within me—
Christ, my God, till great love win me
  Grace to please Him here below.

* * * * * * * *

Virgin holiest, Virgin purest,
Of that anguish thou endurest
  Make me bear with thee my part:
Of his passion bear the token
In a spirit bowed and broken,
  Bear His Death within my heart.

* * * * * * * *

May his wounds both wound and heal me;
His Blood enkindle, cleanse, aneal me;
  Be His Cross my hope and stay.
Virgin, when the mountains quiver
From that flame which burns forever,
  Shield me on the judgment day.

All you devout Catholics, true servants of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who in this present life are in perpetual fear and trouble; call frequently to mind, by pious contemplation, the great pains and sorrows which the Blessed Mother of God underwent for you, in order that you may with her reign in eternal joy.

Those whose hearts are lifted up with joy as they hear the pure voices of children singing, *Regina Cœli, Alleluia!* at this Easter tide, will be glad to know the legend of the first singing of this sweet anthem.

When the Great Gregory was Pope—500 years after our Lord had risen from the dead—sorrow and dismay of heart fell on the city of Rome. Yet the glad Easter days were at hand. The plague had come and was stalking boldly through the streets. Instead of *alleluias*, only the voice of the carriers was heard in hoarse and terror-stricken command—Bring out your dead!

The great-hearted Pope mourned with his people, and sought help where alone it could be found in such dire straits. He ordered a general procession of priests and people. In the midst should be born with solemn reverence the wondrous picture of the Blessed Virgin, which all tradition declared had been painted by St. Luke.

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Slowly the ranks formed and moved on to the church of St. Peter Prince of the Apostles. Behind the sacred painting followed the Holy Father of all the faithful, in fervent prayer. As he advanced, the air was felt to grow lighter, the pestilence was already disappearing. They had come to the bridge which crosses the Tiber to the Vatican.

Suddenly, above the picture of our Lady, was heard the heavenly concert of the angels—*a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God*,[3] as on the first Christmas night.

But now they were singing, in the broad light of day,

> Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia!
> He Whom thou wast worthy to bear, alleluia,
> Hath arisen as He said, alleluia!

Then the angelic voices were still, and the people, with new hope in their hearts, stood wistfully gazing into the sky whence they had heard the heavenly strains. But behold, the great Pontiff's voice broke upon their ears. He too, like the angels, in the name of Christ's afflicted sons would sing to Christ's Mother. And what he sang is prayer for all Christian lips forevermore.

> Pray for us to God, alleluia!

Thus was the Easter anthem of our Lady complete. Lifting his eyes to heaven, the Pope saw above the great fortress of the Emperor Adrian the destroying Angel who wiped his bloody sword and replaced it in its sheath. Henceforward, unto the present day, the pagan Emperor's tomb bears the name of Fort St. Angelo.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the month of February:

Mrs. P. O'Connell, Jersey City, N. J.,	$1.00
Mrs. De L., Pittsburg, Pa.,	1.00
Ellicott City, Md.,	5.00
C. N., Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00
Plains, Pa.,	1.00
Boston, Mass.,	1.00

[3] St. Luke, ii. 13.

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[One of the chief aims of the LITTLE MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART is to give interesting and edifying local instances of the workings of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer. In this way the more serious work of the large MESSENGER is supplemented in a popular manner. Our own *Little Messenger* here in America—the PILGRIM—has not been able to do so much of this work until now, on account of the sad confusion of the Apostleship of Prayer with the Sacred Heart confraternity or Living Rosary. But now that it is becoming better known for what it is—a true *League of the Sacred Heart*—we may safely begin.]

1. (*From a Brother, teaching in a Boys' School, Maryland*).

I CANNOT help informing you that we held a public and solemn reception of members into the Apostleship of Prayer on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th, in the church. Rev. Fr. Rector delivered a very touching exhortation to the boys, and Rev. Fr. B. conferred the badges. All the Sodalities were present in a body, and a very favorable impression was made on the minds of all. It is our ardent hope that this will be the beginning of a more extended devotion to the Sacred Heart.

About a dozen persons have already asked for admission, but I informed them that I thought I could not receive them, as the school only was aggregated. Was that right?

I must tell you that many of the parents have told me that they have noticed a change in their boys for the better, since our aggregation. It is very edifying to see them making frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and forming bands to go around the Stations. It is our ardent wish and earnest prayer that the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord will daily increase in our midst.

Many of the parents have signified a wish to be enrolled, but I of course refused them, hoping that the day was not far distant when means would be provided for their participating in all the graces and privileges of the Holy League.

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(*From a later letter.*)

You may be surprised at the large total of our intentions and spiritual offerings, but you must remember that the boys are in their fervor and nothing seems too much for them to do in order to show their love for the Sacred Heart.

We hold meetings every Sunday evening, at which prayers to the Sacred Heart are read and a short discourse given. I am trying to introduce the second degree, but it will take a little time; for the boys are very much afraid they could not be faithful to the obligation of reciting a decade every day.

I am going to propose to the boys that they buy a lamp and furnish it with oil, to be kept burning daily before the statue of the Sacred Heart in the church, trusting that this act of devotion on their part will cause our dear Lord to look with favor on our humble labors, and give us grace and perseverance to make His Kingdom Come.

2. (*From a Convent Boarding-School, N. Y.*)

It is so long since we have given any sign of life that you count us, I fear, among the "dead branches." If so, I am to blame solely, as I ought to have written long since. The League has taken quiet but, we trust, deep and permanent root in K——. All the religious make the Communion of Reparation weekly, and the days have been so divided that there is perpetual reparation, as at least nine communicate each morning with this intention, although the number is usually larger.

At present, eighty of the pupils make the Communion of Reparation monthly and nearly all on the First Friday, though a few have preferred the first Sunday. The subjoined figures show our status of the League:

254 Associates registered;
13 Rosary Bands formed;
116 Weekly Communions of Reparation; 80 Monthly.

I trust you will believe us still living and bless our little centre.

3. (*From Montreal.*)

I remit you to-day by Father P—— the sum total of all your bills. I think you will concede it is a handsome sum for a run of less than two months.

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I had no idea on starting the League that it was going to spread so rapidly. But we had good material to work with and work upon. The impulse and direction had only to be given and it was afloat.

We have in our Montreal Society, as you know, a large circle of convent-trained women and college-bred men, whose spiritual capital treasured up from childhood was, I might say, lying almost idle, for want of some enterprise in which it might be profitably invested. What enterprise could there be more glorious, more profitable, more worthy of man's or woman's ambition than the League of the Sacred Heart, declared by Leo XIII. to be foremost among the means of salvation?

We had only to begin to unite efforts and combine energies that were already active and earnest. A Council of the most influential ladies was selected who chose their own promoters, each a certain number, whom they trained and aided in the work of forming circles. The gentlemen likewise organized after a similar fashion, directing their influence and efforts mainly to the monthly Communion of Reparation—a practice which in them would presuppose the two first degrees and be a public profession of their fidelity to them.

You see we aimed at something tangible and solid which, if attained, would leave our members in a life thoroughly Christian and Catholic. This, as you shall see, proved to be the secret of success of the whole movement.

On the other hand we had a goodly body of Catholic laity who were not strangers to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. Since long years, sermons and the Apostleship of the first degree, and First Friday Communions and June processions and devotions, had made it familiar. Imagine what a holy havoc the fire of the League must make when spread among such a material by an army of zealous promoters, and fed by *certificates* and *cards* and meetings and PILGRIMS and MESSENGERS. No wonder your agent broke down under the task of satisfying orders that reached him day after day for prompt fulfilment,—"100 certificates—200—500—1,000—1,500 without delay—40—50—60—80 Rosary sets for January—with haste—Associates are clamoring for them,—PILGRIMS—MESSENGERS—20 subscriptions—50—80—100—120—150 subscriptions, with back numbers!" Father Rector came to

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my room one day to hint that the League must provide its own postage stamps! . . . . .

But the test of our work was yet to come—the Monthly Communion of Reparation. All our Associates profess the three degrees. The day appointed was the 2d Sunday of January. And a crucial test it was. It is a time when a lull reigns at the confessional and Communion table, after the rush of Christmas and New Year's. In Canada it is the opening season of carnival and winter sports. So custom was to be broken, and adverse currents striven against.

The day was near when we awoke to the fact that there were no *badges*, and surely a general Communion of Reparation without *badges* would, to say the least, be deprived of half its moral effect as a public profession of devotion to the Sacred Heart. But here the Ladies of the Sacred Heart came to the rescue. Though living in the retreat of the cloister they had been with us all along heart and soul, thanks to the Communion of Saints of which the League is the grandest realization. But now they came to our help in a more practical fashion. Prints were procured, and the whole sewing power of that large community was brought into requisition. By Thursday evening a thousand badges were ready. On Friday evening none were left. All had been distributed. Nevertheless, Saturday—the eve—came, not without some anxiety and feelings of uncertainty, particularly respecting the gentlemen who had not, we must confess, shown so much enthusiasm as the ladies, especially since the wearing of the badge was brought into question. It would after all be no trifling self-conquest and victory over the world for the astute lawyer or the medical practitioner or the broker and frequenter of the stock-exchange, suddenly to break his long formed habits, take up the badge of the League of the Sacred Heart, and pin it to the lap of his coat for a public Communion. Such men as a rule, when they indulge in piety, prefer the *silent sort.* But we were underestimating the mettle of which our branch of the League was made, though it has been asserted that hidden yet powerful influences had been at work in certain quarters.

Sunday morning dawned. The Rev. Father Rector of the College kindly consented to celebrate our eight o'clock Mass. As it was in the octave of the Epiphany, the preacher in true modern style brought the origin of the League back to the Wise Men

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*leagu*ing together to go to the Crib of Bethlehem. Jerusalem was the world on which they turned their backs. The three gifts which they laid at the feet of the Babe and His Mother, were the Three Degrees, which they ever after remained faithful to, and preached!

The moment of Communion came, and such was the number of badged communicants that presented themselves at the altar rail that a second Father had to be called to help in distributing the Sacred Hosts, lest the holy Sacrifice should be unduly prolonged. Many an impressive scene of piety and devotion had been witnessed in the Gesù church, Montreal, and rarely had there been a spectacle of simple, deep and earnest piety like our first General Communion of Reparation. All ranks and conditions of life were represented, but amongst the men the learned professions and higher walks of business life predominated. It was this latter feature of the ceremony which prompted Rev. Father Rector to say with effusion—"It is long since I have witnessed such a sight in the Gesù."

Our League was a success in all its degrees, but so far it was only afloat. It had yet to be trimmed and evenly ballasted, and set in good sailing order; its organization had to be completed and perfected. That part of our task we have been devoting ourselves to in our recent monthly meetings. Already the wind is in the sails, and we are making dashing headway. Nay, the first storm of opposition—a very blizzard—has broken upon us, and from a quarter of the horizon where it should have been the least expected. But it is only proving how compact we are, and adding speed to our movement.

Besides the fruits which have been the direct aim of our endeavors, there is a much larger harvest which the Sacred Heart will indirectly gather from them. Though the number taking part in our Communion of Reparation was very large, a great many of our Associates approached the Holy Table in the adjacent parishes. We encourage them to receive the sacraments in their respective parishes, and impart to them thus doing all the benefits of the League as far as possible. But already there has sprung up a holy rivalry in some of the churches. Registers have been opened and names are being enrolled with great activity. So the holy fire of the League bids fair to sweep the city. J. C.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE SPREAD OF FREQUENT COMMUNION.

TO receive the Blessed Sacrament in Holy Communion frequently, is considered and rightfully a sign of piety. But there are many pious souls who, from overmuch fear or evil custom or some false principle in their minds, do not practise frequent Communion. On this account their piety is less strong against temptation and less fervent in itself, and they never know sufficiently the true consolations of their religion. "They are in winter," says St. Augustine, "and pierced through with the cold, because they do not take pains to come near the divine fire which is Jesus Himself."[1] Our Lord Himself says of Holy Communion: *If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever: and the Bread that I will give, is My Flesh for the life of the world.* Then, when *the Jews strove among themselves,* saying: *How can this man give us his flesh to eat?* Jesus only answered: *Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.*[2] And the mild St. Francis de Sales declares: "The Christians who will be damned, will remain without excuse when the just Judge shall make them see how wrong they were to die the death of the soul, whereas it was so easy for them to keep themselves in life and health by nourishing themselves on His Body, which He left them for this purpose. O wretched souls, He will say, why are you dead when you had at your command the fruit and food of life?"[3] This is the *daily Bread* we are taught to ask in the Lord's Prayer: and in reality the first Christians communicated each day.[4] Even now the priest daily consecrates the Blessed Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood in the Mass; and the great Church Council of Trent desires that all Christians should so live as to be able to receive the Holy Communion with him. It is not enough, the great Archbishop Fénelon says, to answer that the first Christians were saints. Every one who is in the state of grace is a saint, that is, separated from God's enemies who are in mortal sin. All, then, should aim at frequent Communion as at something more perfect, and very needful to their perseverance in piety. Meanwhile, our Associates, in praying for this, will remember that monthly Communion is only the ordinary rule of a Christian life.

[1] On St. John, 48.
[2] St. John, vi. 52–4.
[3] Introduction to a Devout Life.
[4] Acts, ii. 46.

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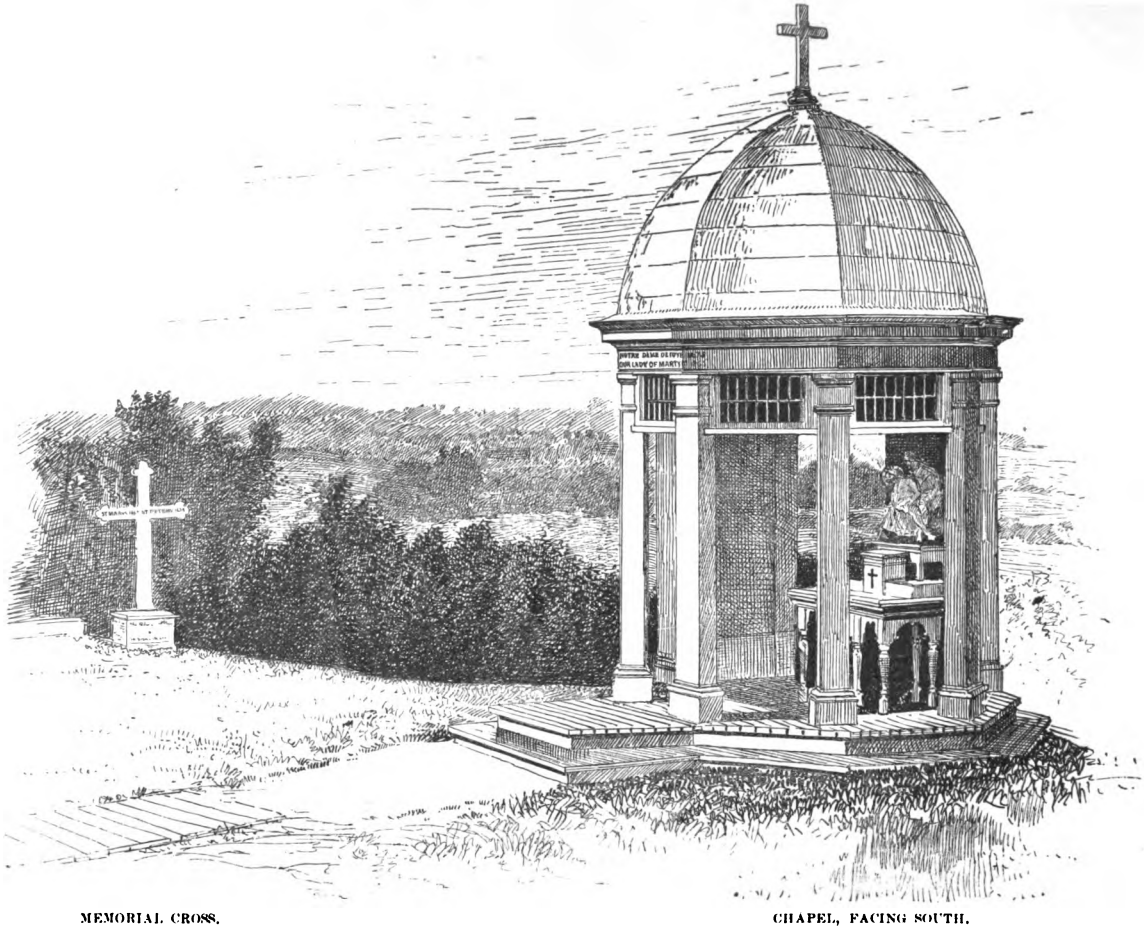

MEMORIAL CROSS. CHAPEL, FACING SOUTH.

THE SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. MAY, 1888.

THE MADONNA OF THE IRISH CROSS.

DEAR old Ireland, as its sons and daughters call it in whatever far-off part of the world they may be, has many things "quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere."

Its May-month even is not like ours here in America. Here, in the cold North at least, there is then a sudden leap from the disagreeable breaking up of winter into the first heats of summer. But the "spring comes slowly up the way" of Ireland—with every day a new flower peeping out and the sun chasing more and more the warm spring rains before it, and the lark far up in the skies leading the music of more and yet more songsters, as the days go on. Our spring delight, like everything else in this New World, is taken rushingly, at a gulp; but in Ireland drop by drop, lovingly, lingeringly.

Yet in America even as in Ireland, and wherever the Catholic faith warms the hearts of men, the May-month tells the same story of love for Mary Mother. Christ has risen; with His Mother, whom He gave us for our own from His cross, we rejoice.

Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb, after this banishment show to us, O kindest, O most loving, O sweetest Virgin Mary!

No wonder St. Bernard, the dear friend of St. Malachy who was bishop of Irish Armagh, should sing on in these dulcet strains to the admiration of all his monks.

Let us go back to days long before either of these two Saints,

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when the Danes were ravaging Ireland—so many times and for so long the prey of the invader. We will visit something "quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere." It is six miles north-west of Drogheda, where are still the ruins of the old days. There, in the convent of the Dominican nuns, rests the head of the Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Armagh's martyred archbishop of recent days. Since his beatification last year, it is a sacred relic; and over it the Holy Mass, for the hearing of which so many died along these shores, may henceforth be said. Cromwell's religious massacre, and the political disaster of the Boyne Water, two miles and more below the city, need not be forgotten.

But for this May-month of Mary we will cross over into the county Louth, and try to live back in earlier times. We are to see "the most beautiful specimen of Celtic stonework now in existence." It is at Monasterboice—the site of the ancient monastery built in honor of Buiti or Boetius, a bishop who died in the year of our Lord 521. But it was much later when all that now remains was built. There we find one of the famous round towers, one hundred and ten feet high, with two small churches, and—what most interests us—three sculptured crosses.

One of the crosses is broken, but two still stand as they did a thousand years ago. They are made of yellowish sandstone, the whole stone being cut out into the shape of a cross. Its outline against the sky signs the country far and near with the holy sign of our faith. The Great Cross is twenty-two feet high; the other is nineteen, and is farthest from the round tower, at the south-east corner of the church. It is this latter to which such praise is given; and on it is carved our Madonna of the Irish Cross, which is, perhaps, the oldest of its kind now in existence.

It is known as the Cross of Muiredach—the holy abbot who erected it. On the face, at the bottom of the shaft, is an inscription in Irish,

> ŌR DO MUIREDACH LAS (A)NDERNAD IN CHRO(SS)A.
> Pray for Muiredach, by whom this cross was made.

Now there were two Muiredachs, abbots—one who died, as the Four Masters tell, in the year of grace 844, and the other in 923. Perhaps it was the latter built up this monument, as he seems to have been the greater personage, and the sculptures agree with the

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great Cross of the Scriptures erected by King Fland and still standing at Clonmacnois. For these crosses were carved from the base to the top of the shaft with all sorts of scenes from the Gospel history, so that all the people who should come to pray before them in the churchyard might have their devotion enlightened by knowledge. Some day our large MESSENGER will give a full account with illustrations of some one of these remarkable remains of the ancient faith that Ireland has kept through all the centuries.

To-day we will simply glance—because it is the month of Mary—at the top panel of the shaft. There our Blessed Lady is represented seated, holding the Child in her arms, while the Star of Bethlehem shines above, and three figures, led by a grave bearded man, advance to adore the infant Saviour. On the middle panel below is the Last Judgment, and below that at the bottom, a panel of the Temptation of Adam and Eve.

This is the full history of the Christian religion: men conscious of sin and desiring their salvation, then the dread of the future judgment and the need of preparing for it, and last of all the most pure Virgin holding forth in her arms God Who has become man and our Saviour in her chaste womb.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Think how many times, over and over through all these hundreds of years, devout souls in Ireland have said this prayer. And meanwhile, this Cross of their early faith has stood upright against the sky, bearing witness that they have chosen the better part. For better than earthly greatness or false peace is the meek following of the Star of Bethlehem leading to the Mother and Child.

St. Bridget had already introduced among her disciples the practice of reciting prayers devoutly from a long string of beads. Afterwards the Blessed Virgin herself through St. Dominic adopted the Rosary as her devotion in the Church, and this has remained always the loved practice of the children of Ireland. Few of her children perhaps have seen the Madonna of Muiredach. But they have labored to keep the love of her and her Divine Child alive in the world, and the whole world testifies this month of May that they still say, while the beads slip through their fingers worn with hardship and toil—*Hail Mary, full of grace! our Lord is with thee!*

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THE CHANGED CROSS.

From a Lady's Journal.

[This talkative little piece of pious melody has been so long in our drawer that we have mislaid the author's name and address. Perhaps printing it will persuade her to let us know.—EDITOR.]

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although I knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.
And while I thought of these as given to me,
My trial, tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, *We walk by faith and not by sight*,
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear!
Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks my crown I surely could not lose!

A solemn silence brooded all around:
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening's shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.
A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to Whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And *Follow Me*, He said, *I am the Way!*
Whilst speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold;
Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.
And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels—fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me!

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any there could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovelier one I cast my eye:
Fair flowers were round its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that cross, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair:
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I cannot bear."
And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down.
My Heavenly Guide then said, "*No Cross, no Crown.*"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart,
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
Be not afraid, He said, *but trust in me;*
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.
Then with enlightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.
And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With words of love, toward which my heart grew warm.

With thankfulness I chose it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best;
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.
And whilst I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest:
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh, how different it seemed to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I, unbelieving, say
"Perhaps another is a better way."
Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be
That He Who knows me best shall choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll take as best, because He knows the end.

A. C. B.

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MISSIONS AND FLOODS IN THE FLOWERY LAND.

OUR readers have not forgotten last year's letter from China, telling of *Poverty in the Flowery Land.*[1] The practical interest they took in Father Speranza's island of Tsong-ming with its myriads of inhabitants in the direst distress of poverty was sufficient to help him greatly in caring for his orphans, who will grow up Christians in that heathen land.

But how many have any real idea of the great Celestial Empire, as the Chinese love to call their land? Within its limits one-fourth of the whole human race is contained. This fact alone should make us interested in the missions which are trying to bring the light of Christ to so many of our brother men who are still in the midst of the darkness. We have now a bundle of letters to lay before our readers, which have been written at intervals by the good Fathers laboring in that field so ripe to the harvest. Like all pictures taken on the spot, they will help to make us acquainted with what the Holy Spirit is leading men to do in China.

ZI-KA-WEI,[2] *May* 4, 1887.

I have long been wishing to comply with your desires and to speak to you of our mission in China and of its immense needs. The province of Kiang-nan, which is intrusted to us, is a little less in size than the two states of New York and Pennsylvania taken together, with a population of from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of infidels. We count 103,000 Christians, and we are 98 Jesuits, of whom 15 are Chinese, with 14 native priests under the jurisdiction of a Vicar Apostolic. Besides these, we have 26 scholastics and 21 coadjutor brothers. Reckon up the proportion and you will see what an immense burden weighs upon us.

The mission naturally divides itself into two parts—the West (province of Ngan-hwuy) where the missionaries are especially

[1] PILGRIM, April, 1887.

[2] This is the College of the Jesuits near Shanghai. The letter speaks only of the Jesuit mission of Nankin; as much and more might be said of the other Jesuit missions, and of those under the charge of the Franciscans and Lazarists and the priests of the Foreign Missions (from the Seminaries of Paris, Belgium, Milan and Rome). A considerable alms was sent last year through the PILGRIM to the Vicar Apostolic of Canton.

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occupied in the conversion of the heathen, there being few Christians in those parts, and the East (province of Kiang-su) where, without neglecting the conversion of the infidels, the greater part of the time must be given to the care of the Christians who are there more numerous than elsewhere. Each part is separated into sections under the direction of a Father Minister, and each section into districts which are attended by one of the Fathers, either a European or a Chinese.

Apart from these districts and sections, is the city of Shanghai, which is the residence of the Bishop and of the superior-general. There all the living works of the mission are centred—the scholasticate and seminary, the treasury, the colleges, the large orphan asylums, the convents of religious women, houses of rest for the Chinese priests, and the residence of the Society where the Fathers of the interior come together twice a year for their retreat and a vacation. As far as possible every district has its chief centre. The greater number of the stations are visited every month or every two months, sometimes oftener. When they are at all considerable each one has its own school or schools for boys and girls, kept by masters and mistresses who are in part at the expense of the mission. The large centres have their pious associations and sodalities, and the work of the Holy Childhood.[3] In each station there is a church or chapel more or less large and commodious, and a little lodging for the Father and the catechist.

This is a general view of things.

For its ordinary needs the mission is sufficiently provided by revenues from different sources. But when there is question of establishing a new centre, or starting an orphanage, a house of study, or building a church, nothing can be done without extraordinary resources received from Christians who are not of China. In the proportion of the alms thus received are we able to create new works and to support those already established. Our Christians are generally very poor, and although very generous in supporting the missionary, they are not able, unless with the greatest difficulty and then only for a small part, to help on the extension of the work. For this reason we are obliged to have recourse to

[3] Further on the good Father speaks of the little Chinese *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*: in fact the League of the Apostleship is flourishing in those missions. Our large MESSENGER is soon to describe its work.

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the charity of the faithful and of our friends in Europe and America.

It is evident that in a country like this, where for the most part we enjoy liberty enough, the more resources at our command, the more we shall be able to develop, humanly speaking, the results already obtained, and obtain new ones. And much more still, had we more missionaries, could we hope to increase the number of conversions, and to spread the kingdom of Christ. . . .

I may add that crosses are not wanting. They are found everywhere, and in the missions perhaps more than elsewhere. Doubtless the chief one is the necessity we are under of conforming ourselves to the utmost, so far as is possible, to the Chinese spirit, that is to say, to the surroundings in the midst of which we live, or what is the same thing, *to make ourselves all to all that we may gain all to Christ.* This necessity brings along with it many little sufferings and mortifications, especially interior ones, annoyances, upsettings, humiliations, without speaking of those which our good God sends us directly from Himself, or which He permits to come upon us. But all this is an old story. . . .

Yet one word more about the need of hands, in spite of the 150 members of the mission. In this vast province there are entire departments (prefectures) where we have not yet set our feet. In some of them we should be welcome; in others we should find opposition, perhaps even we should run the risk of our lives. Only a short time since a Father was grievously wounded. However we cannot reckon on being made martyrs, although it is not impossible. In other departments we have only a few scattered neophytes, very weak and very ignorant. Even where the Christians are relatively numerous, the pagans still form the immense majority. Still, we have at least a foothold among them. The Fathers in such places are charged with 2,000, or 3,000, or even 4,000 Christians dispersed over a greater or less extent of country in 10 or 20 stations. They are overburdened with the work of the schools, of confessions, of administration, of affairs to settle between Christians and pagans. They have scarcely the time to occupy themselves now and then in receiving catechumens for instruction. With more Fathers we should have more time to consecrate to the work of conversions on the one hand, and on the other we could send missionaries into the departments where there are none. Everything would find its gain in this—*to the greater glory of God.* . . .

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We are at peace here, in spite of some local difficulties, and we are free, or nearly so, to occupy ourselves in our own works everywhere. At Hong-keou in the American concession, we have opened a little and very modest school for the Japanese who come to Shanghai for commerce. Several children have been entrusted to the consul by their parents, who hoped to find here greater facilities for learning English. They came to our college, and with the help of God's grace, five or six were baptized at Christmas or Easter, and the others are under instruction. Among them was the son of a governor of one of the provinces, the son of the governor of Tokio, and the son of an ex-prime minister who is a man of great influence. They had all obtained the consent of their parents. Among the Sisters at least as many more young girls have been baptized, and others are preparing. Our dear Lord seems to be opening a way for us from this side also. To correspond with it, we have opened a school where the Japanese professors are two young bonzes, who left Japan last year in order to study here the Catholic teaching and to embrace it. They have been three months at Zi-ka-wei, and will be baptized a little later on. The school has been strongly attacked by the other bonzes, who have a convent at Shanghai. It is a good sign.

I must thank you for having given in the PILGRIM the letter of Father Speranza. From it you may have an idea of the misery of a great number of our Christians, not only at Tsong-ming, but in a great number of other places. Only at Tsong-ming they are more numerous.[4]

SHANGHAI, *December* 12, 1887.

To-day I wish to draw your attention, and that of your readers, to the frightful disaster which has desolated the north of our mission.

The Hoang-ho—Yellow River—has broken through its banks above Kai-fong-fu, the capital of Ho-nan, and its waters spread over the plain-lands of this province, sweeping away towns and villages and destroying everything along its passage. Thousands of villages have been swallowed up, and a number beyond all

[4] As this goes to press, we receive a new and most interesting continuation of his former account from Father Speranza.

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reckoning of lives have been lost.[5] All these waters must be drained away, since the river has quite left its old bed; and the only possible way is across the North of our mission.

At present the whole region is covered by water for more than 50 leagues in one direction and 20 or 30 in another. The water rises, in the different places, to 4, 5, 6, or even 10 feet high. Several cities are ruined, while towns and villages have disappeared. Their houses were for the most part of earth. Their population was partly drowned, and is for the remaining part in the most fearful misery, which can only go on increasing, until a new bed can be dug for this immense mass of water that continues rising. It has come as far as the Imperial Canal, but there are reasonable doubts whether the banks of this are strong enough to support such a pressure. If these also should be broken down, the whole country from the east of the canal to the sea would be ruined.

The Christians are not numerous in this part of the province. Still, we have 500 or 600 at Ou-ho, who have been completely washed out. There is another hundred in the plain near Ho-nan and several hundreds in the cities along the Imperial Canal. What will become of them? Several of the Fathers have been in danger; one of them barely escaped being cut off by the waters.

So far we have few details of the disaster. The government is sending thousands of *taels*[6] to the help of the populations. The Protestants at Shanghai and elsewhere are very active in gathering up contributions. We are doing all that we can. At this moment, alms well distributed would gain many souls to God and the Church. How many of the dying, when at their last extremity, and how many children could we not baptize! And how much good there would be to do among the survivors, and among all these poor wretches who are fleeing from their homes without the least provision. Then sickness, famine, and miseries of every sort will not fail to come after the inundation. Also, we are just beginning winter which is hard in this country.

The river is one of the largest of the world. If they succeed

[5] The latest secular papers (April 1) place the number of lives lost at 100,000, with 2,000,000 of people rendered homeless!

[6] Chinese money.

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long troop of painted Iroquois, giving vent to their satisfaction in boastful whoops which made woodland and hillside ring again. The keen-sighted Indians from the village could already recognize among the captives in this proud array numbers of their enemies—the Hurons from the great western lakes—and then, welcomed with the most extravagant shouts of wild joy, three white men. They were the missionary Father Jogues and his two companions; and the Indian captives were the faithful converts and first fruits of his labors on the mission. This was the first entry of Christ into the Mohawk nation.

The savages from the village now ranged themselves along the trail leading up the hill, that nothing might be wanting to the triumphal march of the Christians. They were brought across the stream and ranged in a long file. The Indians along the path by which they were to pass raised the rods with which they were armed. The word of command was given, the captives set forward between the ranks of their savage hosts, and the divine work was begun. On head and shoulders, on loin and limb, rained down the intolerable storm of blows, of which one was no sooner felt and writhed under than another came to add its own increase of pain.

When the Christians reached the platform—for it was they who were to furnish the looked for spectacle to this savage and heathen race—they could no longer be recognized. The good René Goupil, says his companion, had nothing white left about him but the white of the eyes. Father Jogues had fallen on the way, but, forced to rise by the pitiless blows, he at last reached the dreary platform of torture. Here, for long hours by day and night, every hellish torment, which savage rage and superstition could invent, was inflicted upon them. The priest's thumb was sawed off with a fragment of shell by a Christian woman, driven to do so by the leading magician of the tribe. At night all were securely tied down, and the little children were taught, for their apprenticeship in cruelty, to place live coals on the quivering flesh of the helpless prisoners.

After this, for seven days they were dragged about for similar torments in the neighboring villages. At last, the Indian prisoners were divided between the different villages, where they were to be burned; the whites were to remain in captivity. Here at Auriesville, Paul, a young Huron of twenty-five years, died with such

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constancy that even the Iroquois were aghast at the power of endurance which the new religion gave to its adherents. He was first burned and tomahawked at the end. He had offered himself in the place of the missionary, having learned the chiefest of the lessons of Christ—to lay down his life for his friends.

After a few weeks of inhuman captivity, the good René was also slain, as he was saying the Rosary with the Father. His last word was—"Jesus," as he fell in death, just as on the platform of torture he had constantly repeated over and over in his cruel sufferings—"Jesus, Mary, Joseph." After a year more of lonely and comfortless suffering, the missionary made his escape. But it was only to return at the first opportunity, to teach his old tormentors the way of truth. At this time, perhaps, in May, 1646, he said the Holy Mass, the first Mass in the present state of New York. It was then the place was solemnly dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity, and took the name of the Mission of the Martyrs.

In October of that year, Father Jogues came for a third visit, and this time he met his death, charged with sorcery as being a Christian priest. The next year a large band of Algonquin Christians were tormented and put to death, through declared hatred of their *Prayer*, meeting death with Christian sentiments of forgiveness and hope, and not with the old stern revengeful savagery. Later on, members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary were burned here. And so for a score of years the divine work went on.

II.—The Shrine of Our Lady.

Twenty years to a day from the death of Father Jogues, October 16, 1666, the village on the hill was burned by the French army. Peace was now forced on these wild savages, and they asked for missionaries. The new mission was begun the next year under the name of St. Mary's. But it was still known as the Mission of the Martyrs—is not Mary the Queen of Martyrs?—and often the missionaries attributed their delivery from sudden dangers and even other miraculous interventions to the powerful intercession of those who had given up their lives for Christ on this spot.

As the mission grew, Providence procured for them a more sensible sign of the love and watchful care of the Blessed Mother. This was the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Foye, which was

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quite unexpectedly brought to them from one of the famous sanctuaries of the Old World. It was set up in a forest shrine, and before it the new Christians knelt to say their beads and sing the litany in their own rude tongue. Among the rest came a young maiden yet unbaptized, whom the Holy Spirit of God had Himself hitherto led by wonderful ways in a life of purity and longing desire after the divine love. It was Catherine Tegakwita—the Lily of the Mohawk. On Easter day, 1676, she was baptized at the feet of the Blessed Mother, and a year later escaped to the Christian Mission in Canada, where she continued the exercise of those wonderful virtues which make her the glory of her race.

But dark days were coming for the missions, and in 1684 they were finally broken up by war. The Catholic Indians in great number left their homes to practise their religion freely, though for fifty years yet they would steal hither to this land of the Blessed Virgin and draw away the well disposed to return with them to the Christian colony. Thus the shrine of Our Lady, begun in the blood of those whom we may consider as Christ's martyrs, ended in apostolic memories.

But all was not yet over. It is true that all exact memory of the place had been lost, and there were few Catholics living in the country round. But the heroic facts of other days were still known, and at last inquiry was set on foot to determine where a spot so hallowed might be found. This was all the more to be desired, as it had been decided to take up again the cause of canonization of the good René, Father Jogues, and Catherine the Iroquois virgin—the three who had chiefly glorified the old Mission of the Martyrs. At this time, quite independently of all this and without any knowledge of it, a great authority in our Indian history,[2] one not of our faith but filled with admiration of the lives of the early missionaries, had after long study and examination come to a certain conclusion as to the precise location of the village where Father Jogues and René Goupil were captives. It was the key needed. Popular devotion began, and on this spot has been built the present chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs, which for so many reasons has become the favorite shrine of Our Lady in this New World.

[2] General John S. Clark of Auburn, N. Y.; a summary of his investigations with map is given in the *Life of Father Jogues.* (Benziger Brothers).

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THE BEGINNINGS OF THE LEAGUE.

LIKE all the great associations of the Church, the Apostleship of Prayer was little more than a private reunion of a few pious souls at the beginning. As its name implies, its main idea was to bring down the grace of God on souls by united prayer, and thus it was distinguished from the *apostleship of preaching*. In fact, it was first put in practice in a seminary of students for the priesthood, many of whom were destined for the foreign missions.[1] Their spiritual father proposed it to them in 1844, on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary Apostle, hoping thereby to awaken and increase the zeal for souls which they would afterwards need so sorely.

The practical ground of the work may be found in a Christmas letter of St. Francis de Sales. After speaking of the "Divine Heart of the Saviour of our souls palpitating there upon the straw with a passionate desire for our advancement in good," he goes on to say: "If you desire to preach along with me, do so, I beseech you, by always praying God that He may give me words according to His Heart and your good wishes. How often does it happen that we say the right thing just because some good soul has pleaded and obtained it for us! Does she not preach enough, and with this advantage, that knowing nothing of it she does not become puffed up? We are like organs, where he who pumps the wind really does all and has not the praise. Often, then, send up your aspirations for me, and you will preach with me."[2]

To definitely organize this apostolic prayer, there was handed round monthly to each associate a leaflet indicating the intentions to be prayed for, with a blank space for setting down the special offerings of prayers and good works that might be made in consequence. These simple practices soon spread through various religious communities,

[1] The scholasticate of the Society of Jesus at Vals in France.
[2] *Letters.*

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and were then actively propagated in the schools under their care and in Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and Circles of the Living Rosary. A few simple Indulgences were also conceded by Pius IX., along with his earnest blessing, during his exile at Gaeta in 1849.

This first beginning—of inducing the Christian people to pray for certain *Intentions*, recommended to them in behalf of the whole Church and for their own particular needs as well, and the answering practice of making *spiritual Offerings* of prayers and good works for these intentions—has ever remained an essential part of the work. The *Intention Calendars* and *Treasury of the Sacred Heart* have had a constantly increasing circulation, and of late years have taken into their circle of universal prayer the great sanctuaries of the Christian world—of the Sacred Heart, and of our Lady of La Salette and Lourdes,—whither these intentions are sent each month to be placed on the altar during the Mass daily said for them. The *Thanksgivings* openly made in the different MESSENGERS are alone stupendous.

Meanwhile, the chief or *General Intention*—that in behalf of some one great need of the Church—has become more and more authorized. For the last few years, it has been designated by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, who is the official Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer: this present year the Holy Father himself chose out those to be proposed at the regular intervals through the MESSENGERS and *Calendars*.

HOW OUR NAMES WENT TO THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

[Our Associates have already heard the news of the reception of our Jubilee Address by the Holy Father and his paternal blessing in return. They will be interested in the description of the outward wrapper of the signed addresses, which was the gift and workmanship of the Sisters of Mercy of Philadelphia.]

THE Portfolio is bound in white watered-silk, the edges of the cover being embroidered by hand with a chaste design of the same color. The dedication upon the lower part of the front-cover, conceived in the classic style and elegant form of Roman inscriptions, is set, tablet-like, in a frame of rich carving imitated in gold.

The principal design, above and below the tablet, is in the form of the fleur-de-lis pendant; whilst the sides, somewhat wider and in the manner of trellis work, are intended to give a certain solidity to the entire piece as a foundation. Two bands of yellow

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silk—the Pontifical color—hold the tablet. Above this there rise two round columns, in imitation of white marble, with spiral flutings at the base after the Romanesque fashion. These columns are wrought with figures of the grape in gold, and support a light transverse line of the trefoil, giving to the whole the appearance of a triumphal arch.

In the centre of this symbolic gate is the coat-of-arms of Leo XIII., in its customary colors set in gold mantling. There is an unbroken scroll in pale purple and red, which, hanging from the upper line, and gracefully winding round the columns, passes beneath the Pontifical escutcheon. This scroll bears in gold lettering the prayer of holy Church:

"Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum ejus."

The inside of the portfolio merely presents an immaculate surface of white satin. The sheets containing the spiritual offerings and names of the Associates are held in place by red silken cords.

On the back of the cover is another design. Along a lattice-work of silver, round the four sides of the page, trails the mystic vine, emblem at once of joy and of the sacred priesthood. The leaves and fruit are painted in gold. In the centre is the figure of the Sacred Heart, in colors and surrounded by the crown of thorns in gold. Immediately beneath this is the motto of the League: *Adveniat regnum tuum.* This is likewise in letters of gold.

The whole was placed in a neat white case lined with red satin.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

1. (*From Montreal.*)

THE space your good PILGRIM afforded our last Montreal correspondence encourages me to send another letter for May circulation.

Since the date of my last letter our League has had prosperous sailing. The winds have been filling out our canvas and the tides are with us. The carnival passed off quietly, and then set in for the Lenten season an unbroken series of retreats, novenas and missions going on in all parts of our great Catholic city. To a large

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number the simple yet solid practices of the League seemed the easiest and most efficacious means of perpetuating the fruit of their retreat.

Then came this time a refreshing breeze from another quarter, bearing to us a magnificent gift in the form of a thousand badges for our Communion of Reparation. The first donation of this kind, as I mentioned in my last, came from the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. This one is from another of our distinguished teaching bodies, the Sisters of Notre Dame, a congregation to which we are indebted for many zealous Promoters. The letter accompanying the present must tell you its own story.

VILLA MARIA, *March* 24.

Dear Miss A. T. S.—With feelings of sincere pleasure I send you, in behalf of the Work of Reparation, a thousand badges for the League of the Sacred Heart. I had intended to send fifteen hundred but an accident happened. . . . May these badges help to make the Sacred Heart of our dear Jesus honored, loved and praised!

Yours in Christ, SISTER SAINT C——.

What an encouragement for our good Promoters to see the great religious communities vying with each other to help them on in their work of love and zeal for the glory of the Divine Heart! What a refreshing breeze after the rough weather they had been just encountering!

The men's branch, however, has been the absorbing object of our solicitude. We feel that with them must rest the permanent character of our work, and the material of its most glorious achievements. What a lustre has been shed on the Apostleship of Prayer and the Communion of Reparation by a Garcia Moreno, and the great Catholic laymen of our day!

We said the gentlemen's influence and efforts were directed to the third degree as presupposing the other two. Before Lent is over, besides the names on the Rosary lists, we shall have a hundred Associates pledged to promote, by their example and influence, the practice of the Monthly Communion of Reparation. Such an association must effect an incalculable good in the heart of a large and growing city.

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Not many days since I called at the business establishment of one of our Associates. Conducted through the premises, I found some five hundred hands, mostly Catholics, in his employ. What a wholesome influence for them on mind and heart to know that the employer, on whom they depend for their daily bread, is a weekly or monthly communicant; to see him with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on, approaching the Holy Table for his Communion of Reparation! Nevertheless the gentleman in question stopped not at example. Lately I received a list containing the names of his partner and other principal men of the firm for admission to membership in our League, and soon we shall have the hands gathered in. After all, is it not in the confessional and at the Communion Table that the troublesome questions of our times, private, domestic and social, must receive their ultimate solution? This I consider one of the greatest advantages of the League, that it assembles together, as in a focus, the manifold rays of good example, to diffuse them again with enhanced splendor over the whole community. It enables us to do what the Saviour Himself did when He set the light which He brought down from heaven upon a candlestick, that it might shine to all who are in the house.

I must tell you something about the first deaths that occurred among our Associates, that you may see how in them the promise of our Lord was fulfilled almost to the letter.

The first of our departed members was a man approaching the prime of life. He had been confined to his bed for more than a year by a severe complication of painful maladies. During his long days of pain and sleepless nights, he found refuge in the Sacred Heart to which he had incessant recourse by ejaculatory prayers. As he perceived his end drawing nigh, comforted with the last sacraments and every indulgence and blessing, he exclaimed: "The Sacred Heart has saved me!" A few minutes before death, his pastor called by chance as if to absolve his departing but conscious soul, and close his eyes in peace.

The second was a man of full years who met with a sudden but not unprovided end. Stricken with heart disease he received the last sacraments, and one morning went on his knees to make his prayer and *daily offering*, when he received his summons to appear before his Lord. Death for him was but the acceptation of the offering.

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The third was an Irish girl who had arrived in the city homeless and friendless but three months before. She had the good fortune to be employed as house-maid by one of our Promoters who admitted her into the League. Joyously she did her work, sending all her wages home to her sister, who was the poverty-stricken mother of a large family. She fell into a fatal illness. Having received the last sacraments and resigned her life into the hands of God, she had but one desire—to go back to Ireland and die in the sunshine. The sunshine! A Canadian winter is an unclouded sunshine. But it was not the sunshine of Erin, of the home of her childhood, where were centred all her bright associations and strong, hallowed affections. She did not receive her desired favor, but another akin to it. She breathed forth her soul radiant with baptismal innocence in the sunshine of St. Patrick's day.

As it is the month of St. Joseph—one of the great patrons of our League—I should fail in my duty if I made no mention of a fact that all Montreal has been talking about for some days.

Last September a band of Little Sisters of the Poor arrived here on the invitation of the Redemptorist Fathers, to open a hospital for the aged. Reaching their future home they found a house, but no furniture. It was a novel sight during the day to see the procession of chairs, tables, beds and bedding, cooking utensils, etc., making for the two-story brick house near Victoria Bridge. Money gifts were not wanting, but the most acceptable of all was a pony and carriage, to enable these servants of the poor to go on their errands of charity. Soon, however, they became quite cramped for room, so great was the number of the helpless applying for admission. Besides, they were two miles from the church and could with difficulty hear Mass, even on Sunday. According to their fashion they set about doing holy violence to St. Joseph. It is whispered about that they passed whole recreations around his statue, teasing him. Well, hear the result. Early in March the proprietor of an estate situated just opposite the parish church, received an offer of some thousands as a yearly rental. In his honor be it said that he was an Irishman and one of our fervent Associates. Suddenly he became perplexed in mind. What further need had he of money? Soon he must go into the house of his eternity. Would not his increasing wealth prove a cumbrance, and does not the Wise Man tell us that money

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never fructifies better both for time and for eternity than when placed in the hand of the poor? He passed a restless night, but his resolve was taken before morning. Next day he signed over the whole estate valued at fifty thousand dollars to the Little Sisters. The old buildings are already being demolished to clear the way for the foundations of the new hospital of St. Joseph.

I hope to send you from time to time accounts of great graces obtained, marvellous cures, etc., through the intercession of the Holy League, now especially that we have our Intention frame and trunk erected. It is quite an ornament even to the Gesù Church. Under a beautiful head-piece bearing the ensign of the League, there is a handsome frame for your large Intention Sheet, and beneath it the trunk for the particular intentions of our Associates. The whole piece is carved out of the most precious wood that could be found, and highly polished. J. C.

2. (*The League in Ohio. From a Local Director.*)

About two months ago I established the Holy League of the Sacred Heart in my parish, and am also endeavoring to spread its devotion in my missions. I cannot say I have failed in my undertakings; on the contrary, in many ways I feel encouraged, for, according as the people get to understand its object and practices the more they appreciate it. On the First Friday of the present month, at our devotions in the church, I read from the *Messenger* the general intention for the month, the number of new aggregations during the past month, the offerings for intentions of the Sacred Heart, and some of the thanksgivings for favors obtained, much to the edification of those present. I have no doubt this did much to inspire them to have recourse to that loving Heart of our Redeemer in their various wants, both spiritual and temporal.

(*From a Later Letter.*)

About two weeks ago I sent you an account of the progress of the League. Since that time I have had an increase of about sixty members. In one of my missions I enrolled on the 12th inst. about forty members, and here, on the 19th, about twenty; so you see I have no reason to be discouraged. In the course of a short time I hope to have every member of the missions enrolled.

J. M.

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May Hymn.

Music by PINSUTI.

Words and Adaptation by
Rev. T. A. METCALF.

1. We come, dear -est
2. Our hearts, dear -est
3. Ah, when, dear -est

Mother, this beau - ti - ful May-day To sing at thy al - tar our
Mother, are fill'd with de - vo - tion; Thy beau - ti - ful im - age ex -
Mother, thy sweet month is end- ing, And days we have lov'd so, are

hymns full of love: Dear Mother, oh, hear us, and show us the
- cites all our joy: Oh, make us, dear Moth-er, to feel love's e -
fad - ing a - way, Oh, take us, dear La - dy, with an - gels as -

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CHORUS.

path-way To heav - en a - bove.
- mo - tion With-out earth's al - loy.
- scending To heav - en's bright May.
Sweet Ma - ry, oh, shield us in

moments of dan-ger, Oh, give us thy blessing, sweet Moth-er of

love; Com-mend us to Je - sus, thy Babe of the

manger, And bring us in safe - ty to heav-en a - bove.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

DISCOURAGED SOULS.

NO temptation is so cowardly, says St. Francis de Sales, as that to discouragement. Yet this is one of the commonest temptations, even among the pious, and one that is least noticed.

Souls that could perfectly well strive after something like Christian perfection continue on in a life of very common virtue and piety, because they have lost heart in trying to be better than what they are. They content themselves at last with saying—I am not a Saint, and that is the end of it. But that should not be the end of it, for every Christian is called to become a Saint, or as near like one as he can. And God gives grace to everyone for that purpose. How foolish then is discouragement. *I can do all things,* says St. Paul, *in Him that strengtheneth me.*[1]

Others who attend to their own perfection with much piety and active virtue, become discouraged about others: they no longer have the same confidence in prayer for them, and they do not take the same live interest in works of zeal and prayer, or in the public good works which are found in the community where they live. They do not see all the world around them converted and happy, and they give up to discouragement, thinking the world may just as well wag along as it will.

Yet others extend this discouragement to the welfare of the Church. They read much about all the opposition their Holy Mother is meeting with in other countries, which once were Catholic; they hear of the advances made by the spirit of the world and the flesh among those who are separated from the Church, thus unfitting them for conversion; and they say—well, after all, the world will never be converted. So they leave off helping the Church by their prayers and by the inspiring influence of their confidence.

The month of May is the month of Mary—our Lady of Good Hope and Help of Christians. She stood at the foot of the Cross—the Queen of Martyrs—and yet her confidence did not fail. That her spirit of high and holy courage may be breathed into all Christians—for themselves, for their neighbor, for the universal Church—is the intention proposed to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart during this beautiful month.

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[1] Philippians, iv. 13.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. JUNE, 1888.

PILGRIM NOTES.

1. IN the large MESSENGER for this month, we shall give the history of Angela, through whom June, the month of roses, came to be kept as the month of the Sacred Heart, just as May is kept as the month of Mary. Even the readers of our PILGRIM—the *Little* MESSENGER—will like to remember the work she has done. A wild young girl at school, her life has been rightly called "a triumph of religious education." It is not yet fifty years since she died, a young wife and mother, at the age of twenty-eight; but her work lives behind her in many and many a church and convent chapel through the world. Like the beautiful picture our Chinese missionary has drawn for us, our souls should remain through this first month of summer loveliness kneeling at the feet of our Lord, pleading with His Divine Heart for the graces needed by ourselves and others. *Learn of me*, He says, *that I am meek and humble of Heart.*[1] And again, *My child, give Me thy Heart.*[2]

2. Some of our good friends who read our pages attentively have disclosed to us the origin of the talkative and graceful little poem—*The*

[1] St. Matthew, xi. 29. [2] Proverbs, xxiii. 26.

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Changed Cross—printed in our last number. The copy sent us had indeed been found in *A Lady's Journal*, without further indication. She was like the wise woman who has in *her treasures things both new and old.* This particular poem stands first in a little volume bearing its name, published some years ago by A. D. F. Randolph of New York. The Mother Superior of a Brooklyn convent writes that the book "is evidently Episcopalian in its drift." Let us pray that the drift has set so far seaward as to bring the "Hon. Mrs. Charles Hobart," to whom the poem is credited, within range of the Bark of St. Peter.

3. Crosses—the *Irish Cross* among the number—seem to bring editors into trouble. We have ourselves discovered, and that at the first reading, a very grave and yet a very lucky blunder in the article of that name. If no one else has yet reported it to us, is it because so little interest is felt in the true devotions of "dear old Ireland," or perhaps because so little is known about them? In either case, how lucky we can come back on them once again. "Armagh's martyred archbishop of recent days," Oliver Plunket—(with one, not two t's)—has not yet the title of Blessed, nor was "his beatification last year." But he is on the way, and whether he is raised to our altars, as it seems to us his blessed life and death have richly deserved, will depend largely on the efforts of his own race. He has been declared Venerable, that is, his name is on the list of those whose cause is to be investigated, before solemn decision is given that he died for the Catholic faith. On the 11th of July, 1681, he was executed at Tyburn, already so glorious with its martyrs of Christ. Cardinal Moran, in his life of the Venerable Archbishop, says of him: "Dr. Plunket was the last victim to the anti-Catholic fury with which the English nation was then inflamed." He adds something of practical importance: "There is one peculiar feature of the reverence shown to our great Prelate, which here merits special commemoration:—During the past years many temperance societies have been formed under the invocation and patronage of Oliver Plunket; the friends of temperance fondly persuading themselves that he who, throughout his apostolic career, had labored so earnestly and so unceasingly to root out from his flock the degrading vice of drunkeness . . . . would not now fail to plead before the Throne of God, even more efficaciously than during life, the holy cause in which they were engaged."

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A PIOUS TALE OF TWO DOGS AND A CAPTAIN.

THE "gold fever" was at its height. "Every man should go to California," was the cry. Mr. C—— went with the crowd.

Meanwhile his family caught the emigration mania in a milder form, and left the city for a pretty little village where they could enjoy the sweets of rural life. Of course all were lonesome, but there was one with particular, though *untold*, reasons for lamenting the absence of the head of the family. A peculiar tie had united the two. Willie Francis, with the terrible directness of a three-year-old, had been the first to announce this bond of union.

"Papa and 'Olla bofe eat meat F'iday."

How Papa had enjoyed that discovery. Every one had been told of it; Rolla was often called, as "my fellow sinner," to partake of the Protestant dish at the table. There was no end to the amusement derived from the combination which infant perspicacity had pointed out.

Now the evil times had come for Rolla. He was the only Friday meat-eater at home; and as he persisted in cherishing old notions in the face of new circumstances, he fared badly. In fact he did not "fare" at all on Friday. It became a black fast to him; refusing abstinence dishes and turning with disdain from the cold meat set away for him, he roamed dejectedly around, and at last, throwing himself on the ground with a prolonged sigh, found relief in slumber. The little circle watched him with mingled sorrow and amusement, and word was sent to the fellow-sinner of his constancy to unpopish habit.

Indeed it was gravely proposed by one of the family to supply Rolla with his old bill of fare, but the proposition was unanimously negatived. Cook meat for an animal on abstinence days? Preposterous!—To which she retorted that *only* animals required it justly.

After a few weeks, however, whether from the habit of fasting or the strength of a philosophical mind, Rolla grew accustomed to the deprivation. He still refused to eat, but without dejection or impatience; nobly overlooking the injury, he contributed his share, as of old, to the general entertainment. His tender-hearted mistress rejoiced, and news of the happy change went by the "overland route" in due season.

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Meantime the C——s had become accustomed to their new home. The few neighbors were congenial, the church was at a convenient distance, the place more wholesome than many of the new Western settlements, and with plenty of ground for garden, poultry, and fruit-raising, there was no fear of monotony during the exile's absence.

The adjoining property was owned by a Captain in the army, then lately returned from Mexico. In the master's frequent absence, the place was left in charge of a number of servants, favorite slaves, who on the death of the old mistress found themselves free, but would by no means leave the "boy," as they still considered the mature Captain.

In this house also reigned a pet dog, a great Newfoundland, well named Prince, for his demeanor was singularly lofty and ceremonious. Even the servants dared not treat him but with quiet respect. In his walks no companion, either two-footed or four-footed, was ever seen; his master alone, people said, was on intimate terms of acquaintance with the stately Prince.

Rolla had tried several times to attract his attention, but was passed by as if unseen. Great, therefore, was the surprise of one of the family, when one afternoon she saw the huge dog bound over the front paling, and drop something on the ground, then spring back to the side-walk and move majestically to his home. Starting out in haste she found Rolla in the act of picking up a large piece of steak, with which he darted away through the shrubbery.

Of course she hastened to detail the incident, and equally of course was well laughed at. It was indeed scarcely credible to herself, for only the day previous she had seen the two dogs pass each other as strangers. Besides this was Friday, Rolla wanted meat, Prince could not have known, yet he brought it, and Rolla was evidently near the spot expecting it.

"There is some mystery here!" thought she, "and I will watch next Friday."

She did, and was rewarded by a repetition of the scene. Next week all were on the lookout, and there could be no dispute of the unaccountable fact. Several weeks passed; regularly as Friday came, the strange benefactor brought a fine piece of meat to the evidently expectant Rolla.

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At first amusing, it became not only perplexing but vexatious. Had the Captain been at home, the affair might be investigated, but Mrs. C—— was averse to interrogating servants. She suspected that it was their doing, but knew well that they would "'clar 'fore de bressed Lor'," that they "had no han', act er lot" in the matter. She finally decided to let the matter rest until her husband's return, which she was expecting.

"Meanwhile we can enjoy the puzzle, and Rolla the meat," said the original discoverer. "It is too funny for anything."

However, it was the Captain returned home first. Our friends had formed many conjectures about him, the favorite one being that he would prove detestable—judging him by his dog's deportment—and that his coming would spoil all their satisfaction. Why, it would have been hard to say, since the grounds of both houses were so extensive that it would be easy for ladies to keep out of the way, even if he was a bear on two feet. Imagine, then, the surprise when the formidable neighbor, losing no time in making "a garden call," proved to be one of the favored few whom no adjectives can describe. French parentage and South Carolina birth and training—as well attempt to describe the charm and fragrance of the rose.

The Captain and Mrs. C—— were kindred spirits. It was not very long before he heard the mysterious episode of the dogs. In her telling it became not only poetic but exquisite, yet it impressed the Captain in a manner altogether inexplicable. Was he angry, ashamed, disgusted, frightened, or what? The variety of emotions that passed in one simultaneous flash over his face, might imply anything.

Speechless for an instant, the next he had turned courteously as ever to Mrs. C——'s mother, who in her peculiar way introduced a quite different subject so skilfully that it seemed a part of the foregoing. At parting he bowed over the hand of both as if reverence and gratitude were his predominant sensations, to the astonishment of the other part of the family.

"He is as odd as his dog," one ventured to whisper.

At his next call all was explained. Summoned from college to his mother's death-bed, he had listened to her counsels in respectful sorrow, and solemnly promised to follow them through life. Of these the chief one was to observe abstinence as commanded by the

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Church. Other duties he might at times be unable to fulfil, but neither place nor season could render abstinence from flesh meat—especially on Fridays—impossible. He had promised.

Ere the year was out, the promise was broken through human respect, and utter indifference soon followed. As he now sorrowfully averred, this very precept was the one he had persistently defied. He had often heard High Mass; at times, especially in Lent, mumbled a few prayers; even gone to the Sacraments a few times, quite resolved to turn over a new leaf. But on Fridays he ate meat as regularly as it was set before him, and the example was followed by his cousins in the old mansion where his mother had received the promise.

All this and much more, poured out with French volubility, explained his obligations to Mrs. C——, whose recital had flashed on his recollection the perfidy of twenty years. The grace of God spoke in her words, his mother rose before him in her venerable parent. Already he had been with a confessor to begin a new life!

And the two dogs? The Captain and Mr. C—— often had a chat and smoke over that subject, but it could not be accounted for. The incident is a fact, one of the many that sweetly prove to loving hearts the patient working of divine grace. M. L. M.

THE SACRED HEART SAFE-GUARD.

(*From a Convent.*)

1. ABOUT eight years ago a former pupil of a convent school drove out from the neighboring city of Montreal, intending to pay a short visit to a favorite teacher. Adèle X—— (as we will call her) was accompanied by a young girl of her own age. While chatting gaily over the incidents of bygone school-days and a recent trip to the seashore, Adèle suddenly remembered she had a favor to ask.

"Would Madame kindly replace her scapular of the Sacred Heart, lost or mislaid by the wearing out of the silken loop that attached it to the cords of her brown scapular?"

"Certainly," was answered, and the religious withdrawing returned in a minute, holding in her hand two neatly-worked scapulars, one of which she gave to Adèle. Then hesitating, she said:

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"And your friend, will she accept this one?" "Oh gladly, Madame," eagerly broke in Miss Y——, "for although a Protestant, I have devotion to the Sacred Heart of my Saviour."

To secure them temporarily each fastened the pretty *safe-guard* on the left side, just under her fur-trimmed tippet, and soon after left the convent in the best spirits, and carrying away pious resolutions for the future in reference to prayers and reading.

Three days after, Madame Z—— received a note from Adèle, imploring her to unite with her in rendering thanks to the Divine Heart for the almost miraculous escape of herself and friend from sudden death! For on leaving the turnpike to enter the city, their horse took fright at the *fanfare* of a parading regiment, with bugles and drums, and ran away, throwing them both out on the cobble-stoned pavement, while each pressing her scapular closer to her confiding heart, repeated its invocation: "*Cease, the Heart of Jesus is with me!*" The horse was instantly killed by striking against a wooden box that guarded a fine tree, and the phaeton was a perfect wreck; but the two young ladies suffered no injury. Yet the driver was much bruised by the shock, and greatly frightened.

2. On the 20th of August, 1887, one of the lay sisters at Eden Hall received a letter from her niece in Brooklyn, begging her to unite her thanksgiving with her own to the Divine Heart of Jesus, for a really marvellous preservation of her child.

This little girl, aged about four years, was playing close to a window near which her mother was seated pre-occupied with sewing, when she fell out to the pavement below from the fourth story of the house. Horrified beyond measure, the poor mother could scarcely get down to her supposed dead or dying babe, when the neighbors had picked her up, unhurt, except for a tiny scratch on her little chin.

The child wore the scapular of the Sacred Heart, and her pious mother, when teaching her infantile prayers, bade her daily repeat the invocation that surrounds the sacred emblem.

The parents of the little one are thoroughly persuaded that their child was shielded by the divine protection of the gracious Heart of Jesus. Although fearing there might be some internal injury they treated her as ailing for a couple of days, her own spirits never flagged, and a day or two after the accident she was laughing and amusing herself in her own sprightly way.

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THE WORK FOR POOR CHURCHES.

MANY good works pass through our pages, and are commended to our readers. This was a task we set ourselves from the beginning—to bring before Catholics in America the struggles and needs of the Church under other skies, so that they may not become narrowly wrapped up in themselves and their own wants to the exclusion of their brethren elsewhere. In this way we realize better the Communion of Saints.

When the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS became also the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, then each month some one great spiritual need of the Church was officially confided by the Holy Father to its pages, to be made known to the Association of the universal League of the Sacred Heart. It is our Apostleship of Prayer to pray together for these needs, along with the Heart of Jesus pleading.

But this does not make us forget the crying temporal needs of so many good works for the yellow people in China, for the black people at home, for the red men in the Rocky Mountains; and all our appeals in these regards have been responded to, at times more, at times less generously. This month of the Sacred Heart we venture to draw attention to a work closely bound up with the interests of the Blessed Sacrament at our own doors. This is the *Work for Poor Churches* or *Tabernacle Societies*, as they are commonly known.

It is certainly a very distressing thing in many of our churches in country stations, and on the missions, to see with how little decency our Blessed Lord is enshrined on His own altars. Yet the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the life of the Christian people. There must be something which shall impress upon their senses and imagination that—*Neither is there any other nation so great, that hath gods so nigh them, as our God is present to all our petitions.*[1] The inward reverence of the heart goes along with the outward care and adornment of the sanctuary, for men are creatures of flesh and blood. So, in all ages, the Church leads her children to make beautiful the house of God. For this it is necessary that the altar, the tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament, and the vestments of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, should be

[1] Deuteronomy, iv. 7.

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worthy; not squalid and worn and showing carelessness in the presence of Him before Whom the Angels tremble. Pious souls have always felt this keenly, and many a thought has been given to the proper adornment of the place where Christ takes His *delight conversing with the children of men.*[2]

But it is in our age of associations that provision for this need has been organized with something like method. This has been done chiefly by the *Association of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and the Work for Poor Churches.* It began very simply, in the piety of a good Lady of the Sacred Heart, back in 1841, in the great city of all good equally with all evil works—Paris. She urged on the young ladies graduating at the convent school, to give some of their leisure and of their superfluous means to the adornment of poor churches.

One of these young ladies, who is still living, took the counsel so much to heart that she has devoted her whole life to the work. The Sisters of Notre Dame in Belgium gave her a work-room in their convent, and this soon became a centre of great activity, especially as the demands and the expressions of gratitude from the poor churches began pouring in. A Jesuit Father drew up a rule for these few associates, and the Bishops approved of it. They were to give their services for nothing; where allowed they were to collect alms for their work; and they were not to forget piety to the Blessed Sacrament themselves. They were to have a monthly Mass and Communion, and to pass each month an entire hour in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

This work has now greatly spread, its chief centre has been transferred to Rome, and there it has united with itself a community of religious women who are engaged in the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. They are the same for whose establishment in the capital of our country—worldly, uncontemplative Washington—prayers have more than once been asked in the MESSENGER. Meanwhile, several centres have been established in different parts of our country and their reports are full of edification. Here also, especially at the south and west there is no lack of poor churches. These stirring reports may be asked at the Notre Dame Convent, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, or of the Tabernacle Society, Washington, D. C.

[2] Proverbs, viii. 31; Baruch, iii. 38.

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A SCHOOL-CHILD'S PRAYER TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(*From the Irish Messenger.*)

MY God, I know that in this church
Thou dwellest night and day;
That on this altar for our sakes,
Thou dost forever stay.

Thee only do I wish to serve,
For Thee alone to live;
My only hope in Thee I place,
To Thee my love I give.

Each thing I do, I offer Thee,
My duties, work, and play,
My efforts bless, and make me, Lord,
Grow better day by day.

Bless all within my much-lov'd home,
There let Thy peace abide;
Make all who teach me Thee to know,
Bless all the world beside.

Dear Lord! I love Thee for all those
Who grieve Thy Heart by sin;
Have mercy on them, Lord, because
Thou'st died their souls to win.

For all my faults, now at Thy feet
I humbly pardon seek;
Make me a good submissive child,
Obedient, pure, and meek.

I'm going now, but ere I leave
Thy lowly altar-throne,
In spirit, dearest Jesus, come
And make my heart Thy home.

All thanks and adoration be
To Thee, "O God of Light,"
Bless me once more, Thy little child—
Good night, dear Lord, good night.

Amen, sweet Jesus!

Presentation Convent of the Sacred Heart, Wexford.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[There is a very natural reason why our little magazine should interest itself in the Sodality. Other *Little Messengers* like itself have made its advancement their special work, not to speak of the great number of Promoters which the League of the Sacred Heart is constantly receiving from the ranks of the Sodality. The office of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART also offers its services as a handy intermediary with the Roman *Prima Primaria*, for the regular establishment of the Sodality. But besides this, our own special work has a close bond of union linking it to the early Sodality. Among the faithful Indians, tortured and slain for their "Prayer" where the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs now stands, were some of the first Sodalists of the Jesuit missions. Their story remains in its Christian heroism; and though they will scarcely be canonized—even their names are for the most part unknown—yet their blood has consecrated in our land the loved Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.[1]—EDITOR.]

What is the nature and end of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary?

Before answering in a few words, it is best to hear what certain eminent religious writers, thoroughly acquainted with its workings, have declared it to be.

It was most probably first conceived in the primary department of a Sicilian boys' school, but its history dates from its organization among the students of the Roman College. In 1564 it numbered seventy young men, who adopted the following *First Statute*. This, it must be remembered, was in a large religious institution where the facilities for the practice of piety were very great; but it may well be feared that even collegians of our day would find this "Statute" a trifle severe.

> "The Sodalists set before themselves, as their aim, the making progress in piety and learning. Each week they approach the tribunal of Penance to purify their hearts of the least stain and thus make themselves more pleasing to their Immaculate Patroness. Once a month, at the least, they receive the Holy Eucharist. Every day they are present

[1] See in former Pilgrims, 1885, p. 149; 1886, pp. 50, 63. The present questions and answers are adapted from the recent work of Father Chiavarelli, declared authentic by the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus who, under the Holy See, is the moderator of the *Prima Primaria*.

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at Mass and recite the Rosary or some prayers from the Manual of the Sodality. After class they make a quarter of an hour's pious meditation. On Sundays, besides the recitation of a part of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, they listen to a short exhortation from their Father Director; and in the afternoon they go to some hospital to comfort the sick, or else to perform some other work of charity. A prefect and twelve other officers are charged with helping their fellow-students by good example and wise counsels: one of the Fathers of the Society presides at their exercises."

It was this Sodality which was approved as the Mother and Head of all the others throughout the world by Gregory XIII., on the 5th of December, 1584.

Forty years later, the historian of the Society of Jesus,[2] speaking of these students' Sodalities, defined them as "a union of young men, fearing God and bound together with ties of piety and Christian charity, especially for the avoidance of evil company."

After fifty years more, it was reported from the missions that, in China alone, there were over four hundred Sodalities, each with regularly more than a hundred members chosen from among the more fervent converts. They united in helping on the work of the conversion of the infidels, bringing to the faith as many as five or six thousand yearly.

In the English rules for the Sodality at the college of St. Omer,[3] it is said the young Sodalists acknowledge as the end of their pious union the promotion of true devotion to the Queen of heaven.

In the wonderful missionary "Reductions" of Paraguay, the Sodalities were intended to keep up the fervor of the neophytes and gradually lead them to a perfect Christian life. The Bishop of Buenos Ayres affirmed—"I believe that in the Reductions there is not a mortal sin a year!"

In the last century, St. Alphonsus Liguori applied to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the words of Scripture: *The tower of David, which is built with bulwarks: a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men.*"[4] This, he said, is because it has so great a number of means of defence against the powers of

[2] Sacchini.

[3] The place of education of the American Carrolls and Daniel O'Connell.

[4] Canticles, iv. 4.

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hell; for, to preserve the grace of God, holy practices are in use in it which, outside of such reunions, would be very difficult to laymen. This great Doctor of the Church had himself been a Sodalist, and became a veritable apostle of Sodalities. He further declares his idea of the proper work of the Sodality by saying: "When a secular person asks me what he should do to be saved, I can counsel him nothing more useful and surer than to enter the Sodality. Yes, the Sodality is a means that comprises in itself the means most efficacious for assuring our everlasting salvation."

From all these different points of view it is seen that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is everywhere intended to be—**a union of chosen Christians, who by their piety and zeal and edifying behavior strive after Christian virtue, reproducing in themselves the good example and pious help of their neighbor which they see in Mary, the Immaculate Virgin and Mother of God, of whom they are the loving children.**

What is the reason of the success of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary in producing such fruit in souls?

The reason is twofold:

First, nothing helps piety more than true devotion to the Blessed Virgin;

Secondly, nothing helps Christians to perform the duties of their state of life and to give an example of edifying behavior and zealously to do good to their neighbor, more than piety.

This was shown from the beginning among the students who formed the first Sodalities. They were virtuous, and succeeded so well in their studies that it was said to be an ordinary thing in colleges that the Sodalists should carry off all the prizes. The peace of soul that comes from solid piety gave them the necessary dispositions for their duties; and their devotion in the Sodality merited for them the special protection of Heaven.

THE LITTLE HURON SERVANT OF MARY.

Ignatius Tokakion, Died 19 August, 1678.

THE early missions among the North American Indians have been the glory of the Church in America. Her enemies have dared to say in their envy of her martyrs that their Indian

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converts were not really changed, but had only put off one superstition for another. How false and malignant is such an assertion all the narrations of that time can show, unless forgiveness of injuries, purity, and a piety deep enough to brave death with resignation, be called superstition. From among many, we choose this month the touching story of the little Huron Ignatius, keeping as near as possible to the simple words of the old *Relation.* Father Chaumonot will be recognized as the "Wayward Boy," with whom our readers have already made acquaintance.[1] It was he who presented the shrine in the Mission of the Martyrs with its first statue of our Lady.

The boy Ignatius was an angel whom God called to the angels' country when he was only seven years and two months old. He was the sweetest-natured and most teachable child ever seen, never disobeying his parents, never showing signs of spite or berating and striking his playmates.

He was as bright as he was good-natured. When he was only five years old he knew his catechism perfectly, and could give the answers at Mass; and he knew by heart all the prayers which were commonly said or sung in the Mission.

He had the honor, the last year of his life, of helping more than any one else one of the Jesuit Fathers, a newcomer, to learn the Huron language. This Father had the little Ignatius always with him, and talked over with him what he wished to say when teaching the catechism and making his visits; and the boy repeated it to him several times over in good Huron. Afterwards, he told him of all the blunders he had made while speaking. The only thanks he asked of the Father was to be told some story or to be taught a song.

In the evening, when he was in his cabin, he tried to remember all he had learned during the day; and he went to sleep thinking about it. One morning his mother noticed that he knew a long prayer by heart and was reciting it word by word, though the evening before he could not say it at all. She asked him:

"My son, how did you learn that prayer?"

"During my sleep," he answered, "I was trying to remember and sing it, when a beautiful young man came to me and repeated it over and sang it with me."

[1] *Pilgrim*, 1886, pp. 86, 226; 1887, pp. 86, etc.

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The dear child's devotion made it believed that his guardian angel had thus served him.

He was awake very early in the morning, for he wished to hear all the Masses. No matter how sleepy he was, he rose as soon as his mother had awaked him. Often he did not take time to finish dressing. Even in winter he ran barefoot to the chapel, so as to be ahead of his companions and be taken to serve Mass. Sometimes, after he had served the Mass of one of the priests he kept on his surplice and cassock in order to serve another. When the Masses were over he would go behind the altar to recite his beads before the statue of the Blessed Virgin.

His sickness began with a slow fever, which took him off in six weeks. About the 20th of July he was brought to the hospital in Quebec, where the Sisters left nothing untried to cure him. When any one asked him if he was going to get well of his sickness or die of it, he would answer pleasantly: "As God pleases! It is for Him to decide."

"But, Ignatius, do you not fear death?"

"No, for Jesus and Mary will have pity on me."

On the 2d of August, he told his mother, who had come the evening before, that he desired to die at Loretto. (This was the Huron mission, named from our Lady's sanctuary, of which their church was a copy). He was brought back; and Father Chaumonot, finding him well instructed, told him to prepare for Holy Communion. This he did by a careful confession of all his faults, which were doubtless very light; and he accompanied it with different acts of contrition, faith, and love.

On the day appointed for this his First Communion, his mother brought him to the chapel; and at the end of the Mass, which he had heard with great devotion, he received Communion by way of Viaticum. After his thanksgiving, he offered himself to our Lord. They took him back to his cabin. There he continued his pious exercises, and promised, of his own accord, that when he should be in heaven he would remember the Fathers who had taken care to instruct him.

So long as he had free use of his speech, he prayed almost without interruption. Even when he no longer spoke, he did not stop praying, and when his voice failed him, he kept on as usual making

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frequently the sign of the cross. Thus he passed four entire days in a long agony, calmly expiring on the 19th of August, 1678.

After the grace of God, his good bringing up by his mother is the chief cause of his virtue and blessedness. She offered him to our Lord when he came into the world and trained him for His service, to which she designed to consecrate him if he lived.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the months of March and April:

Ellen Hynes, St. Joseph's Parish, Providence, R. I.,	$5.00
Maria T. Barratt, Fall River, Mass.,	1.00
Ellen Carey, " " "	.50
James Britland, " " "	.50
Georgetown, D. C.,	3.00
Miss K. O'Donnell, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.50
Mrs. Scott, " "	2.00
Quebec, Canada,	2.00
Through Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo.,	1.00
The Right Rev. Bishop of St. John, N. B.,	30.00

"All Catholics on this continent will, no doubt, desire to share in a well-merited tribute to the memory of those devoted Apostles, who so nobly shed their blood for the faith of Jesus Christ.

"Wishing you success and a blessing on your labor of love;

"I am faithfully yours in Xt,

"✠ J. SWEENEY,
"Bp. of St. John."

R. A. Johnston, Milwaukee, Wis.,	3.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00

For the Chinese Mission:

Renfrew, Ont.,	2.00

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PROMOTERS' STORIES.

By a Local Director.

MY parish is in the midst of a large manufacturing city, and the Promoters who lead the bands of Associates that have joined the League of the Sacred Heart in my church, are well scattered through the large establishments around. They often remind me of holy birds of prey, swooping down on their own peculiar food wherever they find it. Some are rather like mastiffs who catch their meat as it runs.

Mr. A—— is a respected man of business, and from the start set out to fill his list with men only. One of the first he approached was a middle-aged man of business like himself, except that history did not say when he last received Communion. Their interview was something like what follows.

A——, boldly. "Good day, B——. I dropped in to see you about a little church business. There's a pious society been started that you can join."

B——, rather taken aback, and feeling for his pocket-book. "Yes? What is it? Some building association?"

A——. "No, no; just a pious society. Not the Sodality, but the League of the Sacred Heart. You can join that. We all know you're not much in the way of monthly Communion, but—well—to be plain with you—it will take in a man that doesn't go to his Easter duty, that is, if he'll only do something. It goes by *degrees*, you see."

B——, somewhat stiffly. "Perhaps I am a better Catholic than you give me credit for. At any rate I don't yet see what your League and its degrees are for. I know without your telling me that I'm not fit for the Sodality."

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A——. "Well, we belonged to it together when we were boys. Who knows but we may again, if you only won't get frightened, and will just look over this Hint Card here. I'd like to get you, for old times' sake, into the First Degree."

B——, thoughtfully reading over the paper. "I think I'm a good enough Christian for that. Let me see. I must each morning offer my day, its prayers—I'm afraid they're not many—its works, and its sufferings—there is always plenty of this—to the Sacred Heart. Well, I can promise that. But let me see the Second Degree. I see that isn't monthly Communion either."

A——. "No, it's just the Rosary decade every day for the intentions of the Pope. If you'll take that, I am to bring you every month a little mystery ticket like this, which has the calendar and requests that have been sent in for prayers."

B——. "I begin to understand. This is a League of prayers, I see, and it seems to be very considerable. Fifteen millions of Associates, and all the religious orders! Whew! that ought to make one willing to pray—to join in with so many. Yes, you put me on your list for the Second Degree of this pious society which even I can join."

A——. "Oh, I didn't mean to make any insinuations. Here, I've made out your certificate of admission. You study it a little, and you'll be glad to be in the League."

B——. "Yes, and remember, please, perhaps I am a better Catholic than you give me credit for."

So far, so good. Mr. B—— meanwhile is interested enough to read up the Handbook. The third month he greets Mr. A——, his Promoter, with—"I say, A——, you're making me pray a good deal—for me. It's almost as when I was a boy. But I'm content, the League's a grand net to catch fish, there's no doubt." And a little shamefacedly: "You may put me down for the Third Degree; I will make the monthly Communion of Reparation."

As the Promoter, overjoyed, was going away, B—— still further extended his confidence, taking the other's hand with tears in his eyes.

"A——, I tell you I've travelled a long way in a short time. It was nine years since I had been to the Sacraments. It was the League ticket and the Morning Offering that did the work."

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Miss C—— is forewoman in one of the rooms of a factory occupying a large number of hands. She has long been a leading member of the Sodality, in which I found a good number of my Promoters. As soon as she had made acquaintance with the work, she said:

"Father, this is what I have been longing for. I had no means of doing real good in the work-room, except now and then by a private conversation. I have got a few to join the Sodality, but my girls live all over the city, and many are not willing to come to the regular meetings. I have often thought what a blessing it would be to have some pious society, over and above the Sodality, that could do its work outside the church. This is what the League does. I will set it going in my room at once, and you will see what good it will do."

I could not help smiling at her earnestness, and I could not help thinking that one of the prime beauties of this wonderful League is, that it makes so much use of the zeal of lay people. For, after all, zeal is a very pleasant virtue, and the Promoters invariably increase piety in themselves while attempting its spread among others.

Well, in a few months' time Miss C—— had admitted into the League every Catholic girl in her department. There were over sixty of them and all took the Second Degree. In connection with this—only the first step of her work—occurred a most touching incident of the wonderful workings of grace and the Providence of God over souls.

Annie P—— was a young girl of great innocence of life, but with very little instruction in the practice of her religion. She was an orphan, and had been brought up to know she was a Catholic, but without any careful religious training. When the girls around her were forming into bands of the League, she could not bear to be left out in the cold. She accordingly promised the practice of the Second Degree, but she had first to learn how to say her rosary. She had the courage to make known her ignorance, and this was soon remedied. She did not stop here; she was prepared for Communion, and began practising the Third Degree in the monthly Communion of Reparation. The third or fourth month after this beginning of a steadily pious life, she fell dangerously ill. Her companions, with the unfailing charity of working Catholics for

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each other, clubbed together and supported her at the Sister's hospital. There she was sanctified by six weeks of suffering, borne with angelic sweetness, when she died a most beautiful and edifying death.

God's Providence might have found other means to prepare her soul for eternity, but, in point of fact, it was the League He chose; and any priest who will work it faithfully—according to its own rules and methods—will find it an instrument of salvation and holiness in many similar cases.

Meanwhile Miss C——'s work as a Promoter went on. The Rosary ticket with its calendar for prayers was posted up at different places of the work-room, and soon the Treasury blank was added. These working-women, living by the labor of their hands, had from the beginning many intentions to recommend for prayers. But they were also generous, and at once caught the idea of making spiritual offerings in return. Thus they imposed on themselves an hour of silence, kept in honor of the Sacred Heart each day.

Naturally enough the work of the League among them has not been limited to their own part of the factory. New Promoters have graduated from their number, and they have found new men-Promoters among their friends. I should say that several hundreds of my Associates of the Second Degree are owing to the well directed zeal of Miss C——.

But besides the direct practices promised in the League, many an incidental fruit appears. Thus, one of the first to join Miss C——'s own band was one of the cutters—an excellent Catholic man. He soon brought in eight Catholic fellow-workmen—all, I believe, who were in his department. The rest of the story he tells himself.

"I have never missed Mass on days of obligation for many years. But I always thought it too difficult to hear Mass on week-days. When I began practising the Third Degree of the League, I went to Mass on my day of weekly Communion, and now I am at Mass every morning. It warms me for my day's work which I consecrate in the Morning Offering to the Sacred Heart."

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THE LEAGUE AT WORK.

1. (*In Washington.*)

LAST Sunday at Vespers a very edifying ceremony took place in St. Patrick's. It was the distribution of the diplomas and crosses to the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the conferring of the badges on the Associates by the Rev. Father Walter. In the future the blanks for the intentions and *Treasury of the Sacred Heart* will be received by the Promoters on the last Sunday of each month, and by them distributed to the Associates. After they have been filled they will be placed in a box, provided for the purpose, in St. Patrick's Church, in place of being sent to Father Walter's house, as has been the custom previously.

It is gratifying to know that new interest is being manifested in this grand devotion by the members of St. Patrick's parish; and it is to be hoped that those who have shown no interest in this work heretofore, will at once enrol their names as members, and thus share in the prayers of 15,000,000 Associates scattered throughout the world.—*The Church News*, Washington, D. C.

[This is the only centre in Washington where the Promoters have been confirmed by the reception of the official diploma and indulgenced cross, conferred by the Head Director.—EDITOR.]

2. (*In South Boston.*)

Last Friday evening the regular devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart took place at the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston. The pastor, Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, gave an instruction on frequent Communion to a congregation which completely filled the church. In the course of his remarks Fr. Metcalf announced that the League of the Sacred Heart had grown in a marvellous manner in the parish, the Associates having reached the number of 2,040. The monthly communicants of the League are nearly 1,000, and the number of those who daily recite a decade of the Rosary is 2,005.

One of the edifying features of this association is, that nearly half the membership consists of men, who seem to vie with each other in efforts to honor the Sacred Heart and maintain a healthy spirit of manly piety.

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The spiritual improvement due to this Association in the parish is so marked and so extraordinary that the reverend clergymen are daily called upon to admire the work of God's hands and thank His bounty.

As this is the only fully organized centre in Boston of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, it shows what good may be accomplished in a short time. The League was just six months old last Friday.

The people of Gate of Heaven parish are to be congratulated and envied. May the Sacred Heart continue to bless them more and more.—*The Pilot*, Boston.

3. (*In St. Louis.*)

We are pleased to inform you that our efforts to extend the Holy League are not without success. We now order 300 additional certificates of admission.

We have lately introduced the League into another school under our charge, and here again we are meeting with much success. Even the children of Protestants or non-Catholic parentage are anxious to become members. One little girl, scarcely four years of age, came forward with the senior pupils and asked to be enrolled. The Sister in charge inquired why she wanted to be a member, adding—"You are not a Catholic!" Hereupon the little one replied:

"I can give my heart to Jesus, and my mamma says I may learn the catechism."

Persons who have till now passed for Protestants seek enrolment, acknowledging openly that they had been baptized Catholics. The Associates enrolled here since January are truly increasing in fervor as well as in number. The Communions on the First Friday are three or four times as great among the seculars in our institution as they were previous to the establishment of the Holy League.

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Hymn to the Sacred Heart.

Words and Music by Rev. THEODORE A. METCALF.

1. O Sa - cred heart! O Love Divine! Do keep us near to Thee; And
2. O Tem - ple pure! O House of gold! Our heav en here be - low! What
3. O wound-ed Heart! O Font of tears! O Throne of grief and pain! Where-
4. Un-grate- ful hearts, For-get - ful hearts, The hearts of men have been, To

make our love so like to Thine, That we may ho - ly be.
sweet de-lights, what wealth un - told, From Thee do ev - er flow!
on, for the e - ter - nal years, Thy love for man does reign!
wound Thy side with cru - el darts, Which they have made by sin.

Heart of Je-sus hear; Listen to our prayer;
O Heart of Love Divine! Make us always Thine.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

THERE was a Spanish Saint, it is said, before whom our Lord represented the map of the whole world, asking her to choose the country of which she most desired the conversion: "Of all, Lord," she made answer in her ardent zeal; "of all countries, Lord!" But when our Lord lovingly pressed her to choose out one from all the rest, she finally answered: "England!" In the unhappy times of the so-called Reformation, England set her face determinedly against the Church of God, and for two hundred years never relaxed in her deadly opposition to her. This was not all from religious feeling; but her national interests had been skilfully interwoven with the cause of the enemies of the Church, and a people was formed with no knowledge of the Catholic Church but what an almost superstitious prejudice had taught them, and with a very violent dislike of all foreign Catholics with whom they were apt to come in contact. Still the common people held in good faith much Catholic truth.

Meanwhile the commerce and the drumbeat of the British Empire have encircled the globe. How great have been her opportunities for good and for evil! Yet, until the beginning of the present century, and largely since that time, all her political influence has been cast in favor of revolution and against the Church, while up to the present day she sends her almost limitless gold to the so-called missions among the heathen, where her missionaries do not succeed in changing for the better one single soul, while they sow everywhere the seeds of their own bitter prejudices against the true Church.

But at home, a great change has come over her people, and the Catholic Church in the last fifty years has had the most surprising growth—that "second spring," as Cardinal Newman, who has been so chief an instrument of it, has called it. That this movement may grow, and finally do away with the injustice of three centuries of false religion is to be our prayer of the present month of the Sacred Heart—*full of grace and truth.*[1]

[1] St. John, i. 14.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. JULY, 1888.

JULY DAYS.

LET us hear something of the days of the month; for a man who is thought wise is said to be "up to the time of day." Our Calendars help us to this religiously. An explanation of their use for the coming month will be pleasing, especially when it is known that the little Calendar on the monthly Rosary ticket has now a circulation here in America of 160,000. But we will follow the large wall Calendar, of which the 3d page of our cover and the little ticket are but summaries.

After the day of month and week comes a Saint, or Church feast. These are chosen as far as possible according to the priest's order of saying Mass. Where none is marked in his order, or there is a special patron of our own to be honored, other names are sometimes found.

Next follows the name or description of some virtue to be practised agreeably to the feast celebrated. This is, of course, only as a hint or "word to the wise."

Then, in regular order day by day, is given the number of particular Intentions for which prayers have been asked by our Associates here in America. The same is done in the foreign centres of the League—from Rome to Australia. Thus each country does its own united praying for its own requests, and all the nations afterwards meet together, since these Intentions are sent to the General Centre in Europe. There Mass is daily said for them at the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, and then they are sent on to the great shrines of our Lady at La Salette and Lourdes.

Last of all, the special Indulgences for the different Degrees and practices of the League and for its Promoters are marked. Henceforth we shall do the same for the Sodality, now that our work is increasing in that direction.

Let us go over briefly the principal days of July, week by week.

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The Sunday consecrated to the memory of the Precious Blood of our Lord, shed for our redemption, opens the month.—Monday follows with the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her cousin St. Elizabeth, when, as St. Luke tells us, St. John the Baptist yet unborn recognized the Saviour of the world and leaped for joy in his mother's womb. This is the feast of the 2d Joyful Mystery of the Rosary, and so is interesting to all our Associates of the 2d Degree. It is also the feast of the order of nuns from which our Lord chose Blessed Margaret Mary to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart; and this year it is an important two-hundredth anniversary, as is explained in the General Intention on our last page. In the official notice of the large MESSENGER for June, Directors and Associates have been urged to certain practices in public honor of this anniversary.

Thursday of the same week reminds us of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slavonic race, which certainly greatly needs our prayers in the vast Russian Empire, none the less because our MESSENGER is there a proscribed book.—The First Friday, to which the great promise of our Lord is attached, follows; and then St. Pulcheria, an Empress in the East, and St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, in the West, so that even the great in this world go up rejoicing to the kingdom of heaven.

In the next week is St. John Gualbert who forgave his brother's murderer in the name of the Crucified, and St. Bonaventure, the great teacher of devotion to our Lord's passion.

The third week begins with an Emperor of Germany, St. Henry, and is followed by the feast of the Scapular worn in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel by so many Catholics the world over. In the same week follow three Saints devoted to works of mercy for their neighbor; St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Sisters of Charity, is their type.

On the next Sunday comes St. Mary Magdalene whose penance and tears our Lord Himself has canonized; she is one of the two Promoters' patrons of the month. During the week St. James the Greater, an apostle of our Lord, has his feast, and then the great patroness of all matrons and mothers, St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. On the last day of the month is placed St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus in which our League took its start. He also is a patron of the Promoters, and so his feast brings a Plenary Indulgence to those who have received their confirmation by cross and diploma. He is an example for them in their labors. From the time he gave up his soldier's career until his death he fulfilled their rule, "exerting himself by every means in his power more and more to advance the divine glory, the salvation of souls, the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and other devotions approved by the Church, according to the powers granted to him." (*Statutes, Article V.*).

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A FIRST COMMUNION AND THE COMMUNISTS.

THE Church of St. Thomas of Aquin in Paris was formerly the chapel of the novitiate of the Dominicans. It is close by the convent, which in the great outbreak of anarchy in 1871 was made into barracks and was the seat of a military commission of the Commune. This dangerous neighborhood placed the faithful under a supervision that was continual and threatening. They expected every day that the church would be pillaged and closed.

Meanwhile the 4th of May, the date fixed for the First Communion, drew near. There was some hesitation about it. The parish priest was in favor of this public act of faith, and resolved not to deprive the children, who had already been prepared, of the blessing of Communion. Would it be possible to find them again after the schools were closed? Besides, the excitement and danger had caused them to make an excellent preparation.

Accordingly, on the 4th of May, the little girls, dressed in white according to custom, entered the church by a side door almost hidden from sight, while the boys came in by the ordinary way.

The ceremony began. But all at once the church was filled by the soldiers of the neighboring post, all of whom were men from the slums of the city. They were all there, drawn up in ranks at the end of the church and looking on. Every one asked anxiously whether some outcry or insult would not come to scatter the timid flock of children. There was nothing of the kind; and once more it was easy to verify that religious memories still have an influence over souls that have wandered far.

This is the story as told by the priest of the parish.

These men had been gathered together in the slums, and were the most excited of all by the passions of that time. Yet they felt themselves penetrated with feelings which had long been unknown to them, when they saw this gathering of little ones recollected in prayer and entirely occupied with the great act they were about to perform.

It is thus the satellites of the Roman persecutors must often have felt themselves moved when they entered the catacombs and found the Christians preparing themselves for death. The pious hymns, the fervent prayers, the innocent children and the touching

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attitude of the parents, the anxious care of the priest, the fragrance of incense from the altar, the solemnity of the Holy Sacrifice, and, more than all, grace awaking in the depths of their soul the holiest memories—all was adapted to move and calm these unhappy men, no matter what the fever of their souls might be. Doubtless it was so, and their attitude during the entire ceremony was one of perfect propriety.

At the end their commander could not help saying aloud: "Citizens, this is very beautiful, very beautiful!"

Some one then said to him there was only one thing wanting to this festivity—a procession of children round the public place in front of the church. This procession had been had every year before.

The Communist captain asked with some sharpness why it did not take place this year, and whether the citizen-priest distrusted them.

Reply was made that it was simply an act of prudence, so as not to oblige the soldiers to interfere in case any person of ill-will should try to disturb the procession.

He answered: "Oh! I would take it on myself to prevent the least disorder, and they might have relied on me."

"Well," they said to him, "we are going to have this evening, at half-past two, another gathering of the children. If you wish we will ask the priest to allow the procession, assuring him that you will willingly be responsible for good order."

"Oh, I will make it my business, and you will see that no one will dare disturb the ceremony."

When they came to report to me this strange interview I made them thank this man of good-will, and permitted the procession for the evening.

Never was a First Communion more edifying. The children showed that they were filled with the greatness of the act they were performing and the gravity of the circumstances in which we were placed. But they were to become the objects of a demonstration that is without example.

They gathered together in the church for the service of the evening as they had done for that of the morning—the boys through the great door on the public place, and the girls by the side door.

The great news of the procession which had been permitted and

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promised them was announced as they were coming out of the chapel where the catechism was given. The door of the hall leading out on the square had been closed since the first days of the Commune. It was solemnly opened, and two priests in surplice, marching at the head of the children, appeared on the threshold. The commander of the post was waiting for them on the steps of the artillery headquarters near by. He had given his orders and forewarned his men to be in readiness.

As the procession appeared the drums beat and the soldiers placed themselves in order by the church door and along the square.

Every one was stupefied to hear the word of command: "Carry arms! Present arms!"

It was with these military honors in the public square, at such a time and with such men, that these poor children for whom we had so trembled were received. In this way they made the round of the square, walking in double file slowly and reciting prayers, and the soldiers presented arms until the last had re-entered the church.

During the procession an express on horseback, on his way to the military commission, pushed his horse forward into the ranks of the children.

The commander cried out with authority: "Don't pass there!"

The express looked as if he meant to pay no heed to this prohibition. Straightway this brave member of the National Guard seized the bridle of his horse and led him round behind the whole procession, when he released him, saying, "Go along that way!"

It is easy to understand that all this caused lively emotion in those who had been witnesses of it—priest, children and parents. They spoke only of this all the evening. It seemed to us that our day left nothing to be desired, and that our happiness was complete. But we had been too happy not to have to pay for it. The payment was to be double and very sorrowful.

In the first place, that very evening the entire post of soldiers with its commander were sent to the ramparts, and the next morning the news was given me in the saddest possible way by the men who had replaced them.

I had been anxious to thank the good fellows who on this

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occasion at least had behaved so well. I had sent one of my men to ask when I could see them together.

The answer was, "The soldiers at this post yesterday are no longer here. They were sent to the ramparts in the evening."

"And their commander?"

"Oh, the commander! You'll not see *him* again. They dragged him away after putting a ball through his head."

Our sorrow was great. We never knew whether his generous action and his act of faith had merited for this Communist commander the grace of a death endured for the sake of our Lord. The newspapers said it was so, and they even printed that he had found his death, not on the ramparts, but in the barracks beside the church, where he had been shot for his generous behavior on the day of the First Communion.

If this was true, and the glorious palm reserved for martyrs had been really bestowed on him, then may God be praised Who recompenses with such magnificence those who confess His name with courage.

A BATCH OF DEATHBED CONVERSIONS.

I. A Western Lawyer.

Indiana, *May* 7, 1888.

A young man, brother to one of our Sisters, died recently, and in so edifying a manner as to be envied by those who were fortunate enough to be witnesses of it.

He was a member of the bar, and ranked among the foremost in his profession; and by his integrity, irreproachable morals, and social qualities, won the esteem of all who knew him, rich and poor. His only fault seems to have been the neglect of the Sacraments; his professional duties and politics absorbed all his attention.

When his physicians told him that no remedy could avail him, he, to the great joy of his parents, who are exemplary Catholics, asked for a priest, and prepared himself for the reception of the Sacraments in so earnest a manner as to edify greatly his relatives and many friends.

A few days before his death he called his brothers, four in number, to his bedside, and made them promise to comply with their

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Easter duty, which they, like himself, had neglected for several years, telling them that should it please God to restore him to health, he would faithfully perform all the duties of his religion, and lead the life of a good Catholic. They have fulfilled their promise. During the last three days of his life, the most fervent aspirations were almost continually on his lips, notwithstanding that many Protestants were present, among whom were his compeers in the legal profession.

May the example of his death, so precious in the sight of God, lead the many erring souls who were witnesses of his faith and piety, to embrace a religion which alone could inspire such resignation to the holy will of God in one whose future career appeared so brilliant.

This beautiful death, together with the many touching incidents that accompanied it, is due to the prayers of the Associates of the League. Often had he been recommended to the MESSENGER, and we have seen with what result. It was on the First Friday in April that he received Holy Communion, after an interval of seven years. It seemed that the Sacred Heart wished to give another of the many visible proofs that It is never invoked in vain.

Persons of the different denominations assisted at his burial; but what gives lustre to his name is, that he was followed, on foot, to the cemetery, a considerable distance from the city, by the poor, among whom were many colored persons, whose cause, doubtless, he had often pleaded at the bar.

II. A HUSBAND.

Another triumph of the Sacred Heart. A highly esteemed and wealthy man died recently. His wife, who had been a pupil of our institute, and continues to be an excellent Catholic, often asked our prayers for her husband, that at least before his death he might be one of the true fold, and again and again he had been recommended through the MESSENGER to the League.

In April he was seized with pneumonia, and was soon brought to death's door; yet he gave no sign of dying better than he had lived. But the Sacred Heart was preparing the way for the conversion of this poor soul, who apparently was so indifferent about his eternal welfare.

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Late in the evening before his death, a pious Catholic friend, who happened to be in the city that day, paid him a visit. When about to leave, he approached his bed and asked him if he had ever been baptized. He answered that he had not, adding that his parents were Quakers, and both died while he was young. When he grew up, his business, in which he nearly always succeeded, engrossed all his thoughts. His friend, anxious for his salvation, asked him if he would not like to be baptized. His answer was: "I will think about it." Near midnight he sent for a priest, was baptized, and the next morning his soul took its flight to eternity.

III. An American Lady.

St. Louis, Missouri, *May* 16, 1888.

Rev. Father: Over a month ago I wrote to you and recommended to the prayers of the League a woman who had been very ill, a Protestant, on whom I had put the Badge of the Sacred Heart.

Last Sunday, a week ago, she died a fervent Catholic. On the eve of the First Friday of the month she asked for the priest of her own accord, was baptized, made her confession, and on the following day, the First Friday, made her First Communion.

Two weeks before, I saw her for the last time, as I was moving into the country, but I never ceased praying for her conversion. The Protestant minister came two or three times, and she was left entirely in the hands of Protestants. Therefore I deem her conversion a real miracle.

Although she was in a dying condition for a month, she seemed as though she could not die as long as she wore the Badge. The doctors and all who saw her wondered what kept her alive, but I felt she was going to be a Catholic, and that a Catholic she must be as long as she had on the Badge, and the prayers of the League were being offered up for her conversion. Too many thanks cannot be offered for this wonderful grace, and I beg that the Associates will please offer thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, and that you will give this account a place in the Messenger.

Thanks are also offered for the conversion of a renegade Catholic, through means of a Badge and a light burned before the image of the Sacred Heart. An Associate.

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IV. A British Officer.

Belize, British Honduras, *December* 8, 1886.

It has occurred to me that a little incident which it was my lot to take part in might be acceptable for the edification of your readers, as it caused much talk in our town, where the prejudices of non-Catholics are still alive, though not, perhaps, very active, except when circumstances provoke a little irritation.

One of those visitations which Divine Providence uses for Its own inscrutable ends fell on Belize, the principal town of British Honduras, in September last. It had the usual effect of bringing more than one straggling sheep back to the Good Shepherd, but the most remarkable case was that of an officer of the garrison.

The captain fell sick just as the fever was at its height, and was removed to the military hospital, to have more ready attendance, as also to avoid the danger of contagion. It occurred to a friend of his that more careful nursing was becoming his position, and might also operate effectively towards his recovery. Two Sisters of Mercy were called to attend him, and in ready compliance waited on him daily. After twelve or thirteen days the invalid's case seemed hopeless, and the doctor begged the Sisters to insinuate to him his precarious condition, and find out if he had any messages to leave for his friends. This painful duty was done as only kind hearts know how, and the poor fellow begged that a letter should be written to his mother.

"Well, captain, seeing that you are in such proximity to death would you not like to see your minister?"

"No!" was the reply of the dying soldier. "But—stay! let me think a moment."

The two sisters in anxious expectation retired a little apart, and together made a little prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that one who had borne his sufferings so patiently, without even the slightest offensive or irritable expression, should not be allowed to die as a pagan. Then they took their beads, but before they had recited the first decade the sick man said:

"Listen—send for a Catholic priest!"

There was no delay. After a few questions and answers on doctrinal matters the captain said: "Well, Father, let us go on. I will be baptized."

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He not only made his confession, but as he received Extreme Unction he turned his head and held out his hands as if he had been a Catholic all his life, and then, on the completion of the last rites, warmly clasped the priest's hands in his, and with a smile of gratitude repeatedly thanked him for his assistance.

He died that same evening, and was buried with military honors, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church.

A SISTER'S STORY OF THE GUARD OF HONOR.

THE following incident was related to me, in a simple and childlike manner, by a young friend in whom I felt a deep interest, for she gave promise of great virtues. I give her little recital as I received it.

It was towards the close of a winter's day and, although not late, it was nevertheless quite dark. I was returning from a long walk and felt quite tired; but as I had not yet made my daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I dropped into the Church of St. Francis Xavier to fulfil this duty as a member of the "Guard of Honor."

Although the Church was open there were no other worshippers there. Save for the sanctuary lamp, which threw a crimson light upon the Tabernacle, the Church was in darkness.

"Jesus is all alone," I thought, "and in this great world there is no one to come at this hour to adore Him but me. If I could only do something to please Him, to atone for those who please Him not. But what can I do—I who am so weak and useless? . . . I shall soon go home. . . I shall dine, and then spend the evening in pleasure. That, perhaps, may be lacking, but either way, of what use shall I be to any one? And after that I shall go to rest and the world will be no better for my existence, perhaps none the worse, but is that sufficient for an immortal soul? How I wish that I could be of some use, however little, to some one."

While occupied with these thoughts I had not noticed an aged priest, who had come from the sacristy, until he had lighted the altar candles. I noticed that he wore a stole, and by that I knew that he was on his way to the bedside of some poor sufferer.

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I knelt, for the Tabernacle door was open, and a flood of light and love and joy seemed to pour upon me from that little door, and I felt as I had never felt before. A moment, and the sacred place was closed and the lights extinguished. The priest advanced, and I bowed my head in adoration. I listened to his retreating footsteps, and one thought took possession of me.

He is going into the crowded and noisy streets, and who will know that he bears the Lord? who will be there to adore Him?

I felt impelled to follow, and rising I hastened after him. We reached the street together, I opening and closing the doors to make his path straight, and following him at an even pace a few feet behind him.

Where we were going I knew not and cared not, for my mission was to adore the hidden Lord, and my eyes were riveted on the bent form before me. After some time I was interrupted by the voice of the priest, who turning round said gently:

"My child, are you with me?"

"Yes, Father, I know that you are carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and I am following to adore It."

He then told me that he was in a difficulty. On a paper which he held in his hand was written the address of the sick person, but the number marked he could not find. I took the paper, and passing under a gas-light saw what the aged eyes had failed to observe that the street was marked E. (East), and not W. I informed him of the mistake and offered to find the place for him. Quite relieved he motioned me to precede him, but shrinking back I said:

"Not so, Father, but I will tell you when we reach it," and we proceeded on our wordless walk.

If it had been three times as long it would have been too short for me, and I thought I could in a far-off way realize the joy experienced in the Beatific Vision, when that of the veiled Presence could be so great.

After some time we paused before a shanty which seemed to be used as a stable, and on the outside of which was a rickety flight of steps leading to the upper floor. I preceded the good Father, in order to make the necessary inquiries, and found that it was indeed the place we were seeking—but such a place into which to bring our Divine Lord!

Placing a chair for the priest, who seemed much fatigued, I busied

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myself in endeavoring to restore some sort of order and decency to the habitation, and make the necessary preparations for the reception of the Sacraments; for all was squalor and filth, and there was not even a place sufficiently clean upon which to lay the Blessed Sacrament.

When I had accomplished all that lay in my power to make the patient and his surroundings less revolting I withdrew, waiting outside the door until the man had made his confession. On re-entering the room, I knelt and answered the prayers as the holy man proceeded to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and give the Holy Viaticum to one who seemed already in the agonies of death.

When all was over the old priest turned towards me, and sweetly thanking me for my services, said:

"My child, do you go my way?"

I thought the tone was somewhat pleading, and I assured him that I should pass his very door. We left the house together and silently pursued our walk, until, reaching his door, he said:

"My child, will you give me your name? I am very grateful for your assistance this night."

"Father," I said, "it is I who should feel grateful for the opportunity you have given me of performing this trifling service," and, bowing hastily, turned homeward.

That night I felt that my day had not been entirely useless, and I was happy.

PRAYER AND GOOD-WILL.

(*Convent Conversions.*)

YOU will remember our asking you some time ago if Protestants could become members of the League? We had acted on a note seen in the correspondence of the MESSENGER. Well, whatever may be the theological side of the matter, our dearest Lord seems to have accepted their good will. *Three* of the number are now under instruction preparatory to Baptism, and as they are girls of strong character and have been of very decided prejudices against the Church, we must assuredly regard such a change as another conquest of the Divine Heart. May It be ever blest and glorified!

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Its Rapid Growth; its Great Men.

IT is a curious thing to see how certain associations spread rapidly from place to place. The Sodality is a remarkable example of this kind. Its rapid growth and strength have continued during the three hundred years of its existence, and it has ever been connected with great and hallowed names.

Blessed Edmund Campian, who became a martyr for the faith after cruel torture in England, was Father Director of one of the first Sodalities founded outside of Rome. St. Charles Borromeo, the model bishop, established one in the college of his episcopal city. In the year 1600—scarcely forty years after the first foundation—the Society of Jesus had Sodalities among the scholars of every one of its two hundred colleges. The registers of the *Prima Primaria* at Rome show that, in its first three hundred years, 9516 diplomas of aggregation had been given out.

These Sodalities were not stationary in their spirit, but followed the movement of the Church's devotion. Thus in the nine years preceding 1833 one hundred and thirty were erected under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and in the single year 1832 more than thirty under the title of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. At the time of the recent canonization we had occasion to notice among the American affiliations passing through our hands, that the new Saint John Berchmans was already being chosen as patron of the Sodalities of the young.

It would be impossible to give even a small number of the famous men and heroes of the Church whose names appear on the Sodality register. Father Leon, who founded the Primary Sodality in Rome, died in Turin while attending the plague-stricken abandoned by all others. Among Sodality directors, besides Blessed Campian, are found the names of St. Francis Borgia, St. Charles

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Borromeo, St. Francis Hieronymo, Blessed Peter Canisius, Cardinal Bellarmine, and venerable martyrs like Ralph Acquaviva.

The brother of the latter—the well known General of the Society of Jesus, and the second Director of the Roman Primary—received into the Society St. Aloysius, then Prince Gonzaga, and among the first Sodalists were St. Stanislaus Kostka and St. John Berchmans—the three favorite patrons of youth.

Other Sodalists themselves became founders of religious orders. Such were John Eudes, the early apostle of the Sacred Heart, St. Francis of Sales, founder of the order of the Visitation, Blessed Peter Fourier, and the Venerable Olier, founder of the Sulpicians. Another was the famous De Montfort, noted for his writings on true devotion to the Blessed Virgin and beatified during the recent Jubilee..

There is a crowd of other saints among the sons of the Sodality: St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, a Capuchin martyred by the "Reformation" in Germany; St. Leonard of Port Maurice, the Franciscan propagator of the Way of the Cross, which after the Rosary is perhaps the most popular of Catholic devotions; St. Camillus of Lellis, renowned for his heroism in the service of the plague-stricken and founder of a charitable order of priests for ministering to the sick; and St. John Baptist de Rossi who was canonized by the present Pope as a model of the secular priesthood. There are yet others among the martyrs on the foreign misssions.

Of men, otherwise distinguished, it would be sufficient to mention that six popes issued from the ranks of the Sodality in its first century, and in our own day both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. were among its children. That its work has not been merely for the religious refinement of young men as individuals may be seen from the part ascribed to it in the history of stormy times. It is said that the preservation of the Catholic faith in Bavaria, after the outbreak of the Reformation, was largely due to the influence of these Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A STIRRING FOURTH OF JULY.

THE American national independence is reckoned from a Fourth of July little more than a hundred years ago. But other Americans of times long before had known the day.

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Two hundred and forty years ago the Mohawk Indians set out in several bands from what is now the State of New York against the Christian colonies and missions to the North. On the 4th of July, 1648, they made a successful attack on the Canadian colonists at Three Rivers, and on the same day, hundreds of miles away, they destroyed the mission of St. Joseph near Lake Huron. A letter of the missionaries of that time describes this stirring celebration of what was even then the "Glorious Fourth"; for the glory of the Church is her martyrs.

The principal town in the mission of St. Joseph numbered about four hundred families. The faith had long been spreading among them, and the Christians were ever growing in number and yet more in holiness of life, through the unwearied labors of Father Anthony Daniel, one of the first missionaries in all that country.

The Father had scarcely finished his Mass, and the Christians, who as usual had crowded into the church as soon as the sun was up, remained on at their prayers, when the cry, "To arms!" was raised. The enemy had come upon them suddenly during the night. Some ran to fight, others betook themselves to flight, and everywhere there was nothing but fright and terror.

The Father ran among the first where he saw the danger was greatest, to encourage his children to defend themselves bravely. It was as if he had seen Paradise opened for the Christians, and hell-fire for those who refused the faith. He spoke to them in a voice so strengthened by the spirit that had taken possession of him, that he conquered the most rebellious of those wild hearts and made them Christian. They had long heard his instructions, but now the number who desired baptism in the face of danger was so great that he was scarcely equal to the task. He was obliged to dip his handkerchief in water—it was all that was ready to his hand—and baptize them by aspersion, while these poor savages were crying for mercy.

Meanwhile the enemy kept up the attack with greater fury than ever. When the Father saw that the Mohawks were masters of the place, instead of taking to flight with the others, who pressed him to save himself along with them, he remembered, in his forgetfulness of self, a few old men and sick persons whom he had long been preparing for their baptism. He ran through the cabins, comforting them with his zeal. Even the pagan mothers

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presented their children to him in the crowd that he might make Christians of them.

At last the victorious enemy had set fire to the town; their fury was only exasperated by the blood of women and children. The Father wished to die in his church. He found it full of Christians, and of others whom he had been preparing for baptism and who now asked it earnestly of him. At such a time faith moved their prayers, and there could be no hypocrisy in their hearts. Some he baptized, and he gave the last absolution to others, comforting them all with these words—"My brothers, to-day we shall be in heaven."

The enemy learned that the Christians had taken refuge in great numbers in the church. They could not hope for an easier or richer prey than this. So they ran forward with savage whoops and frightful cries.

When he heard them approaching, the Father called to his new Christians: "Flee, brothers, and carry your faith with you to your last gasp. I must die here, so long as I see a single soul to gain for heaven. If I only die to save you my life is nothing to me: we shall see each other again in heaven."

At the same time he went out on the side where the enemy was approaching. They stopped in amazement at seeing a man alone coming to meet them. They even moved back a little as though he bore in his countenance some power to dismay and affright their whole company. But in a moment, as if ashamed of themselves, they pressed forward and, surrounding him on every side, filled him with their arrows till at last a ball from a musket pierced through his breast from side to side. He fell calling on the name of Jesus, and gave up his blessed soul to God—a true good shepherd laying down his life for his sheep.

Then the savages rushed upon him as though he were the especial object of their rage and hatred. They stripped and treated him with a thousand indignities. There was not one who did not seem to glory in giving him a new blow, even after they saw that he was dead. The fire went on devouring the cabins and, when it reached the church, the Father was thrown into the midst of the flames and was soon a whole burnt-offering.

He could not have been sacrificed more gloriously than in the shining flames of his burning chapel.

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FATHER DANIEL'S LAST MASS.

JULY 4TH, 1648.

By Charles E. Jakeway.

Alone in the forest's verdant shade 'neath a towering pine he stood,
Erect and agile and strong of frame, with a visage mild and good,
One hand to his broad, low brow was raised, in the other was clasped a book,
On which his half-closed eyes were cast with a dreamy, absent look.

Did a vision pass before his brain of the life he had left behind,
Of lofty hopes in glorious France for the love of the Lord resigned?
Or were his thoughts of the peril nigh, for the wolf prowled near the fold,
Those hungry wolves, the Iroquois, blood-thirsty, fierce and bold?

Then he lifted his head and a tender light shone forth from his radiant eyes,
As he looked through a rent in the foliage green at the blue, unclouded skies,
And murmured, "Father, Thy will be done. I have driven the world from me,
Without reserve my naked soul I humbly offer Thee."

With a gesture meek he turned away, and walked with a solemn air,
Up the tangled wild-wood path that led to the rustic place of prayer,
Where his faithful flock of Hurons had assembled, young and old,
To worship God at their pastor's feet in the shelter of the fold.

In gentle, loving tones he told, in words they could understand,
The story of Christ, the Infant God, to that simple, reverent band,
And though full oft the wondrous tale he had told to them before,
With abated breath and willing ears they heard it o'er once more.

Then lowly they all knelt down to pray, and the birds and trees around
Seemed to hush their songs and still their sighs as if filled with an awe profound.
But, hark! What was that? "The Iroquois!" rang the warning wild and shrill,
And at once the dreaded battle-cry re-echoed from vale and hill.

Père Daniel sprang erect to his feet, and a moment gazed around,
There were none could fight, for the braves had gone to a distant hunting ground,
And only the women and aged men and children met his gaze,
As horror-stricken they turned to him with looks of blank amaze.

His eyes flashed fire. He lifted his hands, and his voice, like a trumpet clear,
Rank out o'er the din of approaching strife: "My children, do not fear!
This day we shall be in Heaven with Christ! Flinch not from the chastening rod!"
And in tones of triumph baptized them all in the name of the Triune God.

Then wrapping his vestments round his frame, that seemed to increase in size,
He strode to the door with a smile on his lips and a luminous light in his eyes,
And facing undaunted his fiery foe, unflinching he braved the shock,
And died with the name of his God on his tongue at the front of his little flock.

—*Orillia, Ont., Packet.*

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A MONUMENT OF THE PAST—AN APPEAL.

[To the above stirring lines we willingly add the following appeal, so fully in unison with our own work of OUR LADY OF MARTYRS. EDITOR.]

It has been a subject of wondering, and even of reproach, that the memories of such men were so long buried in oblivion and left unhonored, and that amidst the scenes of the Huron mission no monument was erected to recall them to succeeding generations. Then, lately, strong desires were expressed that a fitting monument should be erected to commemorate the events of those heroic times.

The present parish priest of Penetanguishene, sharing those sentiments, and receiving encouragement from many sources, has undertaken the work, the Archbishop of Toronto, in whose diocese the Huron district lies, having most willingly given his sanction to it.

Having charge of the Penetanguishene Mission, Father Laboureau is, in a certain sense, the successor of those illustrious men. The banks of the Penetanguishene Bay have seen the birth of the mission. Since the dispersion of the Huron nation, Penetanguishene, having been the first settlement, the first post established in the former Huron country, having been the seat of the first church and the residence of the first priest who, for many years, used to attend the whole district from the Narrows of Lake Simcoe to Owen Sound, forms the connecting link between the past and present. The old mission seems to have continued, or at least was first revived in Penetanguishene, which has thus become the heir and representative of the past, so that the traditions of those times are associated with the name and the place. Penetanguishene seems thus to be naturally marked for the glory and privilege of erecting the monument due to those men whose lives and deaths have made so bright the first page of the history of Upper Canada, and it may be said of Northern America.

It is then proposed to erect on the shores of the Georgian Bay at Penetanguishene, a Memorial Church as a fitting monument to those holy and noble men De Brebeuf, Lallemant, and their companions, the early missionaries to that part of Canada, then the country of the Hurons, to recall and perpetuate their memory and the history of the mission.

The people of Penetanguishene and the civic authorities of the

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town are happy to encourage the Rev. Father who devotes his time and energy to that noble work. They justly think it not only an obligation but a privilege to do something to honor those men who have made their country illustrious. The Mayor, the Reeve, and Councillors have promised a generous and liberal aid to the work.

But to erect a monument worthy of the men to be honored, and of the events to be commemorated, could not be, and should not be a local affair. The memory and glory of those men are the property of the nation. Besides, it would be beyond the ability of the residents of the locality. An appeal should be made to the people of the dominion, and to the friends and admirers of the mission everywhere.

Subscriptions and donations are earnestly solicited; they may be sent to Rev. Th. F. Laboureau, Penetanguishene, Ont., or deposited to his credit at the Imperial Bank, Toronto.

THE YEAR'S PILGRIMAGES TO THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY, N. Y., *May* 26, 1888.

We intend to have two pilgrimages this year—one Aug. 12th for men, and the other Aug. 19th for women. Trains will start from Troy, foot of Jackson St., at 5 a. m.—Round trip ticket, $1.00.

JOSEPH LOYZANCE, S. J., *Director.*

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the month of May:

A Brother of the Third Order of St. Francis, . . .	$5.00
Lizzie M. Foote, San Francisco, Cal., ...	3.00
A Child of Mary, Plains, Pa., ...	1.00
Mrs. Catharine Hamilton, Baltimore, Md., ...	1.00
Margaret Hamilton, " "	1.00
A Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., ...	5.00
Anon., Jersey City, N. J., ...	1.00
Rev. J. P. Dion, Highland Vincennes, Ind., . . .	10.00
Elizabeth Geraghty, Providence, R. I., ...	5.00
Mary Henshey, " "	5.00

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A LAWYER'S SUMMING UP OF THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

[The American Head Director is happy and proud to publish this clear document from one of our zealous Promoters.]

I. **Object**: To league together in a union of prayer for the intentions of the Sacred Heart and of each other—thus uniting the petitions and intentions of millions of persons for the same ends in an Apostleship of Prayer.

II. **Requisites**: (1) That each local centre be duly aggregated by diploma from the Head Centre;

(2) That each member receive through the Local Director, or one of the Promoters, a Certificate of Admission issued by the Head Director;

(3) That each name be duly enrolled in a register kept at the local centre.

III. **Obligations**: (1) Only one obligation for general membership (1st Degree)—the Morning Offering of the intentions of the day's prayers, and sufferings and acts for the intentions of the Sacred Heart and of the League;

(2) A member may join a Rosary band for the recitation of a decade of the beads every day, and thus belong to a second class (2d Degree);

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(3) He may further join a band for receiving Holy Communion on a day of each month, or of each week, in reparation for sins committed, thereby forming a third class (3d Degree).

Remarks.

I. **Organization**: The League has a General Director, who is a priest of the Society of Jesus, confirmed by the Pope;

Also, Head or Central Directors for each country or large division, who alone have the right to issue the diplomas, certificates and publications of the League;

Local Directors, *i. e.*, the parish or other priest in charge of the local organization;

Last of all, the Local Director appoints Promoters, who attend to the management and development of the work, and who have power to enrol members and deliver Certificates of Admission received from the Head Director.

II. **Practices**: Besides the daily intention there are various devotions to the Sacred Heart which the League naturally leads to, such as the Rosary Decade, the monthly or weekly Communion of Reparation, &c.

The receiving of Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month, although no part of the obligations of the League, is a most natural and excellent practice, which all members are urged to adopt, and which is laden with special blessings for itself, as promised directly by our Lord.

III. **Advantages**: The special requests for prayers by the Associates are forwarded through the Local Director to the Head Director, and finally sent to the General Centre. They become joined in and supported by the intentions and prayers of the whole League—giving the force of this great union of hearts to each individual's prayers.

Many special Indulgences are attached to membership and to practices connected with it, which Indulgences are enumerated on the Certificate of Admission.

Almost all the religious orders have granted the League participation in all their good works, prayers and merits.

IV. **The Messenger**: The League publishes, through its various Head Centres, a magazine named the Messenger of

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THE SACRED HEART, which is its organ, and contains, besides other interesting matter, a general statement of intentions received and acknowledgment for graces obtained, good works offered up, &c.; also, a General Intention for the month specially blessed by the Pope, and matters of general interest to Associates, showing the growth and working of the League.

It is now published in 14 different languages in 29 editions, and addresses itself to almost all the countries of the world, and is thus the mouthpiece and outward sign of union and communication of the 15,000,000 of members. The American Head Director, as in other countries where the League is most flourishing, issues a large edition of the MESSENGER as a complete devotional magazine, and a popular and cheap *Little Messenger* (the PILGRIM). The Holy See has also limited the issue of *Handbooks* and all articles required by the Centres of the League to the Head Directors under the General Centre.

V. **NOTE:** The League is an entirely distinct organization from the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart with which it is often confounded. The latter is organized after the manner of sodalities, and has its special rules and obligations. The essential *differentia* of the League is its universal union, or league of intentions and prayers for common and joint purposes, carried on by a closely united organization of priests, religious, and lay persons, who promote the interests of the Sacred Heart in union with the Heart of Jesus pleading. Hence its Badge and the motto—*Thy Kingdom come!*—and its practice of handing up requests for prayers. The League also, as noted, publishes the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

VI. The **PROMISES OF OUR LORD** to those who honor His Sacred Heart are a special aim of the League, which attempts to realize them in its united and organized Apostleship of Prayer.

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THE LEAGUE IN PRACTICE.

(*Augusta, Georgia.*)

I WOULD have written you before this, but was unable to do so on account of sickness. Even now I can scarcely hold my pen, so nervous and prostrate do I feel. I must, therefore, give you in a few words the account of the conferring of the Badges last Sunday, April 8. The ceremony was to have taken place on Easter Sunday, but was postponed on account of the children's First Communion, which was set down for April 8.

The V. Rev. Father B——, the founder of the parish, kindly consented to preach for me and bless the Badges. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after the children who made their First Communion in the morning had renewed their baptismal vows, Father B—— addressed the Associates, taking for his text the motto of the League—*Thy Kingdom Come*—and in a clear manner explained the devotion of the Sacred Heart as propagated by the League. The ceremony of blessing the League insignia, as given in the Handbook, p. 124, was then performed, after which the First Communicants went forward to the altar-rail and received the Badge. These were followed by the other Associates to the number of two hundred. More could have been distributed, but we had none. The Promoters were in attendance pinning on the Badges. The Badges were then worn during the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and, in future, all the Associates will wear them on the first Friday and first Sunday of the month. Much fervor was manifested during the ceremony and some, who held back through human respect, are now most anxious to have the Badges.

Since the establishment of the League, there has been a marked increase in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the number of Communions has grown, everybody seems pleased and many consoling favors have been obtained. We now number twenty-one Rosary bands and two more are forming, while new candidates are presenting themselves at every meeting. I offer many thanks to the Sacred Heart for the abundant blessings given this parish during the four months' existence of the Holy League here.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE SPREAD OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

IT is now two hundred years since one of the chief manifestations of the Sacred Heart was made to the prophetic soul chosen for spreading Its devotion in the world. On the 2d of July, Feast of the Visitation, in the year 1688, Blessed Margaret Mary—herself a nun of the order of the Visitation—was before the Blessed Sacrament in prayer. Our Lord, as he had done many times before, showed her His wounded Heart enthroned in the midst of flames. The Blessed Virgin was at His side, with St. Francis of Sales, the founder of the Visitation, and Father de la Colombière, the former confessor of the holy nun. The Sisters of the Visitation were also represented with their good Angels beside them.

The vision had a special meaning. It was to say that the devotion to the Sacred Heart should be a divine and exhaustless treasure to the world, because it would bring men to know more nearly and to love more ardently and to follow more closely Jesus Christ our Lord. The promise was made that the labors of the order of the Visitation and the Society of Jesus in the spread of this devotion should have the blessings of heaven upon them, and "produce fruit beyond all their hopes and all their toils, even for the salvation and perfection of each one of them in particular."

All Catholics know how this promise has been fulfilled. From that day to this, more and more as time goes on, Christians have striven to know and love our Lord in devotion to His Sacred Heart. Our Lord Himself declared that this was "a last effort of His love for our sake."

St. Francis de Sales explained the means by which Christians should be united with God in this devotion. "The Heart of Jesus must be the life that animates us; Its love must be our constant exercise, since this alone can make us one with God, so as to help on by our prayers and good examples the holy Church and our neighbor's salvation. For this end we are to pray in the Sacred Heart and through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who will thus become anew the mediator between God and men. Our good example must be to live according to the holy precepts and virtues of this Divine Heart; and we shall help on the salvation of our neighbor by spreading this holy devotion. We must strive to pour forth the good odor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ among the faithful in order that we may become the joy and the crown of this loving Heart."

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. AUGUST, 1888.

OUR LADY IN AUGUST.

AUGUST comes again with its flood of sunlight from the clear heavens, and its long intense heats that with their slight discomfort to man work great good for him, since they give the last strong fervor needed to ripen the fruits of the autumn. The real pilgrims to Our Lady of Martyrs at her shrine in Auriesville, New York, during this month will know the glory of the fragrant goldenrod by the wayside. But all the readers of our PILGRIM, which is the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, should ponder in their hearts the golden August glories of our Lady.

Besides the feasts celebrated directly in her honor, a great number of the Saints whose feasts come at this time of the year were noted as devout servants of Mary. For Thursday, the 2d, there is the great doctor St. Alphonsus Maria de'Liguori, the Founder of the Congregation of the Redemptorist Fathers, who preach everywhere after him the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, especially under the invocation of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Our readers know them well; but how many have seen his Redemptoristines with their blood-red mantles, kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament day and night, according to their contemplative vocation? Our large cities have need of such communities for the work of prayer and reparation. Perhaps we shall one day have

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them. We have already a beginning in the house of the strict Dominican recluses of Newark, whose great founder has his feast two days later, on Saturday, the 4th. St. Dominic is also known to every Catholic heart, for he has given us the Rosary of our dear Mother.

The next day, Sunday, the 5th, is the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, or rather of the church the site of which was miraculously determined back in the early times of Christianity by a fall of snow in the heats of August. We know what snows are, though not in the dog-days. But we desire to have Christ's Mother for our own at all times. In winter we sang:

> Gone is the glory of the vine,
> And dead the lily and the rose;
> But still she smiles from out her shrine—
> Our Lady 'mid the snows.

So in August we ring the changes:

> And now, as once amid the snows,
> With prayer I hail the morning hours,
> Where still she smiles—the mystic Rose—
> Our Lady 'mid the flowers.

The new Saint of this year, John Berchmans, was a true child of Mary, from the time when he consecrated his whole life to her while yet a child in her sanctuary of Montaigu to the day when he died a young religious, not yet a priest, in the Roman College. It was the 13th of August, the day of his feast; this first year of his canonization it falls on Monday. His prayer was always that he might receive, "through the most powerful intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, the threefold grace"—of which we also all stand in need,—"angelic purity, perseverance in the calling to which God has brought us, and a teachable disposition for performing its duties."

On Sunday, the 19th, is the feast of St. Joachim, who was the Father of the Blessed Virgin, and therefore devout to her with a mingled reverence and affection which we can scarcely imagine. To him we must pray for our Holy Father Leo XIII., whose name-patron he is.—Monday, the following day, is sacred to St. Bernard, the sweet-tongued herald of the praises of the Mother of Jesus. He showed forth in all his life and words how one cannot

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love the Son truly without being filled with the most tender affection for so good a Mother. From his words and those of the great thinker St. Augustine, whose feast is a few days later—Tuesday of the next week, the 28th,—has been made up the beloved prayer known from its first word as the *Memorare.*

Remember, Mary, tenderest-hearted Mother, how from of old the ear hath never heard that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken of God. Virgin of virgins, Mother, emboldened by this confidence, I fly to thee, to thee I come, and in thy presence I a weeping sinner stand. Mother of the Word Incarnate, oh, cast not away my prayer, but in thy pity hear and answer! Amen.

Meanwhile, on Thursday, the 23d, there has been the feast of St. Philip Beniti, of the order of the Servites of the Blessed Virgin Mary, noted for devotion to her Seven Sorrows. The Seven Holy Founders of his order have been canonized this very year, giving an example of merchants of a great and worldly city turned by God's grace into contemplative Saints. This is as wonderful as St. Ives the Lawyer!

Next to the last day of the month, the 30th, comes our own American St. Rose of Lima, taken by our Lord as the "Spouse of His Heart;" and on the last day there is St. Raymond Nonnatus, of our Lady's order of Mercy for the redemption of captives. How many now are in a worse captivity to sin and unbelief than were those of old times to the Moors and heathen?

The Patrons of the Promoters of our League for this month are St. Dominic, the Saint of the Rosary,—and, on Tuesday, the 21st, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, the Foundress, along with St. Francis de Sales, of the order of the Visitation, in which God chose for His work of the Sacred Heart the Blessed Margaret Mary. So our Promoters and Associates can all claim a share in the glories of Mary in this golden month of August. They have now enrolled in their Rosary bands—the 2d degree of this universal League of the Sacred Heart, which is a true Apostleship of Prayer, as its name declares,—over 150,000 American Associates. These have all promised to be faithful to their daily decade of the beads, and are all visited by their Promoters and receive from them the little tickets which serve as a bulletin for the commending of their wants to prayers. Even supposing that many are unfaithful, which will not be the

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case where the League is properly organized, we have daily more than 1,000,000 Hail Maries here in America alone. What is the number throughout the world from nearly 5,000,000 Associates of this degree?

But we must not forget our Lady's own great feasts of August. The first is that of her glorious Assumption into heaven after her blessed death. Amid all the lessening of feasts which the ever encroaching spirit of the world obliges us to make, the Assumption remains still a holy-day of obligation. It is the anniversary of the day when, in 1646, Father Jogues and René—the future martyrs of Auriesville—were brought thither to be tortured by the Indians.

The second Sunday after is celebrated in many places as the feast of the most Pure Heart of Mary. For the high meaning of this feast, so dear to all the servants of the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son, we can do nothing better than set down here the words of St. Mechtilde, written in her monastery six hundred years ago and more. The same warmth of love beats now as then in Catholic hearts.

"While they were singing in the choir—*Within thou art clothed with gold*—the heart of the Blessed Virgin opened itself to me, and two bright rays issued forth which filled both the choirs with light. It was granted me to greet the gracious heart of the glorious Virgin in these seven points, in which she was the most useful to us above all other hearts after Christ:

"First, in the desire which she had above all the Patriarchs and Prophets for the birth of Christ;

"Second, in her love, because by love she was made the most tender and humble Mother of God;

"Third, in her motherly pity and sweetness, with which she so lovingly nourished the Child Jesus;

"Fourth, in her careful keeping of the words of Christ;

"Fifth, in her example of patience during Christ's passion;

"Sixth, in her unceasing prayers and desires for the Church;

"Seventh, in that which she daily perfecteth in heaven before the Father and Son and Holy Ghost, by *promoting our desires.*"

To the Immaculate Heart of Mary, therefore, our League confides its Apostleship of Prayer, that she may *promote our desires, in union with the Heart of Jesus pleading.*

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THE STORY OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS AND A CATECHISM.

OURS was a factory town, such as Massachusetts boasts of having in unlimited numbers. We were a hard-working, hard-brained community, living amidst steam and coal-gas, the music of heaving machinery and the din of crowded work-rooms; a people whose love of money was waging a constant warfare with their love of home, and who in a strike would reduce their families to starvation, in true Northern fashion, "to stick it out to the end."

Catholicity had early penetrated into this wilderness of towering chimneys; and somehow even the genius of knowledge had caught and maintained a firm hold on the smoke-bedimmed ideas of the town authorities, but not till after a long and windy discussion in which the *pros* waxed loud and numerous while the *cons* were few and faint. In a short while the town was possessed of a thriving, well-attended school, under the management of—an atheist teacher!

It may or it may not be strange, but the successful teacher was a woman, and a finer specimen of her sex and profession could hardly be found. The only blemish visible in the schoolmistress was her God-annihilating, heaven-destroying principles. Her sole opponent was Father Francis, but his opposition had the double force of a battering-ram and a mitrailleuse. Father Francis' brain worked twenty-four hours a day on the all-important subject. God on Sunday, and no God on Monday! Monstrous! This was a state of things not to be endured.

But how remove the evil? Suggestions were numerous. The lady might be converted to Catholicity, or at least disabused of her unbelieving notions; or again, the pastor might set up an opposition school; or he might read a lecture to the "burgomaster and court."

The last two were impracticable. Father Francis possessed not a farthing, and his congregation, even if made to view the situation in the right light, had not the necessary funds. As to lecturing the town council, that was out of the question; infidelity was more tractable and easier to overcome than the hatred and fury of bigotry. Something, however, must be done: inactivity meant destruction to his flock. Again and again Father Francis revolved the matter in his mind.

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Yes, conversion was the best and cheapest means; and if it would not effect everything, some good must come of it.

And now for the attack. Father Francis has called at Miss Ireson's, and is waiting to encounter her who is the cause of all his anxiety and of all his sleepless nights.

"Yes, Miss Ireson is at home; she will be down directly," announced the maid-of-all-work.

He was still deep in his doubts as to how he should deal with a woman upon whom so much good or evil depended, when she entered the room. The priest was not conversant with the types of modern beauty, but it seemed to him that Phryne Ireson was of noble build and pleasing countenance. Her friends thought her beautiful.

"I am Miss Ireson," she said in a grave tone. "What can I do for you, sir?"

Frankly and briefly Father Francis told his mission. He hoped she would not consider it a rude way of accomplishing his purpose, but the greater number of her pupils were Catholics, and as their pastor and friend he must seek the good of their souls. Now this was certainly in jeopardy so long as the children were under the tuition of one who had no sympathy with their faith and believed in nothing.

"I understand you perfectly, sir, and I am willing to admit that your solicitude for the children is not unreasonable. But unfortunately I fail to see in what manner I am capable of injuring your children when the subject of religion is never touched by me."

"Why that," exclaimed the priest, "is an evil in itself. The very absence of God must sooner or later destroy their faith in Him. But there is worse to complain of. Tell me, madam, how can you account to your scholars for the beginning of things, without introducing your atheistical views? If conscience, or whatever you wish to call the monitor within, forbids you to teach your false doctrine, how do you inculcate the elements of science?"

"It is not that I wish to evade a reply," returned Miss Ireson, "but you will excuse me, sir, if I decline to enter into a discussion on the matter. Controversy is extremely disagreeable to me, though it is perhaps the only annoyance my advanced ideas cause

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me. It may satisfy you to know that my system of education does not suffer for the want of religion."

Disappointed, baffled, and by a woman, Father Francis left the house more at sea than ever, but yet confident that right was might, and that, as his mission was all for the honor and glory of God, the final victory was to be his. He straightway began to lay his plans.

There was always Sunday, and a world of good could be wrought on that day. Moreover the time was approaching for First Communion: here was a chance for a *coup d'état* in defense of the Church and for the downfall of atheism. The good priest forgot for a moment his first defeat in the great scheme of conquest he was planning.

A week or so passed, and the spring examinations were in progress. As the result of the earnest pleadings of Phryne Ireson, the school term had been prolonged into May, though not without loud-spoken remonstrances from the mill hands, whose children she was "cramming to destruction with foolery, when they ought to be in the packing-room, working for their winter's keep." The examinations were now nearing their end, and so far had been successful and gratifying to the wearied but otherwise pleased teacher, whose desk was buried under the pile of books removed from her pupils' keeping: no such handy works of reference were allowed at these times of general competition. Presently Miss Ireson's attention was attracted to a sandy-haired little boy in a far corner of the class-room, whose continual divings under his desk and increase of color in a usually red, freckled face betokened doings foreign to an anxious, painstaking student.

"What have you in your desk, James Monaghan?" she asked quietly.

"Nothing, 'm," responded the now thoroughly alert James, as his head reached an erect position.

"Don't tell me a falsehood, James; you must have something to cause your inattention. Bring it to me at once!"

"Ain't got nothing, Miss Ireson," still in an indignantly innocent tone.

Leaving the platform, Phryne walked down the room to her refractory pupil.

"What book is that you have?"

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"Me Catechism."

"Catechism of what?" she asked.

"Me Catechism that I take to First Communion class," answered James, at the same time producing the diminutive volume, which was minus a cover.

"Catechism of Christian Doctrine," she read, and immediately underneath, the question and answer: "Who made you?"—"God made me."

"Do you believe that?" she asked him, stopping on the instant as she remembered he was but a child and in her charge; and not even to test the faith of this the most stupid of her flock would she be tempted from her unsectarian methods.

"You have told me an untruth, James, and I am heartily ashamed of you."

James hung his head.

"Do you not know that lying is the most degrading of vices, and that a boy who deliberately tells an untruth has no regard for his own honor, and much less for his teacher's? If you have not honor to guide you, the mean-spirited maxim, 'honesty is the best policy,' should serve you in its stead."

"It's a sin against the eight commandment," said James, with the confidence of being right which is so winning to a Sunday-school teacher, but which was lost on the enlightened ignorance of Miss Ireson.

Pity welled from the depths of her heart for the wayward youth, in whom the germs of knowledge, however few, were being hopelessly scattered by Catholic influence. But her hands were tied and he must remain in his darkness.

"You may sit down, James; and hereafter reserve your religion for a time more appropriate to its study than school hours. I will keep the book;" and she returned with her booty to the platform.

The little book she read through in the recreation hour. That evening, in the seclusion of her own room, she recommenced its perusal. Her infidel opinions were strongly intrenched, but they now seemed to be shaken to their very centre. And yet when, at a late hour in the night, she closed the catechism and tried to compose her tired and troubled brain for sleep, she still pondered on and mentally jeered at the question, "Why did God make me?"

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A short while after the confiscation of the catechism, the Sunday dawned when James Monaghan and his companions were to make their First Communion.

It was a day of untold joy for Father Francis. In a few simple words addressed solely to his beloved children he told them of the strengthening powers of the Blessed Sacrament, and how they should in all trials and temptations fly to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist for aid and protection, and finally that they should never forget the blissful moment when for the first time Jesus Christ, God and Man, came to dwell in their hearts as their Friend and Guest, and opened to them the treasures of His Sacred Heart.

The sentiment was nothing unusual to the ordinary Catholic, who can listen and be affected, go home and forget; but on one who was no more than a spectator of the day's festivities, who, cold-hearted and loveless, seemed to be placed above and away from the rest by the loftiness of her mind and the strangeness of her life, the burning words of the priest produced a delicious feeling of kinship with the world. No matter how distorted this belief may be, she thought within herself, at least their priest is a good man and believes what he teaches. Tinseled moonshine it may be, but still there is something real and tangible about it that appeals to the best instincts of my nature, and compares unfavorably with the coldness of other creeds.

"Miss Ireson was at Mass," said one delighted mother to another mother equally delighted. "She surprised me terribly."

"Yes, the bigot, and she never knelt, even at the elevation," continued mother No. 2, indignation getting the better of charity.

"Why should she? She don't believe, you know. But who knows, she may one day," prophesied mother No. 1.

Meantime, a boy decorated with a white badge, who, never so hungry in his life before, was getting home to breakfast with the usual speed of young America, took time to tell a similarly adorned lad that his teacher was to church, squeezed his hand and said, "Be a noble man, James, be a good boy."

So it had happened. Once an interest in Catholic belief was awakened in Phryne Ireson's mind, she began to enter a stormy period of skepticism, and at length after her thoughts had passed through a series of incredible evolutions, a hope arose that there might be some truth in the Catechism.

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One Sunday afternoon, she whom controversy distressed beyond endurance was a long time in confidential council with the priest who feared and hoped for the school-children and who prayed silently and fervently for the conversion of the teacher. In a few days she was baptized.

Unlucky, blessed James, and dirty, torn Catechism, who will ever recognize your share in the making of this new heir to the kingdom of God? Swiftly comes the answer—

"Our Father Who art in Heaven."

CHRISTIAN PARIAHS.

A MISSIONARY writes from Panjore, India, concerning the great difficulties of some of his flock in practising their religion. It is a good example, showing us in a free country what otherwise we might forget, the necessity of strong character in those who would follow Christ.

There is an abominable custom here which results in the loss of many souls. We have a good number of Pariahs among our Christians. Every one, even in Europe, knows that this class is the lowest and most despised. But what is perhaps not known is the obstacles put in the way of this poor people when they wish to preserve their faith.

A good number of them are what are called here the servants of the village. They look after the cleaning of the streets, carry away dead bodies, in fact, do what all others refuse to do. So far there is nothing wrong. But in the pagan processions they have to accompany the car of the idol, and help the music. This is the evil, for it is a direct co-operation in idolatry, and we cannot allow it. On the other hand, if they refuse this accursed service they become an object of all sorts of persecutions on the part of the pagans.

One of my neighbors wrote me recently that some six months ago thirty Christians in one village agreed together that they would no longer render these services to the idols. As soon as the pagans knew this they at once set to work. They succeeded in gaining over a few of the bad Christians, and since then have not ceased making trouble for the faithful. I twice wrote to the *Gramo-*

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moossif (Justice of the Peace in the village), and once personally warned him not to allow injustice to be done to the Christians. He only became more furious, and himself allowed the house of the Christians to be sacked and plundered with impunity. He sent the bad Christians to drive off the cattle of the good, prevented the latter from buying the most necessary articles in the shop, from getting firewood, and even water.

Recently the pagan farmers seriously wounded some of the faithful Christians. I wrote to the Chief of Police of the station, but he would not listen to me, and took part with our enemies. Things have now reached such a pass that if we do not obtain justice all the Christian villages, which are now so numerous, will fall under the most hateful persecution, and be forced to beat the drum to the devil or to leave the country.

As all the under magistrates, who are pagans, received ill the complaints made against this injustice, the Christians at last brought their suit before the English first magistrate, the collector-in-chief, asking him to take the affair into his own hands, as the Indian magistrates were too partial and were ill disposed towards us. The collector turned over the affair to his delegate, who subdelegated another.

This latter was the very pagan who had judged the case at first. When he read the petition in which they accused him of injustice, he flew into a fury.

"You pretend, then," he said, "that you cannot obtain justice from me. Well, I will see that what you say is true, and I will show you what I can do."

Thereupon he sent the wretched Christians to prison, where they remained for a long time, while their wives and children, having no means of living in the village, wandered here and there as best they could.

The missionary at last came to the English collector and demanded justice. The latter was better inspired this time, and at once ordered the liberation of the victims, but this did not finish the affair, and unless the Christians obtain a real triumph, several of the missionary stations will be ruined.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

A MARTYR OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

FATHER RENÉ MENARD, DIED IN AUGUST, 1661.

IN the list of the New York missionaries of two hundred years ago we find one whose life is of more than usual interest. It is a touching addition to our American martyrology, for it is next to certain his death was that of a true martyr. He had long been a martyr in desire, and his death in utter abandonment, about the feast of our Lady's Assumption, may well hallow the August pages of the PILGRIM, which has for one of its chief objects to keep fresh and green the memories of the American servants of the Queen of Martyrs.

Father René Menard was born in the year 1604, and held honored positions as a priest of the Society of Jesus in France before he came out on the American mission. He arrived in Quebec in July, 1640, and for a time exercised the office of confessor of the Ursuline nuns, whose venerable convent still groups together so many holy memories of that heroic time. Afterwards he went on the distant Huron mission, and took up the field which Father Jogues had attempted among the Indians toward Lake Superior. Here the missionaries heard of the great river Mississippi, which one of Father Menard's successors—Father Marquette—was to discover and explore later. After a few years the Huron mission was destroyed and several of the missionaries met with cruel and lingering deaths for the faith of Christ.

Father Menard, their fellow missionary and apostle, devoured with a zeal like their own, was of frail make; but his heart was so strong that none had taken more work upon himself. The saintly Bishop Laval spoke of him as a living saint, and the missionaries called him the "Fruitful Father." From the Huron country he was sent on the difficult mission at Onondaga, now the thriving city of Syracuse and a Bishop's see. When this too failed for a time, he returned to the French colony in Canada. But it was only until he could be sent on the difficult western mission

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once again, where he should have no comfort or consolation left him but God alone. He used to say, "when most bereft of human consolation, God takes possession of the heart, and convinces it how far His holy grace surpasses all consolation to be found in creatures."

We can best understand the plain simple heroism of his death by a few extracts from the letter which announces it to the other missionaries.

According to his wishes, and even according to a prophecy he had made, he imitated in his death the abandonment of St. Francis Xavier, whose zeal he had always perfectly imitated during his life. . . . This is the little we have been able to learn about it from a letter come from Montreal, dated the 26th of July, 1663.

Yesterday our good God brought us thirty-five canoes from the Ottawa country, in which seven of the nine Frenchmen who had gone away returned. The other two—Father René Menard and his faithful companion named John Guérin—have gone over to the other side, finding themselves sooner than their companions in the port of our common fatherland. The Father died two years ago, and John about ten months since. . . .

The letter goes on to narrate how the good missionary, after long and desperate efforts to reach the few Catholic Indians who had fled from their enemies farther than any of the whites had yet been, still persevered in his heroic purpose.

They represented to the Father how little chance there was that an old man, decayed and feeble and without provisions, as he was, should succeed in such a journey. All this did not affright him; he had but one answer for his good children:

"God calls me. I must go, even if it costs me my life. St. Francis Xavier, who seemed to be so necessary to the world for the conversion of souls, died in the midst of his efforts at the very door of China; and shall I, who am worth nothing, through fear of dying on the way, refuse to obey the voice of my God Who calls me to the assistance of the poor Christians and converts that have been so long deprived of their pastors?"

So he took his resolution to go to seek these wandering sheep. A few Hurons who were trading with the Ottawas offered to be his guides. He was happy to have met them, and gave them his

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little packages, and made choice of one of the Frenchmen who was a gunsmith to accompany him. For his whole provision he took a bag of dried sturgeon and a little smoked meat, which he had been saving up for a long time in view of this journey. The last farewell, which he bade to the Frenchmen left behind, was in these prophetic terms:

"Farewell, my dear children. I give you the last farewell for this world, for you will see me no more! I pray God's goodness to unite us in heaven!"

On the 13th of June he was on the road, nine months after his coming to the Ottawa country. But his poor Hurons, lightly laden as they were, soon lost courage, as their strength gave out for lack of food. They abandoned the Father, telling him they would go on in haste to their village to give notice to the chiefs that he was on the way, and to have them send some strong young men to come and help him.

The Father looked for the promised aid, and remained beside a lake for about fifteen days. But his provisions failed him, and he resolved to set out with his companion in a little canoe which they had found in the brushwood. They started off with their packages.

At last, towards the 10th of August, the poor Father while following his companion was lost, mistaking certain woods and rocks for others. It was at the end of a very difficult portage round a waterfall. His companion looked behind to see if he was not coming. He sought for him, shouted, and fired five shots from his rifle in order to signal to him the right way, but in vain. Then he took the resolution to hurry on to the Huron village, which he thought must be near, so as to hire men at any price to go and look after the Father. But unhappily he got lost also, and went further than the village without knowing it. . . .

Thus the Father was abandoned, though still in the hands of God's Providence, which doubtless gave him the courage to suffer with constancy this privation of all things in his extremity. Stretched out on the ground or perhaps on some rock, he remained exposed to the stings of the mosquitos—little tyrants of which the number is frightful in those parts—and he suffered this cruel torment during the time he survived. Hunger and wretchedness put an end to him, and drove out of his body that blessed soul to enter

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into the joy of so many labors undergone for the conversion of the savages.

As to his body, the Frenchman who accompanied him did his best to have the Indians look after it, but without success. The time and day of his death cannot be known exactly. His companion thinks it was about the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, for he says the Father had with him a piece of smoked meat, about as long and wide as the hand, which would keep him up for two or three days. Some time afterwards a savage found the sack of the Father; but he would not own to having found his body, for fear of being accused of having killed him. Perhaps this is the truth, since these barbarians have no difficulty in slaughtering a man when they find him alone in the woods, in hope of getting booty. In fact, there was seen in one of the cabins the remainder of his chapel furniture.

The zeal of this Father was rooted in the love of God with which his heart was burning. It put in his mouth these words which he often addressed to his companions:

"*We do many things and enough, but we do not enough from the love of God.*"

This was his motto, and the lesson of his life.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the month of June:

Friend,	$3.00
Ditto, Boston, Mass.,	25.00
Do., Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Anon.,	2.00
Child of Mary,	1.00
" " "	1.00

To the Holy Childhood:

Mobile, Ala.,	5.00
Rev. T. Murtagh, Masonville, Iowa,	5.00

To the Crow Indian Mission:

Child of Mary,	1.00

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SAMPLE WORK.

I. In the Archdiocese of Boston.

1. *South Framingham.*

THE branch of the League of the Sacred Heart established here last January has had wonderful success. There are already 1,300 members enrolled. It is really edifying to see the large numbers who receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of the month, at the 5.30 o'clock Mass. In all, I believe, the monthly Communions in honor of the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord are over 700.

After the special kindness of the Sacred Heart, we owe the success of the League to the untiring zeal of our Local Director, Rev. Father Galligan, who is ready at all times to do anything and everything in his power to promote the grand devotion to the Sacred Heart. It must indeed be pleasing to our beloved Director, as it is agreeable to the Sacred Heart, to see his unselfish efforts have the desired result.

It is certainly remarkable what large numbers the Apostleship has drawn, by sweet magic, as it were, to Holy Communion. From personal observation I can surely say that the Holy League has done more general good, in a quiet, steady way, than all the Missions that have been given in this parish.

The good effect which the beautiful devotion has had in South Framingham has induced many of the neighboring priests to think about the League, and one, as you know, the energetic, zealous pastor of Hopkinton has had the Church of St. John the Evangelist aggregated. Rev. Father Fagan is Local Director, and we are delighted to hear such good tidings from his centre. We hope and pray that Father Fagan's labors will meet with even greater suc-

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cess than those of Father Galligan, in South Framingham. Father Galligan has told us that he has spoken to many of his fellow-priests about the League, and given them sample Certificates, Rosary Tickets, etc. He has great hopes that very soon there will be many new centres established in this diocese.

We have the regular meeting on the First Friday evening of every month. At these meetings we have an instruction by the Director; the beautiful office of the Sacred Heart is partly recited and partly sung by a children's choir of 40 voices; and Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament is given. The Intentions for the month are also read.

We have more than 450 saying the Rosary every day. During the month of June, we have devotions every Friday evening, and the Holy Sacrifice is offered up every morning at the beautiful little altar of the Sacred Heart. Allow me to say here that the statue of the Sacred Heart in this church is, perhaps, one of the finest in this country.

The Friday evening devotions are well attended, and the people seem to see and appreciate, now better than at first, the great spiritual advantage of being blessed with a branch of the Holy League in this parish. I am sure there is not a Catholic in South Framingham who would not candidly endorse what I have said here for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord.

*

2. *Hopkinton.*

Editor of the Pilot.—On the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, June 8, upwards of 800 persons of both sexes, who had previously fortified themselves by the worthy reception of the Sacraments, were admitted to membership in the League of the Sacred Heart at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hopkinton. The Rev. Father Himmel, S. J., preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The usual probationary period was dispensed with, in order that the reception might take place on the evening of the Feast. Musical Vespers were rendered by the choir, and the services closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

[This notice is rather confused. The occasion in question was the reception of the Badges by Associates already admitted. As those who follow our pages know, wholesale admission of a crowd, after the manner of "joining" societies, would prove the destruction

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of the work in a new centre. The probation spoken of concerned the Promoters alone, who however had already formed their bands and accordingly received the Crosses and Diplomas of their rank.]

3. *South Boston.*

A ceremony of unusual beauty and deep spiritual significance took place on the evening of Friday, June 8, Feast of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, for the first time in Boston, in the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston. This was the evening fixed for the solemn reception of the Promoters of the League. The high altar and the shrines of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Virgin were brilliant with lights set in lamps of white and of crimson glass, producing a charming effect. There were red and white roses in profusion, and an especially lovely flower-piece at the feet of the statue of the Sacred Heart.

The ceremonies began at 8 o'clock. There were present in the sanctuary the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the American Catholic University, the Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, Fathers Lee, O'Connor, Murphy, and Merritt. The Promoters filled the pews on both sides of the middle aisle, well down into the centre. The church was densely crowded.

Bishop Keane preached. He began with an affectionate and graceful allusion to his long friendship with Father Metcalf, who was his fellow-student at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., 25 years ago, "and the best student in the college," added Bishop Keane. He then gave a sermon of great power and pathos on devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the need, were it only for our own happiness, of keeping our hearts conformed to the Heart of Christ. Finally, he recommended the Catholic University to his hearers' prayers.

Bishop Keane is a splendid preacher—profoundly earnest, magnetic, with a powerful, musical, resonant voice. His face is expressive, and his gestures extremely graceful.

After the sermon, the Bishop blessed the crosses of the Promoters, and Father Metcalf, assisted by Father Lee, performed the ceremony of investiture. The crosses are of bronze, heavily plated with gold, and attached to a narrow scarlet ribbon. Every promoter received also a diploma with his name inscribed thereon. The diplomas set forth the indulgences which can be gained by the Promoters.

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During the ceremony of reception the children's choir sang hymns in honor of the Sacred Heart. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The League of the Sacred Heart now numbers here 2,900 members. The Promoters just received number 97 men and women. (*From the Pilot*).

II. In Canada.

St. Mary's College, Montreal, July 29.

I claim space in the Pilgrim for a few lines which will prove, I am sure, of general interest, thanks to that lively sympathy which it is the spirit of the Holy League to awaken and cherish among its Associates however widely separated by distance and conditions of life.

All that remain of the 130 Rosary sets you sent last week, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. We have few detached members. Our army stands in battle array, marshalled in bands of fifteen by intelligent and active Promoters. Besides, we have a solid phalanx of steady men—a real body-guard of the Sacred Heart—whose office it is to open the way for men to the Communion rail. Our soldiers have arms, and they make use of them. They are none of those fancy-shaped columns moving about in glittering attire, always brandishing their arms, never striking. A few facts will illustrate this.

Yesterday came a letter from a man confined for many weeks to a sick-bed in the hospital. He claimed the prayers of the League for the reason that since the day of his entrance, in January last, he had not once failed to make his *morning offering* and say his *daily decade.* A merchant, whilst travelling, never omits his *Communion of Reparation,* if a Catholic church is at hand. Scarcely a day passes on which the name does not come in of some recruit enlisted by a gentleman Promoter of the monthly Communion. It is attended to forthwith, and a note is mailed containing Certificate, Badge, etc., with an invitation to become in his turn a recruiting officer. Not many days ago a professional man of note remarked how interesting and instructive he found the biographical articles of your *Large Messenger.* I trust next year it will find the door open into all our well-to-do homes.

From the very outset we have taken pains to dissociate from the working of the League the ring of gold and silver, fees, and

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collections, and pious speculations. We exacted but an annual subscription of ten cents, to pay for essentials—certificates, cards, and copies of the *Little Messenger* containing the short article on the Monthly Intention. But I hope the cards and the specimen copies sent around will add largely to the number of the subscribers to your *Messenger*, not merely as a reward for the pains you have taken to make of it a first-class magazine in point of taste, style and illustrations, but because I know nothing better adapted for family reading, and as a means, easy and interesting, of perfecting the old and training up the young in the true Catholic spirit.

Our branch, in its rapid spread, has reached all the English-speaking parishes round about. Some have asked to be admitted, others have received diplomas of aggregation, to form separate branches. Not only so, but the report of the blessings reaped from the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Montreal has gone abroad into Ontario, and demands are beginning to come in from all sides for aggregation.

Last week two of our missionaries proceeded to open a mission in Peterborough, one of the most affluent towns of Western Canada, and the Cathedral seat of a diocese. The zealous Bishop took advantage of the occasion to have the League of the Sacred Heart introduced and canonically established in his Cathedral Church, considering it a very efficacious means of perpetuating the fruit of the mission. The preacher proposed that a beautiful painting of the Sacred Heart hanging beside the altar should, in addition to its already hallowed memories, serve as a memorial of the mission and a reminder of its resolutions. He besides urged the people to hang up in their homes a picture of the Sacred Heart, as a family memorial. What better reminder could they have of their pious resolutions than one to which our Lord has attached such great blessings?

The morrow, throughout the day it was said, the telegraph could be heard ticking to Montreal for pictures of all sizes, to suit every taste; and you could not easily imagine what a Sacred Heart gallery there was on exposition when the time arrived for the blessing of sacred objects.

After the closing Mass on Sunday, a meeting of gentlemen Promoters was called, who assumed the charge of enrolling members, adding for men the pledge to promote temperance by never drinking in taverns, hotels, or places of public resort. After Vespers a council of ladies was formed, who each undertook to select a num-

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ber of Promoters for their several wards. A branch was also established for the school boys, who added to the Three Degrees the pledge against drink and tobacco till the age of twenty-one. "A very *un*-American pledge," I hear you whisper. Even so, our Canadian youths can be brought to the conviction that they must carry the battle into the very stronghold of self-indulgence, and plant therein the saving and preserving wood of the Cross.

Well recompensed they appeared when told that they were going to have badges for their monthly Communion, and silver crosses, and a little monthly magazine full of charming stories and anecdotes. Why, the old-time pledge they were wont to hear spoken of was a very dry thing compared to this one of the League, with its Communions, Indulgences, *Messengers*, crosses, etc., and the prayers of such an army of Associates, including the religious orders. Who would not keep a pledge propped up by aids so numerous and powerful?

It has been thought that a special promise or pledge thus added to the general practices of the League would not detract from its simplicity. Indeed the 2d article of the statutes seems to give it canonical sanction. On the other hand it will render the action of the League more efficacious by removing the prevailing obstacles to its Degrees, and enabling its powerful influences to be centred in the extirpation of some local evil or disorder.

III. Omaha, Nebraska.

Report of the Local Director, Convent of Mercy.

In the schools where it has been admitted the League of the Sacred Heart is working admirable effects in the discipline and piety of the children. The Sisters of Mercy keep the *Monthly Intention* and *Treasury Blank* in each class-room of their Academy; and pupils and teachers vie with one another in filling the Treasury with good works. The teacher's duty is thus made a labor of love; her nerves are spared many daily vexations; and, no doubt, her life will be proportionately prolonged to influence more souls for good. And so the pains taken to set the work afoot yield a harvest of blessings.

Families are also reached by means of the children, and every one who visits the convent is instructed in the advantages of the Apostleship and becomes a member. In this way over 500 mem-

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bers have been enrolled in less than five months, most of them promising a monthly Communion of Reparation. And more can be expected when the results become more widely known.

A cure wrought by means of the Sacred Heart Badge has increased the fervor of the Promoters at this Centre. One of the leading Promoters was reduced to death's door by a virulent attack of erysipelas, that had changed the skin of face and head to a jet black and threatened to attack the brain. The priest was called to administer the last Sacraments, as the doctor had despaired of her life. The sufferer, being very devout to the Sacred Heart, constantly wore the Badge; and during the night, being crazed with pain, she held the Badge to her head, with an earnest aspiration to the Sacred Heart. Presently relieved, she fell into a deep sleep. Next morning the doctor expressed astonishment at finding her out of danger and recovering fast.

THE BADGE OF THE SACRED HEART.

(*From the Australian Messenger.*)

My dear Readers,—As you are already well aware, among the promises made by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary there is one which says,—"*I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be honored.*" The Badge used in the Holy League owes its origin to this promise, and was given to the Associates by Pius IX. as a visible sign of union between their desires and prayers and those of the Sacred Heart. It bears a picture of the Heart of our Blessed Lord with the motto, *Thy Kingdom Come!* The Rescript of June 14, 1877, says: "Each time that the Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer, who bears the badge upon his breast, shall devoutly make this ejaculation: *Thy Kingdom Come!* at least in his heart, he may gain an Indulgence of 100 days." Hence it has been said that in a certain sense each breath of a zealous Associate becomes indulgenced. Like the scapular, the Badge is worn beneath the dress; but in processions, at Promoters' meetings, and when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, the Badge should be worn visibly. Rich Indulgences are granted to all who give this public sign that they are loving and devoted clients of the Sacred Heart.

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A THANKSGIVING FOR RECOVERY OF REASON.

Jacksonville, Ill., June 1st, 1888.—A fact came lately under my notice that should be recorded in the MESSENGER, as it is another instance of the readiness of the Sacred Heart to help the unfortunate.

A married lady was judged insane and sent to the asylum. During the time (two years) she spent there, she showed no signs of improvement. A priest who went to see her found that her reason was completely gone. She refused to speak, or make the sign of the cross, or say the Our Father.

She was brought home in this state, consumption having taken firm hold of her. Her mother, fearing that death was near, sent for the priest, but she still evinced no sign of returning reason, and was anointed in this state. It was then suggested to the family that they should begin a novena to the Sacred Heart, have a Mass said, and promise to have it published in the MESSENGER, if our Lord restored to the dying woman her reason, so that she could confess before she died.

The novena was a success. Two hours before she died, the confessor heard her confession, and was overjoyed to find that she was entirely rational, had the perfect use of her senses, and retained them to the last.

TO THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

O Heart of Jesus Pleading,
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding
In Tabernacles fair!

My soul is wearied with the strife
Of life's perplexing woes;
I thirst for Thee, O Fount of life,
And seek Thy prayer's repose.

Thou art my Life, my Hope, my Love,
My soul's true Fount of health:
Oh, give me from Thy heaven above
Thy peace—my soul's true wealth.

How sweet my prayer, when full of peace—
The foretaste of Thy home!
Let peace and pleading love increase:
Jesus, Thy kingdom come!

O Heart of Jesus Pleading,
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding
In Tabernacles fair!

J. C.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUAL RETREATS.

DURING the months of July and August, great numbers of the clergy and the members of religious communities make their annual retreat. That is, for several days—regularly for at least one entire week—they give themselves up to recollection, observing strict silence and having the day divided up into hours of meditation and prayer, spiritual reading, and instruction from some experienced priest, accompanied by a careful review of the conscience for the past, to be followed by a general confession and a practical renewal of good resolutions for the coming year. Short retreats, of somewhat the same character, will be made after the opening of schools in September and the ensuing months in convents and colleges, and the young seminarians prepared for the sacrament of Holy Orders were at the same holy work in June.

These retreats are of high importance to Catholics, not only to those who take part in them, but to all who desire to have in their midst holy priests and religious, faithful teaching brothers and sisters, students, and the like. In other countries even, many laymen take time each year to engage in such exercises, and houses are founded for retreats. Here, too, some religious houses open their doors for this purpose. It is evident how much the use of similar retreats helps to preserve and increase the fervor of the community at large.

But the mere exterior exercises of the retreats will do little, unless there is the strong grace of God accompanying them, along with the good will of those who undertake them. Now grace and good will are both gifts of the Holy Spirit, which are granted in answer to prayer. This is the call made on our prayers for the present month—that priests and religious and lay people alike, who enter on their retreats the present year, may receive from these holy exercises of the soul God's grace, and may henceforth correspond faithfully with it.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. SEPTEMBER, 1888.

SEPTEMBER SAINTS.

Season of . . . . mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him to load and bless.

SEPTEMBER is a month of harvests reaped and stored away. A glance at our Calendar will show that the garners of the Church are at this season filled with choicest fruits of saintly example, whence the faithful may draw at will.

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.—About midway in the month, on Sunday, the 16th, occurs the feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the Mass of this day the Church salutes her as Our Lady of Martyrs when she says that Mary, "without dying, merited the palm of martyrdom beneath the Cross of the Lord."

It was in September that the young René Goupil rendered his soul into the hands of the Queen of Martyrs; and September is a month specially consecrated to Mary's sorrows. The Church has set her seal to this consecration by granting an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained each day of the month of September by performing any approved devotion in honor of the Seven Dolors, and a Plenary Indulgence on one day of the month, at choice, for performing the same devotion, under the additional condition of confession and Communion and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father (Decree, 27 January, 1888).

FEASTS OF OUR LORD.—Friday, the 14th, is the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The Emperor Heraclius having wrested this precious relic from the Persians, who had carried it off from Jerusalem, he resolved to carry it on his own shoulders

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and place it again on the spot where it had borne the weight of the crucified Saviour.

Clad in magnificent robes of state, he bore the precious burden as far as the entrance to the Hill of Calvary, when all of a sudden he was stopped by an invisible hand! The Bishop of Jerusalem bade him remember that such splendid raiment did not become the bearer of the Cross of the poor and humble Saviour. The Emperor then put off his royal robes, and clad in the meanest attire, he proceeded barefoot with the Cross on his shoulders to the summit of the hill. A beautiful example of faith and humility! But the age of self-humiliation as practised by crowned heads is not altogether past. It was only the other day that we heard of the present Empress of Brazil sweeping the church in preparation for the feast of Corpus Christi.

Feasts of the Blessed Virgin.—The 8th is the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. On this day our Blessed Mother was born into the world to enjoy a brief period of peace and joy, in order to fortify her heart against the longer period of her unexampled sorrows.

Sunday, the 9th, is dedicated to the Holy Name of Mary. May the 5,000,000 Associates of the Second Degree of the League, who daily pronounce this hallowed name, realize to the full all that it means for those who pronounce it with devotion!

Finally, on Monday, the 24th, is commemorated the founding of the Order of Mary of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, an order whose members showed the most heroic self-devotion by selling themselves into slavery, to redeem those whose faith and morals were more endangered than their own.

Men Saints.—Many of our readers are looking forward to the 9th of this month with more than usual interest. This will be the first occurrence of the feast of St. Peter Claver since his recent canonization by Leo XIII. Who has not seen the picture representing the Saint bending over the prostrate form of an American negro slave? What a contrast he presents to the love of comfort and the contempt of the poor that mark the age in which we live!

The Calendar of the Church has its king-saints no less than its peasant-saints. St. Stephen, King of Hungary, has his feast on Sunday, the 2d. His love of the poor was so great that he gave away in charity the very furniture of his palace. Under cover of

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night he used to betake himself to the hospitals of the city and minister to the sick. After his death the Lord glorified the charity and self-abjection of His servant by preserving his right hand from corruption when the rest of his body had decayed.

The 17th is the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis Assisi, or the impressing on his hands, feet, and side of the Sacred Wounds of our Divine Lord; and the 21st is that of St. Matthew, Apostle, a model of prompt obedience to the call of God. On the 27th the physicians among our readers will be glad to find two saints of their profession, Saints Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs. Even a physician may tread the higher paths of perfection.

Women Saints.—On Tuesday, the 4th, comes St. Rose of Viterbo, her face all radiant with the halo of purity and innocence. Of this Saint it is related that once, when she was carrying some loaves of bread to the poor, she was surprised by her father, who had no sympathy with her benefactions. Upon his asking her what she was carrying she opened the fold of her dress to show him her burden, when, wonderful to relate, the loaves were changed to roses! On the 7th occurs the feast of St. Regina, a pattern of courage in self-conquest.

Promoters' Patrons.—On Saturday, the 15th, the Promoters of the League will be glad to find as one of their Patrons St. Catharine of Genoa. We especially recommend devotion to this Saint to all those who are afflicted by domestic troubles arising from the vices of members of their families. For ten long years she endured the selfish brutality of a profligate husband. Her persevering prayers at last obtained his conversion.

The second in order (29th) is St. Michael the Archangel, whose battle-cry, "Who is like unto God?" may well be associated with the motto inscribed on the Badges of the League of the Sacred Heart, "Thy Kingdom Come!"

Casting a backward glance at the Saints of the month we find an uncommonly large number of examples of the most heroic self-humiliation, especially in behalf of the poor and unfortunate. Let us hope that the clients of these Saints may learn from their patrons that the highest and best hopes for eternity are founded in self-annihilation for Christ's dear love in time, and

> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

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HIS GARMENT'S HEM.

By Sister C——.

[These lines were suggested by the following circumstance:—A lady, who is now an exemplary Catholic, attributes her conversion to the simple touch of a Sister's veil. The Sister was returning from Holy Communion, and as she passed, the edge of her veil brushed the face of the lady who was at the time a non-believer. The incident occurred at St. Mary's, Vigo Co., Indiana.]

WAS it the touch of the sombre veil
That awakened my soul this morning,
That filled my mind with an anxious thought,
That breathed in my heart a warning?
Was it the simple and humble serge
That caused me so joyous a feeling,
That set the chords of mine inmost soul
In a tremulous key appealing?

The delicate fabric but kissed my face,
As gently as zephyr a-blowing,
But its kissing lit up my very heart
With unspeakable fire a-glowing.
"What was it?" I asked me again and again,
"That thrilled my soul this morning,
That gave to that 'still small voice' within
So strange, yet so stirring, a warning?"

I questioned and listened—the answer came,
In words distinct but slowly:
"Ah! soul, 'twas the Lord that touched thy heart
With the hem of His garment holy;
'Twas He, thy Redeemer, Who came to save,
His own Precious Life still giving
That the dead might rise from their grave of sin,
To a holy and happy living.

"Ah! lend a responsive ear, poor soul,
To thy Saviour so gently pleading:
Arise, and follow His gracious call,
The world and its pleasures unheeding.
'Tis a priceless boon which He offers to thee,
A prize that is worth the winning;
Oh, haste to receive the precious gift,
A life of faith beginning.

"Arise, and enter the one true Fold,
Its sweets of virtue breathing,
And with garlands of faith and hope and love,
Thy new-born soul enwreathing.
Return to the altar thy fathers left,
Let thy soul be prompt in awaking:
'Tis for want of this active and earnest faith,
That the heart of the world is breaking."

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In ravishing awe I hearkened still—
  The words my soul were burning—
And out of my trembling and wondering heart,
  Rose a prayerful, gladsome yearning.
And I knelt me down and prayed this prayer:
"False creeds, your bonds I sever;
Receive, dear Lord, Thy straying child—
  Receive her now—forever!"

No more I ask: "What was it, pray,
  That thrilled my soul this morning?"
Thine own Real Presence, O dearest Lord,
  Gave to my heart the warning;
And responsive now I hold each truth
  Thy holy Church revealeth,
And pray Thee to cherish the child that now
  At Thine altar a convert kneeleth.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL,
Washington, Daviess Co., Ind.

THE MADONNA OF THE EMERALD.

ONE afternoon, about five hundred years ago, the podestà or mayor of Fiesole, was making a tour round his city—for Fiesole is a very old city as the appearance of its great thick walls now testifies. Fiesole rests upon one of the lower ridges of the Appenines, and looks down from a distance on the Arno and on Florence the Superb. But the podestà had no thought just then of admiration for the beautiful panorama thus unfolded. In his journey he passed by the garden of the Friars Preachers. It was not yet strictly enclosed, as the monastery had only been recently built, and looking in he saw that the sons of Saint Dominic had a garden of roses which he thought unmatched for beauty and fragrance.

These roses were due to the care of Brother Simplicius, who, by his prior's orders, devoted his time to watering the young plants and flowers. Simplicius was not a doctor of canon law. He was only a humble and faithful lay brother, who wrought out his perfection by drawing water from a fountain. He was a candid, simple soul, beyond reproach, who counted the *Ave Marias* of his rosary by the number of times his watering-pots were emptied and filled.

If ever a sin had stained his robe of innocence, it must have been a sin of pride, in looking at the sweet-scented flowers which he lovingly prepared to decorate the sanctuary. At the recitation

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of the Office, when he saw them adorning the Tabernacle or blossoming like a purple carpet under the celebrant's feet, he found it hard to repel a temptation to vanity. It seemed to him that the cloister Madonna used to smile with more than her usual complaisance on his garlands. He shared, of course, the enthusiasm of all Tuscany for the delightful frescoes which a young monk, Fra Giovanni, had profusely lavished on every ceiling and wall of the new monastery; but at times he was ready to think that the homage of his roses was purer and sweeter and more tenderly received by the Queen of nature.

Poor Simplicius! What anguish would have risen in his soul, so crystal-like in its innocence, could he have known that the success of his gardening was going to give such a turn to the musings of the mayor.

The mayor had stopped, as we have seen, to admire the roses.

"How this piece of ground has been improved!" he murmured. "Formerly nothing but rocks and pebbles were here. I see the city did not know how to get her lawful profit from the place, and that is why I let the Fathers install themselves in this forsaken spot without protest. If I had imagined they could make such a beautiful garden of it, I should certainly have asked of them a hundred gold crowns. The money would be very handy just now in our treasury; for down at Foligno they are asking us for sixty Roman crowns to paint the Madonna, which we want on the high altar of our cathedral!

"But stop a bit. Is it really too late? Not a single document confirms the surrender of the city property. It would be the duty of a good executive to require some compensation before acknowledging as lawful the settling of the Friars Preachers in this place!"

These thoughts continued to fill the podestà's mind on his way home, and during his supper, and even, I must confess, during his evening prayer. As, however, he was not an unbeliever, he determined, before he exposed his plan to the city council, to have an understanding with the Friars, and in this way, perhaps, be able to offer his fellow-citizens a solution which would at once conciliate all interests. The next morning he called at the convent to open his thoughts to the Reverend Prior.

His demand was wholly unexpected, and the Prior was overcome with embarrassment. He was not a politician, and easily granted the rights of the city of Fiesole; but he recalled the fact that he

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had occupied a deserted and uncultivated piece of ground, concerning which the benevolent silence of the authorities had the effect of a tacit surrender.

"All will happen," he concluded humbly, "as it may please God and your Lordship. But your Lordship knows that we are mendicants by vow and by profession, that our holy Father Dominic has forbidden us to make bargains, and that we have not a penny nor a sword. If we are driven out, we will leave you our poor garden and buildings, and go to fix our tent where the good God wishes!"

The podestà had not considered this side of the case—that the Friar Preachers might leave Fiesole. They were very much beloved in the city, and he himself had only respect and attachment for them. He protested, therefore, with sincerity that he expected nothing of the sort.

"Yet," he added, "your Reverence must want a title to the property, and, in spite of our good-will, the state of our treasury will not allow us to make you a pure donation. So let us try to agree on a compromise."

A compromise was accordingly effected, and the first one informed of it was the young painter-monk. The Prior went to find him on his scaffold in the chapter-hall.

"Brother," he said, "leave that work for the present. The gift of art which God has given you must now be employed for the safety of our house. The authorities of the city ask for an important picture—a picture of the Virgin Mary, one into which you must put your whole soul. We are to offer it to the city for the high altar in its cathedral, and the city will give us in exchange the ground on which our monastery stands, which, it seems, is not yet ours. Shall you need a model?"

"The model is there," said Giovanni, looking with a seraphic gaze towards heaven.

"Be quick then," said the Prior, "Brother Simplicius will be under your direction, to break the colors and otherwise help you in the material preparation of your work."

The young monk bowed and started away immediately to lock himself up with his assistant in his humble studio. He first knelt down and prayed most fervently, and gradually, as the heat of his faith and piety lit up his artist's fancy, the type of the Virgin seemed to rise up before him. With his eyes fixed on this Divine

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model, he seized his palette and brushes, and began to shadow forth in his composition the exquisite grace and tender mysticism which gushed from his heart. Nothing was earthly in that sweet, ethereal figure which he traced. One might easily have believed that as he knelt the lovely Madonna had appeared to him, smiling upon him from amidst a heavenly cloud. Simplicius meantime was filled with awe and amazement in presence of the artist and of this picture, which he saw endowed every day with a life more real and intense. While he prepared on the palette the pink of the tunic or the blue of the cloak, he felt moved with a religious respect as in the presence of an actual vision of our Lady, and when he slipped out in the evening to water his darling roses, he would exclaim to the brothers who questioned him in the corridors about the mysterious work:

"It is an angel who is painting!"

He would speak to the picture. He even came to confound it with its heavenly model. He loved it, and his feelings grew more and more exalted as the day approached when the artist was to lay down his brush.

The day came at last, and young Fra Giovanni went to inform the Father Prior that the work was finished. The monks were at once assembled, and crossed the threshold of the studio. Enthusiasm seized upon them all. All felt something of the emotion of Simplicius, and fell on their knees, exclaiming: "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*" while the poor Brother's word passed round as the expression of their common sentiment:

"*Angelico! Angelico!* He is an angel!"

"*Angelico!*" repeated the podestà, also, who had been notified of the completion, and in the excess of his joy he ordered that the picture should be carried to the cathedral on the morrow.

The city council and the whole populace of Fiesole came in solemn procession to receive the new Madonna. Simplicius, glowing with love, opened to them the doors of the chapter-room, where the picture had been piously placed. A cry of admiration burst from the people, but, to the poor brother's horror, was almost at once followed by a howl of rage. A sacrilegious hand had pierced the canvas and had placed in the Madonna's hand a rose still wet with the morning's dew. It was the innocent homage which Simplicius had thought worthiest of his dear Madonna, and with which he thought to lovingly adorn her as he bade her adieu.

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The humblest of the people, we know, are artists in Italy, and now, despite the sanctity of the place, the crowd would certainly have laid violent hands on Simplicius if Fra Giovanni had not hastened to throw his white robe around him.

At the sight of the holy artist one shout arose from all: "Angelico! Angelico!" and the ovation with which they received him caused them to forget for the time the unfortunate Simplicius, who made good his escape through the garden. Thus it was that Fra Giovanni became Fra Angelico—a sweet name which he bore through life—at the monastery of St. Mark, in Florence, which he afterwards adorned with his master-pieces; at Orvieto, where he painted the cathedral; and at Rome, where Pope Nicholas V. confided to him one of the chapels of the Vatican. It was not, however, until after his death that his Madonna at Fiesole took the title of the "Madonna of the Emerald." The authorities of the town would never allow a stranger's brush to repair the rent made by Simplicius, and so it remained until Fra Angelico had breathed his last. He had refused a mitre, and even the purple, and to-day only a modest slab in the church of the Minerva at Rome marks where he lies buried.

When, with his death, all hopes of repairing the picture by the hands of its painter were lost, the old podestà plucked a sparkling emerald from his cap—a present from his princely friend, Cosmo de Medici—and fixed it in the outraged canvas just where Simplicius had set his rose. . . .

Five centuries have rolled by since then. Many revolutions have swept over Fiesole, and its people now are comparatively few—and not one of them could tell me what became of the emerald or even of poor Simplicius.

For the PILGRIM, *from the French, by* TH. XR. K.

FINE THOUGHTS FROM SIMPLE SOULS.

IF it is true that great thoughts come from the heart, they come even more surely and more frequently from the spirit of faith. Not a day passes without some ignorant or wellnigh illiterate person giving utterance to words the most sublime. The evil is, however, that these words too commonly pass unnoticed. Some

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one should gather them up as they fall and should carefully preserve them. His collection would be far wiser and nobler than the sparkles of wit, the merry anecdotes and the plays upon words which abound in our daily papers. The thoughts would not, indeed, excite a laugh or a smile as those sparkles of wit would do, but they would happily enliven the heart and the soul that are now weighed down by so many gross opinions and so many grosser habits. Here are some anecdotes to illustrate our meaning.

Not many years ago, a certain civil engineer was sent by the government of France to study what means might be taken to protect a little harbor on the shores of the ocean. Every year some poor fisherman's bark would be shattered on the rocks where the sudden tempests would drive him. The people hurried to the engineer and implored him to decide in favor of the repairs which he saw the harbor so sadly needed.

The official answered them coldly and gravely. He had done his best, he said, but the expense would be enormous beyond all expectation. In fact, after long and detailed studies, he thought the work would cost at least a million francs, and he could only beg them to wait for a more prosperous state of the public treasury. The disappointed fishermen retired in silence, but shortly afterwards sent one of their comrades to seek another interview.

"What you want," the politician answered, "will cost a million francs. Do you know, my good man, what a million is worth?"

"Yes, sir," said the old fisherman promptly, "a million is not worth the life of a single man."

Incredible to hear, the engineer treated this sublime answer as a joke. He even applauded its beauty and wit; and so to this day the little harbor remains unprotected, and every year some hapless fishermen perish for want of a million francs.

Another fisherman from the same place often sailed out a great distance on the high sea where again and again he was threatened by violent tempests. His pastor warned him that he tempted God by doing so, and sooner or later would fall a victim to his recklessness.

"Pshaw!" the fearless fellow replied, "what matters it whether I am buried here in the graveyard or am swallowed up out yonder in the sea? All I care for is that the good God remembers what He taught His Holy Church to write in the Apostles' Creed: 'I believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting.'"

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That was also a beautiful thought which sprang from the heart to the lips of a lowly hospital nun. She was attending a young woman a trifle worldly in her ways, whom the doctors had given over and who ceased not weeping day and night.

"Why are you weeping, my child?" said the nun.

"Because I have to die," the other answered, "and die with empty hands."

The nun at once undid the crucifix from around her own neck and, placing it between the clasped hands of the dying woman, said sweetly:

"Cry no longer now. Hold this cross firmly, and when our Blessed Lord calls you, you will die with your hands filled."

A priest relates that once, when exhorting a very old peasant, who was on the point of entering into his agony, to die with Christian fortitude, the dying man assured him that he saw no terrors in death. On the contrary, he rejoiced. Death was about to reunite him to those whom he had loved in this world and who had gone on to heaven before him, and those friends were much more numerous than the ones he would leave behind him on earth. These are almost literally the words which the wise old pagan, Sophocles, puts into the mouth of Antigone. It is not beautiful minds alone that meet, but beautiful hearts as well, even though long leagues and many centuries divide them.

THE WORK OF THE EASTERN SCHOOLS.

THE work accomplished by the *Eastern Schools*, as they are called, in the way of restoring the schismatics of Asia Minor and the vicinity to the fold of the true Church, can hardly be overestimated. It is now some thirty-one years since they were established for this object in France, and to them must be attributed in great part the extraordinary movement towards Rome which we witness amongst those people.

At the present time, this noble foundation—*l'Œuvre des Écoles d'Orient*—has under its care almost 500 schools, taught by some 1,200 religious men and women and imparting instruction to more than 40,000 young Orientals. Thanks to these schools, the rising generation there finds itself protected against the errors of schisms

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and the many false notions prevalent against the Catholic Church. The children are growing up filled with a knowledge of a true Christian life and a tender devotion to their Faith, and in years to come will be so many sturdy apostles for the exaltation and enlightenment of their brethren.

So far, however, we regret to say, this task—expensive and arduous—in spite of its inspiring character has been performed single-handed by the French missionaries. Great work, indeed, has been accomplished, but heavy odds have to be encountered constantly. Unceasing vigilance and defensive as well as offensive work is demanded, and out of France alone the supply has been furnished. With its magnificent Apostolic Schools for the training of young missionaries and its ever-open purse for all that concerns the glory of God, the Catholic heart of that nation is making a noble reparation for the vices and scandals with which its fair name is disgraced at home. And the fight is still on. England, Germany, and chiefly Russia, all violent enemies of Mother Church, are making the most strenuous exertions both to anticipate the Catholics where they are not and to supplant them where they are. The resources of these nations are comparatively inexhaustible. What floods of money England pours into her worthless missionary societies is notorious, and Germany and Russia are not less prodigal in their spirit of proselytism. The struggle is, therefore, a bitter one. Unhappy peoples are sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, and those who would bring them the glad tidings of great joy, who would lead them out into the full sunshine of the life which Christ desired that they should have and have it more abundantly, find themselves oppressed and thwarted in a hundred ways. It is simply another phase, painful indeed yet glorious, of Christ and His apostles and disciples confronted by the minions of Satan.

In the end, of course, truth must triumph. He that is the Way, the Truth and the Life, has a special love for His valiant missionary. But meantime ours it is to co-operate in His divine work. The map of the Orient reveals to us a land where are dwelling millions whom impious schisms of old tore from the bosom of the Church, and upon our prayers, perhaps, and pecuniary help depends their rescue from the jaws of the wolves that threaten them, their final enfolding in the arms of their long-abandoned Mother.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

A MARTYR OF CROW CREEK, ILLINOIS.

FATHER GABRIEL, RECOLLECT FRIAR, KILLED SEPTEMBER 19, 1680.

A SAINTLY Franciscan butchered by the red men into whose haunts he had penetrated when three score years and ten—the soil of Marshall County watered with the blood of one of the many martyr-priests in America—how few of our Illinois readers are aware of this page in the primitive history of their State! How few the voyagers up the sluggish though beautiful Illinois River, who pause to recall that, near where Crow Creek gushes down from the prairies and forests of the east, there did the aged Father Gabriel de la Ribourde, over two hundred years ago, fall beneath the knife and tomahawk of the Kickapoo Indian! Yet neither the thousand wild flowers whose exquisite beauty enchants the traveller on the prairie, nor the rich basswoods and sycamores which perfume and shade his path in the forest should have an odor half so sweet to the Christian as the death of such a pioneer of Holy Church. No cross or tombstone, it is true, marks the spot where he fell—its exact location is even unknown,—but his is a memory which, for very gratitude, the Catholics of Illinois cannot neglect or fail to reverence.

Father Gabriel de la Ribourde was born in 1610, of a noble and wealthy Flemish family in Burgundy. At the age of thirty, though he found himself the last scion of his house, he joyfully abandoned his honors and riches, and took upon him the humble garment of St. Francis. His life in holy religion was marked by such tender charity and the exact fidelity to rule that, after filling various offices of trust and importance, he was appointed master of novices in the Recollect branch of his Order at Bethune. When some years later the autocratic Louis XIV. obliged the Flemish Recollects to quit their convents in the territory which he had newly won from Spain and to affiliate themselves to a French

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province, his needless cruelty sadly embarrassed the spiritual work of the Order. This embarrassment it was which gave Father Gabriel a long coveted opportunity, and in 1670 he set out with several companions for the mission of Canada.

He was then sixty years of age. He well knew that only in a career of pains and privations could he hope to spread the light of the Gospel. The same ardent fire, however, that thirty years before had urged him to take up his cross and follow Christ, still flamed in his bosom. Many a missionary had already plunged deeply into the primeval forest; the insatiable children of commerce were following them; and fresh recruits to the missionary bands were being constantly called for, not only to teach and baptize the poor Indian, but alas! how often! to stand between him and his rapacious white brethren. Father Gabriel soon became Commissary or Superior of his Order in the Colony, his government being marked by unusual skill and virtue, and on the expiration of his term of office, his successor sent him to Fort Frontenac on the St. Lawrence River, at the head of Lake Ontario. There he met the famous Father Hennepin, the discoverer of Niagara Falls, who had been engaged together with another Recollect, Father Zenobius Membré, to accompany La Salle in a protracted expedition into the almost unexplored west. This indeed was his opportunity. With all his weight of years upon him, the holy old man joined the party. Here, at last, he might receive the crown for which he yearned.

The tale of Father Gabriel's many journeyings and sufferings would form an interesting chapter in itself. The route of the expedition lay along Lakes Erie, St. Clair, and Huron, as far north as Michilimackinac, the Fathers laboring unceasingly in behalf of the natives wherever they were allowed by the various halts which La Salle's fur-trading demanded. From Michilimackinac they sailed down Lake Michigan to the mouth of St. Joseph's River. The beautiful rolling character of the scenery along this river and its great fertility invited the party to a long cruise on its serpentine course, after which they transported their boats by portage south across the country to the Illinois River.

La Salle had met with many disappointments and physical hardships, but was still sanguine of opening up a great trade with the Illinois Indians. He accordingly arranged his fleet so as to present

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an imposing and powerful appearance as they swept down what is now Lake Peoria; and suddenly, on January 1, 1680, by a turn in the river he came upon an encampment of the full tribe in war costume. It was not difficult to win their favor, and La Salle's men were soon engaged in the erection of a fort on a piece of rising ground a little below the present city of Peoria. To this fort they gave the touching name of Crevecœur, or Heart-Break.

Father Gabriel and his two companions at once began their missionary labors. They raised a rude chapel of boards, but were, to their intense sorrow, deprived of the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice. Their store of wine, made from wild grapes which they had gathered on the shores of Lake Michigan, was exhausted, and they could only wait hopefully for the autumn, when the wild vines about them should ripen. The chapel services consisted of occasional sermons given after the morning prayers and of the singing of vespers. Disheartening as this first loss was, their ill success amongst the savages was even greater. At seventy years of age the venerable Father undertook the study of the language of his new people. As may be imagined, however, the task was almost impossible. Adding to this the gross and violent habits of the Indians, he found no natural consolation in his work; but he and his companions still struggled on bravely. They accompanied the Indians in their summer hunts, and Father Membré made a long excursion into the country of the Miami, but the same sad repulses met them everywhere.

Meantime La Salle's mercantile efforts were hardly more successful. After a short time he built a little vessel, in which he sent Father Hennepin with two of his men to push down the Illinois to the Mississippi, while he with another band set out to return to Niagara, leaving the Chevalier de Tonty in charge of Crevecœur. The prospects of the missionaries grew darker and darker. The greater part of de Tonty's garrison deserted him one day without warning, and Fathers Gabriel and Zenobius were forced by their necessities to accept the hospitality of two chieftains, Asapista and Oumahouha, whom La Salle had previously won by bountiful presents. Their adoption by these chiefs might have proved of some value if long continued, but even this was destined to be rudely destroyed.

In the midst of their disheartening struggles, however, they had

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the unspeakable happiness of seeing their grapes ripen in the heats of August, and of making wine from them for the Holy Sacrifice. Father Marquette alone, and his successor, Father Allouez—at Kaskaskia—had preceded them in the celebration of Mass within the present limits of Illinois.

Thus far the only fruits of their eight months of exhausting and untiring labors had been the baptism of a few dying infants, and in the beginning of September what lingering hopes the valiant priests still nourished were blasted forever. A war party of one hundred Iroquois, the deadly foes of the Illinois, appeared on a sudden from the eastern woods. The greater part of the Illinois were already on the war path in another direction, and the comparatively defenceless remainder saw that their only safety lay in flight. De Tonty managed for some time, chiefly by the aid of Fathers Gabriel and Zenobius, to avert the threatened conflict, but only for a time. After one of the conferences a hostile brave had the audacity even to stab the Chevalier. This specimen of bad faith was followed shortly by a declaration from the Iroquois that they intended to invest Crevecœur as well as the Illinois village.

De Tonty then recognized that nothing could be done except to retreat up the river, and on September 18, 1680, the few men that were left him set out with the Fathers, in a miserable canoe of bark, provisionless and wellnigh broken-hearted. Fort Crevecœur had indeed deserved its name.

After paddling along the Illinois for about fifteen miles, Father Gabriel and his party drew near the mouth of the present Crow Creek. Here, on the 19th, De Tonty ordered them to pull ashore to repair the boat and to dry the furs which they still carried. While Father Zenobius and the others were engaged in these tasks, Father Gabriel withdrew to the seclusion of a grove of trees at some distance and there began the recitation of his breviary.

The venerable Recollect was never seen afterwards. Three prowling braves of the Kickapoo tribe, who were at war with the Iroquois, fell upon him while at his prayers. A few blows of the terrible tomahawk soon did their work, and Father Gabriel's loving soul took its flight to God. He had earned and obtained his crown. The savages despoiled him of everything, carrying off even his breviary and diurnal, and then threw his body into a hole, whence it has never been recovered. His breviary and diurnal afterwards

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came into the possession of a Jesuit missionary, but in spite of the most diligent search no trace of his body could be found.

After another long series of hardships, De Tonty's party reached the Jesuit mission at Green Bay, where they were hospitably received and entertained. Father Zenobius Membré lived many years afterwards, and, amongst other consolations granted him by God, enjoyed the privilege in the year 1681 of planting the cross at the mouth of the Mississippi river, and of intoning the *Vexilla Regis* and the *Te Deum* as La Salle's expedition, which he accompanied, sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. Everywhere, however, he drew inspiration from the memory of the patience and sufferings of the holy old priest who, at the age of sixty, had come to a foreign land to preach the Gospel, and at seventy had fallen a victim to the malice of those whom he had sought to save.

In conclusion, when we contrast the wilderness which covered the heart of Illinois at the time of his death with the flourishing state of the Church there at the present day, may we not justly attribute much of the change to that heavenly seed, the blood of the martyred Recollect? May not the toiling priests of to-day thank God for the example given them in the life and death of Father Gabriel de la Ribourde?

THE SHRINE.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the month of July.

A Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	$ 1.00
Mrs. Marian Dowley, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
James Foster, Baltimore, Md.,	25.00
Child of Mary, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Seven Farmers, Scammonville, Kansas,	7.00
Friend, Boston, Mass.,	0.50
" Plains, Pa.,	1.00

At the very time of our present issue, the two pilgrimages of the year are taking place—that of men on the 12th, of women on the 19th, of August. Particulars in our next.

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HOW THE LEAGUE HELPS A MAN'S WILL.

By an American Lawyer.

A VERY old but very true axiom is that a thing worth doing is worth doing well. In moral acts this implies that we know what we mean and we mean what we do.

It is very well for an animal to do a thing from mere habit; it may do for a half-witted being to do it out of blind acceptance with a sort of superstitious suspicion that it may be advantageous; and it is of course not bad in its way for any one to do the right thing anyhow. But a healthy and intelligent soul, blessed by God with capacity and opportunity, should be inspired by a loftier and nobler spirit.

Religion does not snuff out reason, but on the contrary it is only the light of a higher atmosphere cast upon truth; a telescope bringing the supernatural down to our view, or rather lifting our inquiring glances to a broader and more perfect view. And though it may dazzle our feeble eyes like the sun, it is no less light and the enemy of darkness. Nor is any practice of religion truly honest until our searching gaze has located it in heaven. To be really meritorious and fully fruitful our service must be reasonable—*rationabile;* it must be intelligently accepted, and governed by the double guidance of our understanding and our will.

To apply this to the League. It is important that its nature, purpose, method, and vindication should be understood in order to make its practice thoroughly sincere, effective, and lasting. A few preliminary considerations may assist in this.

In the first place, it furnishes daily to all our actions a supernatural motive.

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Theology teaches the importance of this. We are born for a supernatural end; the life of grace which leads to it is a supernatural one; the means to that life are supernatural. We shall reach it only by a supernatural inclination of our will.

This is perhaps one of the least remembered truths of religion. It is *terra incognita* to those outside the Church. It is the mountain chain at which natural acts stop and where common judgment of moral values finds its horizon. But a short reflection will make it clear.

Motive is everything in the act of a moral being. By that is meant, of course, righteous motive proper to the end. We all see at once that to do the right thing from a wrong motive is not the same as to do it for the right motive. To refrain from striking somebody because we are afraid, is very different from that self-restraint exercised from kindness of heart. Or again, to hold back from anger for the sake of God is entirely distinct from doing so because we are naturally meek, averse to contention, noise, and strife.

To give a beggar an alms because we want to be held charitable; or because we want to get rid of him; or because it spoils our own enjoyment of life to have pain flaunt us in the face; or again because we are tender-hearted and compassionate; or because it will make somebody happy to do it; or finally to do it for God's sake Who is all good and wise—these are so many different motives that vary entirely the value of an act of charity, and which present infinite shades and grades as they more or less preside over the action.

This we see; we know it, we realize it. Hence to do a thing for a higher, nobler, purer purpose, is to increase its value by all the value of that purpose.

Next, our aim should be supernatural to deserve a supernatural reward.

God has chosen to lift us to a supernatural end. A man who complies with all the rules of health in order to be healthy deserves in a sense the natural result—health. One who obeys the laws of wealth and success by industry, frugality, economy, prudence and foresight, deserves his reward in the accumulation of wealth. One who seeks glory by its proper methods, works for it, makes sacrifices for it, lives for it, should accomplish it. The man who

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wishes to do others a good turn, to serve them, to please them, to avoid offending them, in order to get their good will, should secure it, according to that word of the Gospel: *Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.*

But God of His own will has raised us above temporal rewards, has substituted for health, wealth and temporal happiness a higher promise and a better gift—supernatural life—something much greater than the natural recompense of natural right-doing. And hence He requires of us to achieve this result, supernatural aims—the desire and the motive of that supernatural state.

We ought, therefore, to direct all our actions to God, to do them all for His sake; and while, no doubt, we half unconsciously do so in many of our good deeds, we can, as theologians teach, make even our indifferent acts meritorious by a daily direction of our will to that end—a direction which will not only lead us perhaps to a more frequent remembrance of the end at large, but which will embalm even the unremembering moments of our pilgrimage and the insignificant incidents of our daily life.

Who would not, by such simple means at his command, thus transmute the common metal of his acts into the gold of a divine purpose? It does not mean that we shall not wish for natural ends nor rob us of natural goods, but that we wish them for nobler reasons than the mere natural impulse and the short-lived satisfaction alone. It is to mark our actions at the mint of God, and make them currency for Heaven. It is to do what we would do anyhow, for a better object and a better reward:—it is for us all profit and no loss.

But how many of the great mass of Christians actually do this? And what readier, more acceptable and persuasive means than the *Morning Offering* of the League?

Who can count the added value of the daily drudgery done in the name of a Master, Who Himself prays that it may be specially rewarded; that Master Who promised not to forget the glass of water given in His name, much less the glass of water first given to Himself that He may in turn offer it as His own gift to the Eternal Father.

But enough for one day. Think of this, Christian. Is all this true? Do you believe it? And is there a simpler, surer way to

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remember it and practise it than the daily offering for the intentions of the Sacred Heart?

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Daughter's Zeal.

From a letter of a Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Many thanksgivings have been asked to be returned to the Sacred Heart for graces obtained. The old lady who returned to her duties after fifty years' neglect, died on the feast of the Sacred Heart, strengthened by the Sacraments of the Church.

In a special manner, however, thanks are offered for the conversion to the Faith of a lady whose daughter is one of our pupils.

A few notes concerning this conversion may prove interesting and encourage other little girls in works of zeal.

Mary N—— is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. N——, of a small town in Missouri, where Mass is said but once a month and where one of our old pupils teaches a Sunday school to prevent the Catholic children attending the Protestant assemblies. Mr. N—— was educated at the St. Louis University, and at the time of his marriage was a fervent Catholic. He had Mary baptized, but by degrees he himself gave up his religion. Mary was brought up by her Protestant mother without religion, and given her own way in everything. Last year, however, she accompanied a little friend to the Sunday school, studied the Catechism, and asked to make her First Communion, which was granted on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Her father sent her to us in October, at the child's request. Since this time she has given in her intentions for her mother's conversion and her father's return to duty regularly every month. In the meantime frequent visits to the Convent and instructions from one of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus led the mother to know and believe, so she was baptized on May 31st and made her First Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart, kneeling beside her little daughter who was so happy.

Mary now recommends her father to the Apostleship, and says: "The Sacred Heart cannot refuse to grant my request."

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A Maryland Promoter's Work.

A———, Md., *July* 3*d*, 1888.

Dear Rev. Father:—It may interest you to know how the children of our little Sunday school—down here out of sight in a hollow amongst the Maryland hills—made practical the *Offerings* of the Treasury of the Sacred Heart. They number hardly more than fifteen, and all of them are as young as they are devout and charming, which is saying a great deal; but none are too young to belong to the Apostleship. Their *Morning Offering* they make with scrupulous fidelity.

At the suggestion of one of their teachers, they made up their minds to offer what they called a "Bouquet" of good works to the Sacred Heart every week during the month of June, the bouquet to consist of so many different prayers and so many acts of mortification. Regular lists were hektographed for them, and faithfully every Sunday afternoon each child climbed up to the small gray church with the bouquet proudly in hand. Inside, near the door, was a box covered like silver and adorned with a picture of the Sacred Heart, hung by a blue ribbon from a bright gold nail, and into this the tiny Associates slipped their pious record.

No one signed his name. They knew they were to do their works purely for the love of our Lord; but the zeal with which the little ones labored, their anxiety to understand the devotion and their great fidelity in fulfilling its requirements, were at once astonishing and consoling. In the first week alone, their grand total was 2,734 prayers and good works, which would make over 180 for each child; and, with only slight variations, this total was sturdily maintained during the whole month. The title "Mortifications" puzzled them somewhat at first, but as soon as they were told in how many ways they might mortify their senses and deny themselves a hundred small gratifications, as an offering to the Heart of their suffering Saviour, they seemed to grasp its beauty and to be eager to ascend this new height of virtue.

They are a sweet lot of children, but nothing, I believe, has done so much to make them amiable in the sight of God as the Holy League. Everyone is a member of the Apostleship and of a Rosary Band, and everyone wears the Badge, while they hear the discourse on the Monthly Intention with marvellous interest, and are always excited thereby to the most earnest and edifying prayers.

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THE PROMOTERS OF ST. PETER'S PARISH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Promoters of St. Peter's parish had a very interesting meeting this afternoon. At the meeting we decided to ask for the large MESSENGER. Please, then, send 20 large MESSENGERS every month to our President, who will distribute them.

After the meeting was over, we all went into the church and our Reverend Pastor conferred the official Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses on the deserving Promoters. The scene was truly edifying. Our beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart was handsomely decorated and surely the loving Heart of Jesus must have been pleased with the faithful, though unworthy, Promoters of St. Peter's.

During this month we are to have special devotions every Wednesday and Friday evening, and the Promoters will vie with one another in offering to the Sacred Heart human hearts that are worthy of acceptance, until like the

"Fragrant flowers around His throne,
We breathe out our lives for God alone."

M. C. H., *Sec'y of Promoters.*

June 3.

AN AMERICAN FAVOR OF ONE OF MARY'S NEW SAINTS.

MT. DE CHANTAL, W. VA., *July* 22, 1888.

We trust you will allow us space in the PILGRIM for the acknowledgment of the following favor obtained through the intercession of St. John Berchmans.

One of our young religious was afflicted with severe throat trouble which occasioned complete extinction of voice in July, 1886. Medical treatment failed in effecting any permanent relief, and for one whole year she could scarcely utter an audible whisper. Novenas were offered in vain, so that we concluded to surname our sister "the Silent." Such, however, was not the design of our dear Lord, for in January last, Sr. B——, upon hearing of the great honor soon to be shown to Blessed John Berchmans, was filled with confidence in his mediation, and obtained permission to make a Novena to him, ending on the day of his canonization.

Her faith was well and speedily rewarded. The 15th of January brought her complete recovery, and to the glory of this new star in the Sacred Calendar we now record with grateful hearts our humble tribute of love.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

SOULS UNDER TEMPTATION.

WHEN His Sacred Heart was about to enter into Its agony on the Mount of Olives, our Blessed Lord spoke to His apostles these words of solemn warning: *Watch ye and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*[1] To watch with Christ, to unite the prayers of our poor hearts to His—especially in favor of souls under temptation—is indeed to enter fully into the spirit of our Holy League. That League was founded in order that the faithful might join in an army of prayer to combat temptation and sin—everywhere—under the standard of the Sacred Heart.

To pray for souls under temptation is the same as to pray for all souls that live this mortal life. Who of us here on earth is not tempted? It is to pray for them at the moment when—excepting only that moment of supreme temptation, the agony of death—they have the greatest need of our assistance. We pray for them every day, it is true, when we say to God: *Lead us not into temptation.* But are we always mindful enough of this prayer? Do we remember that in saying it, we are not praying for ourselves alone, but for every one who has as his Father our heavenly Father, that is, for all mankind.

What do we ask when we pray for such souls— our own as well as our neighbor's?

First, that they may know that they are tempted; for out of ignorance that the tempter was at hand how many sad falls have occurred! The unsuspecting soul is often by that very fact already overcome.

Next, we pray that the tempted souls may know the means of their deliverance—what weapons to save the eyes from being dazzled and the heart from being deceived, and to beat back the insidious tempter. We pray that they may take up the weapons commanded or counselled by God—watchfulness and prayer, mortification and humility, resistance prompt and aggressive.

Finally, we pray for souls under temptation that they may remember how they have as their heavenly witnesses and helpers all the Saints and Angels of God, the great Queen of Saints and Angels—our Blessed Lady—and, infinitely stronger than all, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. No stronger citadel than the love of that Heart can be found. To love the Heart of Jesus is to be secure against every temptation. "Satan is afraid of watchings and prayers and fasts," said the glorious Saint Anthony, "he is afraid of alms-giving and humility; but what he fears more than all is an ardent love of Jesus Christ."

[1] St. Matthew, xxvi. 41.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. OCTOBER, 1888.

THE JUBILEE AND THE HOLY SOULS.

TO crown his priestly Jubilee, Leo XIII. wishes that the Holy Souls in Purgatory should have their share also in its graces. He has decreed that on Sunday, the 30th of September (two weeks after the appearance of this number of the PILGRIM), Mass be celebrated throughout the whole Catholic world for the souls in Purgatory. The Encyclical of the 1st of April, 1888, further explains the Pope's grand and touching idea:

The last Sunday of the coming month of September will be a day of general expiation. With all the solemnity possible, and according to the rubrics prescribed in the Missal for all the faithful departed, a special Mass for the dead will be celebrated on that day by Us, by each of Our Brethren, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and all other prelates charged with dioceses, in their patriarchal, metropolitan, and cathedral churches respectively. We also approve that the same be carried out in parish and collegiate churches, both secular and regular, and this by all the priests, provided that wherever the obligation exists the Mass corresponding to the office of the day be not omitted. As to the rest of the faithful, We earnestly exhort them, after having confessed, to nourish their souls with the Bread of Angels for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory. To this end We grant a Plenary Indulgence for the souls of the faithful departed. To those celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as We have said above, We grant in virtue of Our Apostolic Authority the favor of a privileged altar.

Our Associates will all be glad to respond to the desires of the Holy Father by receiving Holy Communion on the day assigned, for the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

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THE HEAVENS OF OCTOBER.

(*See the Messenger Calendar.*)

NOW the beautiful month of October—the month of the Rosary and the Guardian Angels—is at hand. The sunset clouds are dyed a deeper red, and the forest aisles are strown with rustling garments of gold and scarlet. Holy Church is in harmony with the season. She points out to us this month a glorious galaxy in the Christian heavens—of Angels and Saints—blazing with uncommon lustre in God's firmament. She teaches us to look up to them with love, and learn from them how to prepare ourselves for our own ascent to heaven.

First, let us remember how the month is dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, whose special feast we celebrate on the first Sunday. Thus it should be a time of special encouragement for the members of the Second Degree of our League, whose Associates in this country now number 170,000, all offering every day one decade of the beads for the Sovereign Pontiff.

Then we consider the feast of the Guardian Angels, to whom likewise Mother Church has dedicated the month. We know from Holy Writ and the testimony of all the great Fathers of the Church, that God has appointed unto each of us an Angel who shall keep us in all our ways.[1] His presence is at once real, continual, and consoling. Whilst the Angel is guarding us, he also sees in its glory the face of our Father Who is in heaven.[2] His office it is to bear our MORNING OFFERING and every good act of our lives to God's throne, to be recorded there in our favor for all eternity. Could we want a greater incentive to zeal in our Holy League?

Saint Remigius was born in the castle of Laon in Gaul, and was rich and powerful and learned; but he stole away to a hermitage and lived there in poverty and prayer, until God called him forth to be Archbishop of Rheims. Like a true saint, he was as valiant and as apostolic in this position as he had been retiring and contemplative in his cell. He had abandoned all for God, and to God he left it to be decided in what path of life he should labor. Heretics, infidels, and notorious sinners all over the land yielded to his eloquence. King Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy,

[1] Ps., xc. 11. [2] St. Matth., xviii. 10.

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came to him to be baptized. When he died, at the venerable age of ninety-four, he left no noble house behind him, no coffers of gold, no renown of arms; but instead he left the magnificent record of the Arian heresy crushed out of France, and of countless thousands brought to God by his preaching and his prayers and penance.

Saint Dionysius was a judge of the famous Court of the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, outside the walls of Athens, where sat the gravest and most dignified and upright statesmen of Greece—a position regarded as the very pinnacle of worldly ambition. Yet when the Apostle of the Gentiles dared to reproach these mighty men with their altar, *To the Unknown God*,[3] Dionysius went out forever from amongst them, and for three years humbly followed St. Paul, learning from him the words of eternal wisdom. St. Paul then ordained him Bishop of Athens, and in his old resorts the Areopagite appeared as the preacher of a despised Gospel. The harvest of souls which he gathered was a bountiful one, and, instead of pagan pomps and hired mourners at his funeral, he obtained the crown of martyrdom.

The story of St. Francis Borgia is familiar to all. Duke of Gandia and Viceroy of Catalonia, confidant of the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, enormously wealthy and singularly gifted in all the polite attainments of the sixteenth century, the idol of royal circles and of all Spain, possessed in fact of all that the world could offer, he yet saw that all these things were of themselves vain and even injurious in the pursuit of everlasting life. The great grandee became a humble Jesuit priest—preaching, teaching, catechizing, hearing confessions, and consoling the sick. A bishop's mitre, a cardinal's hat, was proffered him, but he implored the Pope to spare him and his prayer prevailed. Elevated finally to the position of General of the Society of Jesus, the great works of the Society, its colleges and home and foreign missions, were never more flourishing than under his administration, and when at last he lay down to die it was, like St. Remigius, not as a proud lord, but as a priest of God, worn out with the labors of prayer, charity, and extreme bodily mortification.

Similarly, Saint Gall, whose family stood high among the wealthy nobility of Ireland in the sixth century, left all things that he might follow the devoted St. Columban in his missionary tours through

[3] Acts, xvii. 18–34.

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the continent of Europe. Sharing the persecutions of his master in France, the two Saints afterwards built themselves cells in the wilderness of Bregentz; and there he that had been brought up in purple spent his days in imparting a knowledge of the true God to the wildest and most abandoned of the people who dwelt in the mountains near Lake Constance. So many were his converts that he is justly styled the apostle of that part of Switzerland.

The 19th of October is the feast of the great Saint Peter of Alcantara, who chose the penitential life of the blessed Order of St. Francis. Hardly had he crossed the threshold of the convent when he became a marvel of penance to even the most austere, while his modesty and watch over his senses seemed almost miraculous. He longed to lie hidden in the deepest fastnesses of Spain, but again and again God summoned him to most exalted labors in the eyes of the world. Whether, however, at the court of Portugal, calming the dissensions of the people of Alcantara, preaching with immense fruit all through Spain, or acting as the spiritual adviser of St. Teresa, he was always the man of recollection, prayer, and incredible penance. No amount of occupation could distract him from God, nothing could deter him in his practices of mortification. When he died, he appeared to St. Teresa in a vision and exclaimed: "O blessed penance, which has obtained for me so great a reward!"

Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Teresa are the two Promoters' Patrons for October. The seraphic Saint Francis, who has been called a miracle of humility, seemed to have been specially shown by God to the world to teach them contempt of its false pleasures, to cultivate an exceeding great love one for another,[4] and to seek no other joy but the glory of God. His meekness and sincerity, and the undeniable proofs he gave of a burning charity for all men, disarm the sternest critic. The sacred Stigmata wherewith our Lord was pleased to mark his hands and feet and side give us some faint insight into the burning love of his soul. Saint Teresa, simple nun as she was, became the reformer of the Carmelite Order, and is regarded as a Doctor of the Church because of her writings on the union of the soul with God. She is said to have converted as many souls by her prayers as St. Francis Xavier by his preaching—a true example for our Apostleship of Prayer.

[4] St. John, xiii. 35.

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BROTHER THEODORE'S BEADS.

SOME years ago in one of the Trappist monasteries there was a good lay brother very old and sick and worn out, who was never seen without his beads. It was Brother Theodore. Yet in other days he had borne other arms.

In 1812, Brother Theodore was one of Napoleon's grand army which was coming back from Russia conquered by the cruel cold. They had walked for long hours in the snow when Brother Theodore's division, overcome with fatigue and hunger, suddenly found themselves in front of the enemy's batteries attacking them in full face and stopping their way. Deadly discouragement took hold of all. Officers and soldiers in their fury threw their arms to the ground. It is well known to what a degree of utter discouragement entire brigades fell during this mournful campaign, on which they had set out so bravely and proudly. In a few months they were no more than a confused mass of demoralized men and walking skeletons.

In this state of things what was to be done? Go back they could not! But how should they advance? Hide themselves behind the rocks as a shelter from the bullets? They would thus condemn themselves to die of cold and hunger. All at once an officer stepped forward sword in hand, and pointing to the battery cried out to the weary men:

"Follow me!"

A rare thing in the annals of the French wars then happened. Not a voice answered this appeal to honor. Yes, there was one. One man alone, he who was afterwards Brother Theodore, left the ranks and offered himself in these words:

"I will go alone if you desire it!"

Saying this, he threw down his knapsack and placed his rifle on the ground. Then, on his knees in the midst of the snow, he made a great sign of the cross before all his comrades in arms, who did not dream of smiling at him, and recited his *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, *I believe in God*, and the act of contrition with more fervor than he had ever done before. Now, taking up his rifle, he advanced at double-quick pace towards the cannon, in the face of two discharges which did not make him slacken his pace. With head down he still went on, with as much assurance as if there were ten thousand

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men behind him. He was on the point of reaching the battery. The astonished enemy suspected a stratagem and credited the French with the design of turning their flank while they were occupied with a single man, and abandoning artillery and baggage the whole battery took to flight.

Our hero was master of the field. But he only said, with wonderful frankness and a coolness which nothing could disturb:

"Do you see? you have only to pray when you wish to get out of a scrape!"

The officer in his enthusiasm, which was shared by all the others, ran forward, and snatching his own Cross of Honor from his breast placed it on that of the valiant young man, as he cried with tears in his eyes: "My brave fellow, you deserve it more than I."

Brother Theodore simply replied: "Commander, I have only done my duty!"

It was exactly the same fifty years later, when under the rough gown of the Trappist and in the severest cold he passed his half-days on his knees constantly reciting the beads—he only did his duty.

FOR THEE!

O SACRED Heart! O Heart of love!
Inflamed with love for me,
My heart doth pine
To be like Thine,
Inflamed with love of Thee!

O bleeding Heart! O broken Heart!
Whose blood was shed for me,
Grant me this boon
That my heart soon
May bleed for love of Thee!

O glorious Heart! O Heart adored,
Of love and power divine,
To Thee I pray
By night and day,
My heart in Thine enshrine.

J. P. C.

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AN AMERICAN GIRL.

WE often hear of high-spirited and noble girls of European lands whose religious heroism moves us to admiration; but why do we hear so little of our own good girls in America? Is there nothing in their story that is brilliant, generous, or heroic? I for one believe that there is much of all these three great qualities. We know the Catholic girls of Europe and revere their lofty characters, which have so often in the time of public calamity proved the bulwark of Mother Church; but, given a strong-minded American girl, brought up in the atmosphere of the true faith and shielded from the blighting frosts of heresy and indifferentism, and we have a soul incomparably well equipped for the battle of life—a soul that yields to none in the spirit of piety and self-sacrifice. The following true story is an illustration of the counter-influences of the allurements of the world on the one hand and the inspirations and workings of the Holy Spirit on the other, in the heart of such a girl.

Alice Clifton was an only daughter, endowed with many choice gifts of heart and mind. Her parents were wealthy and good, and their affection for their lovely and loving child had built for her many an airy castle of beauty and happiness. At thirteen she was tall for her age, quiet in manner, with dark eyes and a bright mind, quick to learn and eager for pleasure, but not easily led. After three years in a convent school she returned home, beautiful in the grace of early womanhood and adorned with a charm of manner and many a maidenly accomplishment which caused her to be the centre of a large circle of admiring friends. Free from school at the age of sixteen, her thoughts naturally turned to a life of enjoyment. The afternoon walk, the concert, the dance, and the evening call, alternating with light household cares and desultory reading,—these filled up her life as they do the same period in the life of so many.

Such at least is the life as we see it in many an American girl. We do not see, with her Guardian Angel, the eyes raised to heaven on awaking, nor are we aware of the noble purposes in the half-hour which follows at the foot of the altar. There new strength is gained for the battle of life; a light from eternity falls upon the coming day and makes the full routine gleam with a spiritual

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glory. Then, too, as she goes to her home or her task, while other hearts are soiled with the scandals of the morning paper, or their sensibilities deadened by the hidden venom of a popular novel, the mysteries of the beads keep alive in her heart the love of Him she has adored or received that morning. Happen what may, such a girl is faithful to her morning prayer and Mass, her beads and her weekly confession. If her life is filled with too great an attraction for pleasure, this is because she is human. But these spiritual duties are to her heart and her virtue as a spiritual salt. They preserve her firm and strong in the time of need. — But to our story.

Three years had rolled on, and an hour of trial came. A young man sought the hand of Alice Clifton. The ties of friendship and affection grew rapidly stronger; but one thing remained hanging over this friendship like a cloud. Her lover was a Protestant. Her faith told her of the danger of the union, her love tried to blind her. One afternoon a lady friend called to see her.

"Oh, Mrs. Black," said Alice, "I am so glad you have come; I have something very important to tell you. Guess who was here last night."

"Mr. Cleveland," said Mrs. Black putting her off, for she suspected who it was.

"Now don't tease, Mrs. Black; you suspect it was Robert Sinclair, don't you?"

"Judging from the past, I should fancy it was. But that is the third time this week. It looks like an engagement, doesn't it?"

"You won't breathe it to anyone? Well, almost. But you know he is not a Catholic. Still he is so good; it's the only thing makes me hesitate. Yet he has promised to read some Catholic books and has asked me many questions about the Blessed Virgin and the beads. Won't you please pray for him? Oh, I do wish he were a Catholic!"

"But, my dear child, would you marry him? You could not be married in a Catholic church. You could not have any Mass or have your ring blessed. The Church must have seen great evils before she gave such discouragement to mixed marriages."

"It's all very well, Mrs. Black, for you to talk that way, when the first one you thought most of happened to be a Catholic. If

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he had been of some other religion, you might argue another way."

"Perhaps I might, Alice, but I don't think I'd give up my religion or risk my soul for any happiness in this life or for any man. I love my husband very much, but if I did not love God more I should not be worthy of his love. I am not trying to preach, Alice, but I would not have married him, or any one else, if he had not been a Catholic. I had seen and heard too much of the unhappiness of those matches before my own turn came."

"Well, I'm pretty sure there would be no danger of my not practising my religion. He would have to let me go to church whenever I pleased, or there would be war, that's all, and I'm pretty determined when I make up my mind."

"Do you remember Nellie Fairchild?" said Mrs. Black, seriously.

"Yes. Have you seen her lately?"

"I met her last week at Webster's, and it seems her boys are being brought up Protestants."

"Poor Nellie! But I'm going to make sure of one thing. He will have to become a Catholic either before we are married or after, and in any case he must give a written pledge, sworn to and signed, that the faith of the children will not be tampered with. Nellie used to have more pluck."

"She seems an altogether changed girl. She told me she had not gone to church since the first month of their marriage, because there was always a disturbance. She would not go to church with him and he would not accompany her; so, for the sake of peace, both stay at home."

"Maggie Tyrrel does worse than that. I heard the other day that she goes to the Episcopal church with her husband; but then she never had the strength of character that Nellie always showed."

"Still, you remember no doubt, her telling us that her husband promised the children should be Catholics, and now her second child is not yet baptized. She says, sometime she will try to get the maid to steal it away to the church for baptism. What a position for a Catholic mother! If the child dies before then, will she ever forgive herself?"

"It is frightful, but I hope it will be all right in my case. Please pray that it may be so."

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With these words the subject was dropped, but the interview made Alice reflect deeply. These facts were within her own knowledge, and the consequences too clear for her not to see them. She tried to put the thought away. It was the struggle, however, of the right against what was pleasing to nature. She could not escape that alternative which must come to every girl in the same circumstances: "Am I willing to give up the love of my God for human love — to risk my eternal soul for the mere *chance* of happiness in this short life, which may not be happy after all?"

"It will not be so in my case," she thought or tried to think— just as men will never realize for themselves that the sudden death which has struck down others may soon come to them. "It will not be so in my case," is the sad delusion they put upon themselves.

But soon another cloud came upon Alice, and through the darkness of the two light broke in upon her soul. Fiercely she struggled against the hateful truth; she reasoned with her love, but her womanly nature rose in its self-respect and pride. It dawned upon her but too clearly that, besides the absence of her own faith, there was present in the heart of Mr. Sinclair the love of wine. Two such evils could not be tolerated. Principle triumphed. Greatly as she loved him she would not, with her eyes open, enter on a life with such awful risks of unhappiness.

The separation had come; the fruit of those earnest prayers was not lost. Was there, then, much in making the sacrifice? How many girls would have made it? How many would rather have chosen the dangerous side, looking only at the brightness of the golden dream before them, shutting their eyes to the future and hastily consenting — only afterwards to sorrow slowly all their saddened lives!

God rewards the spirit of sacrifice with higher and nobler aspirations. Alice sought more earnestly in prayer and retreat to know God's will for her future life. Meantime she settled down to her former way, days half of amusement, half of prayer; but always to her mind came back the thought: "How short is life and how fleeting human joy; but God's great love, how everlasting:" This was not said by a girl who had no friends or was rejected by a lover, but by one who was too high-minded to be unfaithful to duty, by one whose friends idolized her, and whom more than one

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handsome and accomplished suitor was seeking in vain to make his bride.

Other suitors came to seek her hand. Eligible and good Catholics they were now. But God in His own good time was to make the light so clear that there should be no longer a possibility of doubt. That good time came. One day Alice called on Mrs. Black, and these were her words:

"I am going to be married, Mrs. Black, and I am sure this time you will find no fault with my choice."

"When?" asked Mrs. Black.

"Very soon."

"To whom?"

"I can't tell you just yet."

"Do I know the person?"

"Oh, yes! you know him well."

"Did I know him before you did?"

"Yes, some years before."

"Why not tell me who he is?"

"I have promised not to mention it now."

"May I ask this? Had I anything to do with your knowing him?"

"Yes, I believe you did. Can't you make a guess?"

"Tell me the initials and I may make an attempt."

"J. C. I cannot tell you any more."

"I am utterly lost, but if you will not tell me any more I suppose I must be satisfied."

"Mrs. Black, only just wait till to-morrow and I will tell you all."

Almost anyone might have guessed Alice's secret, as our readers have probably done already, but Mrs. Black never suspected it. The morrow, however, brought her the joyful news—that she who had so much to enjoy and to make her a favorite in the world, had abandoned all to be a nun, the bride of Christ. The King of Kings had chosen her for His own, and promised her a hundredfold in this world and life eternal in the next; and God, we know, keeps His promises.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

A MIDSUMMER VISIT TO AURIESVILLE.

AURIESVILLE! I had long desired to visit the place sanctified by the blood of so many martyrs and where Catharine Tegakwita, the Lily of the Mohawk, dwelt. I had, indeed, my own misgivings as to what accommodations the inn of this country place would afford, but they were entirely dispelled by the happy realization of comfortable quarters at the Putman House, a quiet, orderly hotel, directly across from the station. My companion was as highly delighted as I, and we were soon both at home, having separate rooms, side by side, opening into a large, well furnished parlor, which was all our own. Let me here, too, make gracious acknowledgment of the many kind favors shown us by mine host of the Putman and family. All that could contribute in any way to our comfort they did.

The shrine of our Lady tops the gentle slope at the rear of the hotel, and is distant from it but a few rods, overlooking those two great highways of travel, the West Shore and New York Central Rail Roads, about forty miles west of Albany.

It was our first visiting place, even before we thought of securing arrangements for bed and board.

Standing as it does, upon the very edge of a plateau, it commands a sweeping view of the whole valley, and on this account, doubtless, was it selected by the Indians as a site for their village.

To the west the Mohawk shimmers in the sun until lost among the hills that hide Fultonville and Fonda from view; to the east, winding snake-like through the rich, cultivated *Flats*, it is joined by the Schoharie (at this season almost dry), nearly opposite Tribes Hill; while directly to the north, a distant outlying peak of the Adirondacks (Mayfield Mt.) is visible on the horizon. The whole, spread out as a panorama, elicits from the beholder a cry of rapture. The shrine itself is as pictured in the frontispiece of the May PILGRIM. It is an octagonal frame structure, enclosed with movable sides (the sides are taken down when Mass is said, thus making the altar visible from all points), with a dome roof surmounted by a

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cross. Within is a wooden altar with a statue of our Blessed Mother holding the dead Christ in her arms. Scattered about, a lot of unpainted, weather-beaten benches were piled one upon another until the next Pilgrimage should call them into requisition. A communion rail and pulpit of the same material fronted the shrine.

I thought within myself, how sweet would be the privilege to receive our dear Lord in such a sacred spot, with nothing but the canopy of heaven overhead and the sweet grass underfoot!

Every day we repaired hither to make the Morning Offering of the League, and afterward to linger in the cooling shadows of the shrine and muse upon all that had transpired there in the centuries back.

A Memorial Cross, the pious gift of the venerable Father Hourigan, of Binghamton, N. Y., himself a pioneer in the missions of the State, marks the spot where so many gallant soldiers of Christ fell in the battle with idolatry and sin.

We had been informed by an inquiring countryman, after telling him that we were Catholics and had come from Philadelphia on purpose to visit the shrine, that we would find none of our people anywhere near, but that there was quite a collection of them further up the river around Fultonville.

During our first visit to the spot, however, some of the neighboring farmers were busily engaged in mowing the hay in the surrounding field. I could not but observe that one of them looked very much like an Irishman. I was afterwards rewarded with convincing testimony that he was, and a Catholic Irishman too, for every time he had occasion to pass the shrine, he would stop—scythe in hand—reverently lift his hat and make a genuflection. Many times he blessed himself. He was a hired hand, and lived with his widowed mother a little way up the hill. They were the only Catholics thereabout. We afterwards had the pleasure of meeting the old lady telling her beads at the shrine. It was Sunday morning, and she was trying to satisfy her devotion (having been unable to get to Mass, some miles distant) and to look after the place a little and make things neat and tidy.

Many visitors came during our stay, generally in small parties from neighboring points. As they only came for the day, the arrangement of the trains made their stay necessarily short, arriv-

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ing at ten o'clock in the morning and departing at two in the afternoon. It was time enough, however, to offer up a devout prayer and gather wild flowers and the Golden Rod as a tribute of affection to our Lady—little offerings with which our Blessed Mother ever deigns to be pleased.

One man, I am creditably informed, made a pilgrimage on foot from Boston, over 400 miles, to obtain a special favor. God grant he may obtain it!

Active preparations were already being made for a large pilgrimage from Troy. Two of the Jesuit Fathers from St. Joseph's Church in that city were having the ground surveyed for the erection of the stations of the Way of the Cross and a large Calvary as a central piece. So great was the crowd at the former pilgrimages that the wise measure of having one for the men (Aug. 12), and one for the women (Aug. 19), was adopted. A special train was already chartered to carry the pilgrims. All the large sodalities and societies attached to St. Joseph's Church were to participate, with others from the neighboring towns and cities. These in themselves constitute a great number. I would have given much for the blessed privilege of taking part, but duty called me away. Probably the next time the privilege will be mine—so, good-bye till then, dear shrine, God willing. J. J. B.

THE AUGUST PILGRIMS.

I. Men.

ON Sunday, August 12, the men of St. Joseph's congregation, Troy, made their third annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs—the scene of the trials and death of Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and his companions—at Auriesville, New York.

The morning dawned dark, chilly, and wet; and nothing but profound piety and ardent zeal could have prevailed on them to set out on such an unpromising day. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, some three hundred and twenty devout souls started on their mission of piety at 5.30 A. M., arriving at the destination at 8.30. The Litany and the Rosary were recited during the journey, at the end of which the rain had partly cleared off and the sky become much brighter.

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From the cars the pilgrims marched in orderly procession up the hill to the shrine, which commands a complete view of the surrounding country and the picturesque valleys of the Mohawk and Schoharie Rivers. For the grace and loveliness of the view, the site is without doubt unsurpassed in this section of the country. However, it was not for the contemplation of beautiful scenery that the pious pilgrimage was inaugurated.

Since the last visit to the shrine by the people of St. Joseph's, some very important improvements have been added which tend to render its appearance as a place of devotion far more imposing.

In the middle of the field there has been arranged an effective representation of the scene of Calvary. A large cross twenty feet high, bearing the image of our crucified Redeemer, stands on a mound thirty feet in diameter and seven feet in height, with steps ascending to it. In attendance at the cross are the life-size figures of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist. This central group is encircled, at a distance of about fifty feet, by fourteen large white crosses, representing the stations. The first sight of this life-like scene, after mounting the hill, is indeed impressive, and will, I venture to say, inspire feelings of awe and devotion in the most worldly and unconcerned person who has the grace to visit it.

Very Rev. Father Burke, Vicar-General of the diocese, said the first Mass, at which all received Holy Communion. There is something particularly affecting in the devotion of men, seen in a body—stern, sturdy, engrossed with their different cares of business and of life, the ancient and gray-haired, and vigorous youths—all kneeling humbly in common faith and common piety. The ardor and devotion manifested on this occasion was extraordinary. During the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Young Men's Sodality sang the well-known and appropriate hymn:

Soldiers of Christ, arise!

At the conclusion of the Mass the Vicar-General addressed the assemblage. He spoke eloquently from the Gospel of the day—*Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul, and thy neighbor as thyself.* He exhorted the pilgrims to cultivate a love and sense of appreciation even for the beautiful things of nature around them—the sloping fields, the fresh green valleys, the verdant

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trees, the birds of the air, and the tiny insects, to love them all as the handiwork of God, their Creator. He then dwelt long and happily on the charity and virtues of the good and holy martyrs whose memory consecrates the neighborhood of this shrine of Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs. Their great charity and unbounded zeal for the souls of their fellow-men mastered all other thoughts in them. So they left home and friends and country to seek in a wild and foreign land a race wild and foreign, whose minds and hearts were alien to God and His holy things. Led by the fire of their ardent zeal, long and far they wandered until they won their crowns amid the flaming brands of persecution. In conclusion, he besought them to emulate, inasmuch as they could, the sweet examples of holiness given by those who had finally sacrificed their lives in that spot for the glory of God and the salvation of His creatures.

The blessing of the group of the Crucifixion and the stations was deferred until the following Sunday, when the ladies of the same parish were to come in pilgrimage. Besides the Very Rev. Father Burke, there were present Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S. J., under whose supervision it was undertaken, and Rev. Fathers Nagle and McDonnell, S. J.

Everything passed very auspiciously, and but for the disagreeableness of the weather, which caused some of the grander ceremonies to be omitted, nothing detracted from its success. I may truly say that it is the earnest desire and sincere hope of all, that the day is in the near future when the Society of Jesus will find it convenient to erect a house of retreat and a church sufficient to shelter the pilgrims in this pleasant and hallowed location, which affords so many advantages for such a purpose.

II. Women.

Sunday, August 19th, the day appointed for the pilgrimage of the ladies of St. Joseph's congregation, Troy, N. Y., to the holy hill at Auriesville, broke bright and pleasant. The train, which numbered twenty-one cars and carried 1275 pilgrims, started from Troy at 6 A. M., and going by way of Albany, was there increased by five other cars, accommodating 225 ladies from that city, while at Port Jackson it was still further increased by the Amsterdam delegation.

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On the cars several hymns were sung by the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality choir and others, and the Litany of Loretto was devoutly recited by all. After a journey of about three hours thus spent in exercises of piety, the pilgrims reached Auriesville and marched in procession from the cars to the summit of the hill. The Reverend Clergy led the way, followed by the choir of the Sacred Heart Sodality, eighteen Sisters of St. Joseph from Troy and Cohoes, the Young Ladies' Sodality, and the general body of the pilgrims.

When all had gathered around the shrine, Fathers Quin, McElhinney, and Fagan, S. J., vested in turn and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Kneeling as the worshippers were, in the broad green field, with the refulgent rays of God's bright sunshine streaming on them, and with no roof above them except the great blue dome of the heavens, we could not but think of the probable resemblance between this scene and the one enacted there over two hundred years ago by a holy missionary of God and a race wild and simple, who knelt in the same faith in our Divine Lord, and in the same spirit of humility. Then, indeed, the hum and noise of business and the bustle and rattle of scientific progress could not be heard as it can be to-day, but the same great Sacrifice was offered in the same place, and by a member of the same holy Order whose ministers were officiating at this pilgrimage.

At the first Mass 1200 pilgrims received Holy Communion, and Father Quin delivered an eloquent sermon, in which he aptly touched on several circumstances in the life of Father Jogues, telling, for example, how on his return to France with fingers mutilated, the holy priest's first thought had been to hasten to a chapel and receive the Holy Eucharist, which exercise of piety the pilgrims of to-day had endeavored to imitate by receiving Communion immediately after their arrival. At the second Mass, Father McElhinney gave a clear and forcible instruction on the need and efficacy of prayer.

After the three Masses and addresses were finished, the pilgrims repaired to the "Calvary Scene," where Father Loyzance blessed the images of our crucified Redeemer, of our Lady, and of St. John, and the fourteen white crosses, which had been carried and placed in position by fourteen young men from Father McIncrow's parish in Amsterdam. During this ceremony the choir chanted the

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Stabat Mater, and the whole scene—of the priests with heads uncovered, of the nuns clad in sombre black, the altar boys carrying the lights, and the young men each bearing his cross, with the reverent crowd of pilgrims following—was one never to be forgotten.

Father McDonnell then preached an appropriate little sermon on "The Cross." Finally, after the pilgrims had partaken of lunch, they again formed in procession and retired to the cars, singing as they went the hymn, "When Evening Shades are Falling." The train left Auriesville at 1 P. M., and on their return to Troy all marched to St. Joseph's Church, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the pastor, Father Loyzance, under whose management all the ceremonies had been conducted. This pilgrimage is now the third of its kind from St. Joseph's, the others having occurred in 1885 and 1886, and all who participated pronounce it an eminent success.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received during the month of August:

Mrs. J. H. O'Neill, Lincoln, Neb.,	$ 1.00
Miss Alice McShane, Alberton, Md.,	5.00
A Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
A Friend, Troy, N. Y., for "the Calvary" at Auriesville,	100.00
Fourteen Friends, Troy, N. Y., for "the Stations" at Auriesville,	70.00
Angela (at the Pilgrimage),	5.00
Mrs. Hervey Sparks, New York,	10.00
Miss Elodie F. Sparks, New York,	1.00
Mr. Hervey V. B. Sparks, New York,	3.00
Mrs. John H. Dorrity, New York,	1.00

For the Chinese Babies (Holy Childhood):

Convent of Mercy, Philadelphia, Pa.,	15.00

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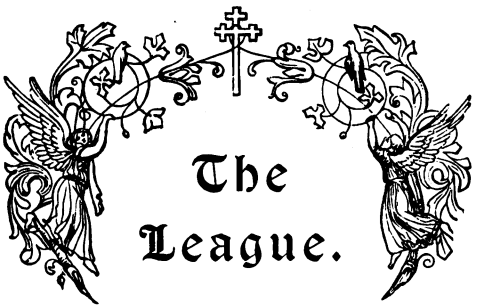

A PROMOTER'S PERTINENT LETTER.

F——, *August* 6.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

I know before you are through with this letter you will wish I had minded my own business and will tell me so, but what I am going to write about concerns the Holy League and its interests.

I had written to you several times for information about the League from where I lived before, and since coming here I was asked by a member of St. X——'s parish to become a Promoter, which I gladly did. I have now a Rosary Band of 15 members and am trying to organize another. I have read with care the little *Handbook* you sent me and find that all the Associates I have met so far, who belong and have belonged for over two or three years, know as little about the League as I did until I got the *Handbook*. For instance, I have met so many who belonged to the League, and never had seen or heard of the Badge and its motto—*Thy Kingdom Come*—nor of the Intention Blanks, etc., and had no idea of all the Indulgences that could be gained. I was told some time ago by an Associate who belonged to the married women's Sodality of St. F——'s Church, that they never received their Rosary tickets before the second Sunday of the month, and that she had never heard of the Badge, nor of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Understand, Father, if I were not a Promoter bound to the interests of the Sacred Heart, I would not dare take upon myself to report these facts, but as I have not come across an enthusiastic Associate so far, I hope you will not censure my seeming officiousness and will believe I do it in the interests of the Holy League. The little *Handbook* says, that "Promoters after six months' trial

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of constancy, zeal, and discretion (for all these are wanted), are to be recommended by the Local Director for the diploma and cross, which confer on them the official rank of Promoters."

Now, much to my surprise, I was sent a bronze cross and diploma before I had been a Promoter two months. Although I was glad to get them, still I felt by right and rule I was not entitled to them, for I am sure the person who sent them, or had them sent, to me knew very little about what I had done, beyond sending in fifteen names to be registered, and, in fact, that was all I had done.

Is it necessary to be admitted as Promoter to receive the cross and diploma with the ceremony prescribed in the *Handbook?* I wish to find fault with no one, but only deplore the absence of zeal and knowledge of the benefits of the League that prevail in the Associates I have met so far, and I thought maybe it would do some good by reporting it to the Head Director.

I do not wish to conceal my name, as I am not writing an anonymous letter, and if I deserve your censure for doing as I have done, I hope you will write and tell me so.

Your obedient servant, M——.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE SECOND OF JULY.

1.—*The Gesù, Montreal.*

Our English branch did not fail to contribute towards the great centenary celebration of July 2d. An account in print of the famous apparition, of the promises accompanying it, and of the resolutions for their worthy commemoration, was circulated in due time. The resolutions were, as you are aware, a general Communion of Reparation and the renewal of the Solemn Act of Consecration, approved by Pius IX. for the Universal Church. At none of our previous Communions was the number of communicants so large. More than five hundred were counted at our League Mass alone, not to mention the numbers who approached the holy table at other Masses and in other churches. There was a goodly proportion of men, though the attendance at the Com-

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munion for the feast of the Sacred Heart but three weeks before had been unprecedentedly large. It is quite observable here as elsewhere, that the number is increasing monthly, and that the League is quietly but efficaciously leading its Associates to drink frequently at the well-spring of happiness.

It has been compared to a perpetual mission and, I am sure, few missionary bands are rewarded for their labors by the perseverance of so many in practices which are the mainstay of the Christian life. What a consolation for our zealous Promoters to be allowed to enter thus deeply into the glorious apostolic mission of the Church and see their efforts rewarded by such abundant fruits!

The afternoon of the same day witnessed one of those great religious demonstrations such as Montreal alone, of all cities, can display before the eyes of the world. The numerous parochial societies enlisted in the French branch of the League, "La Ligue des hommes," marched, with Badges on and colors flying, to the strains of joyous music to the Gesù Church. There they prepared their arms—beads and prayer-books—and fell in line to the number of three thousand. At the head of the procession was borne the statue of the Sacred Heart beautifully adorned with flowers and festoons. Immediately following the statue walked the venerable Archbishop, who blessed the crowds of spectators giving tokens of their homage. Arrived within the spacious precincts of the new Cathedral, there was an appropriate sermon and Benediction.

The numerous music bands that played hymns and canticles along the procession route, created quite a stir and drew crowds to witness the procession, so that we may say the whole city turned out to honor the two hundredth anniversary of the manifestation of the devotion of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, the humble daughter of the Visitation.

Our English branch of the League is making rapid progress in Ontario. The most encouraging reports are coming in of the headway which marks the course of the Peterborough Cathedral aggregation. Next year the Sacred Heart is promised an abundant yield of the choicest fruits from the Loretto gardens of western Ontario.

It is whispered that a large number of MESSENGERS is to be ordered. J. C.

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2.—*Monastery of the Visitation, Baltimore.*

In compliance with the request in the June MESSSENGER, we celebrated the Bi-Centenary of the great favor bestowed on our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary. Besides what was suggested in the MESSENGER, we had a procession around our garden, carrying the picture of the Apparition, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for the immense favor bestowed upon our Blessed Sister, and through her upon our Order.

3.—*Monastery of the Visitation, St. Louis, Mo.*

(From a Local Paper, July 2d.)

"Glory, Love, and Veneration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" was the golden legend woven in the silken banner hung high on the altar of the Visitation Sisters' Academy on Cass avenue this morning. And it is a sentiment to which this order of cloistered nuns is right well entitled, for given over to them as a watchword July 2, 1688, it has been fostered through the midst of two centuries until as a precept it has animated the devotions of millions of Christians. To-day, in short, is the 200th anniversary of the revelation made by Christ to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque at the monastery of Paray le Monial in France, where, as the faithful believe, Jesus himself appeared in person to the saintly woman, accompanied by St. Francis de Sales, the founder of the Order, Father de la Colombière, S. J., and other holy people. "It was then," wrote Blessed Margaret Mary, "that He discovered to me the inexplicable wonders of His love and to what extent He had carried it in loving men, from whom He only received neglect and ingratitude."

"Do you at least," had been the divine command, "give Me the consolation of supplying for their ingratitude as far as you are able. To atone for their ingratitude as far as you can, you shall receive Me in Holy Communion as often as you are permitted."

The revelation, says the chronicle, sank deep into the soul of the blessed woman, who had first to encounter the doubts and misgivings of the religious, who are always slow to accept as of divine origin visions which may prove but illusions. But after a time the revelation as made was accepted in all sincerity and faith, and

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from that day the Sacred Heart has been an object of especial veneration and love by the Visitation Sisters and by the priests of the Society of Jesus, who, sharing in the original command, have united in carrying out its spirit.

But the day has a double meaning, for it is also the feast of the Visitation, whose annual recurrence, unattended by any other day for thanksgiving, is usually celebrated by the Sisters in a quiet manner. In preparation for the twofold celebration a triduum with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for three days has been observed, and after the Communion at this morning's Mass the Blessed Sacrament was again left exposed, to be placed once more within the tabernacle late this afternoon. The little chapel, its altars sweet with flowers and aflame with waxen tapers, was filled this morning with pupils who are now enjoying their vacation, and by the Catholics interested in the Academy.

THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HOPKINTON.

Since the establishment of the League here in June last, it has gone on increasing in numbers and doing a world of good. At that time the Associates numbered 798. Of this number 522 belong to the Second Degree and 342 make the monthly Communion of Reparation. In the last two months nearly 100 more members have been registered. It is most gratifying to see the large congregation attending the devotions of the First Fridays, especially Benediction.

We have to thank the Sacred Heart for three graces obtained, one notably so, where a person away from the Sacraments for fourteen years was reconciled to God by a good confession.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE CONVERSION OF CHINA.

THE vast empire of China, comprising 5,000,000 square miles, almost one-tenth of the inhabitable world, and a population of 400,000,000 souls, is now rising into a prominence which its violent conservatism and hatred of foreigners have for so many centuries denied it. While nations around it have been opened to the influence of the Gospel, China has continued a prey to gross superstition and idolatry. Holy men, however, have striven at every sacrifice to enlighten its darkness, and the martyr blood which they shed in profusion bids fair to soon spring up into a flourishing Church.

Never has China enjoyed such spiritual ministrations as now. Thirty-two Vicariates Apostolic have been established over its great extent of country. The Holy Childhood, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the various missionary Orders that labor in this field are constantly receiving new vocations. Many of the missionaries have won the Imperial favor by their scientific achievements and have been offered ample privileges in the spread of the Catholic faith. Priests from the interior tell us that the people are uncommonly intelligent and earnest, and that the field is truly white to the harvest.

Yet many an obstacle is still to be encountered. This immense empire is, as it were, the last stronghold of the devil, and he will not surrender his kingdom without a terrible struggle. Apathy and indifference are but the least of the evils. Countless errors and inveterate superstitions abound. An extreme national arrogance tempts them to despise whatever does not originate with themselves, and a truly Satanic pride prevents them from humbling themselves to all that the Cross implies, but worst of all, perhaps, is the power of the mandarins, many of whom dread the loss of their influence if Catholicity should prevail. To these last are almost exclusively due the inhuman torments and wholesale massacres to which the struggling Church has been subjected in certain quarters even within the last five years.

The Chinese problem is not a question confined to the United States alone. The floods of emigration which sweep away from its seaboard carry the people of China to all parts of the globe. Their numbers and industry make them a mighty power for either good or ill. To bring such a nation to the Faith would resemble the conversion of the Roman Empire. But prayer converted Rome, and what object dearer to the Sacred Heart can our Associates set before them than these countless millions delivered from the jaws of eternal destruction?

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. NOVEMBER, 1888.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

ONCE more we are greeting pale November—the month when

> The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
> Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere—

and once more we find that Mother Church is in full accord with the thoughts of the season. Nature, stripped of its dazzling garments, wears the quiet and desolate aspect of death, and awaits the coming of winter to clothe it in a shroud of white; and this sad month the Church has chosen as *the Month of the Holy Souls.*

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.—On the 1st, the Church in golden vestments celebrates the feast of the *great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.*[1] On the 2nd, however, she lays aside her splendor for the weeds of mourning, and conducts us, as it were, out of the choirs of Paradise into its holy antechamber, Purgatory, devoting the day to *the Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed.* It is in the spirit of the month that every night so many of our churches have special devotions, and so many families say their beads together, that our brethren of the suffering Church may rest in peace.

FEASTS OF OUR LORD.—The festivals of the Dedication of the Church of St. John Lateran (9th) and of the Basilicas of St. Peter

[1] Apocalypse, vii. 9.

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and St. Paul (18th) are festivals of gratitude to the Omnipotent God-Man Who has made our Catholic churches literally His dwelling-places, where He lives true God and true Man and daily offers Himself as a Victim for us on the altar. The Church of St. John Lateran from its great antiquity and other venerable associations has been confirmed by the Popes as the first church of Rome and the head of all the churches of the world. The second patriarchal church in Rome is the magnificent Basilica of St. Peter, the grandest edifice, perhaps, of all ages. The Basilica of St. Paul, famous, amongst other things, for its one hundred and forty massive pillars of white marble, stands on the Ostian Way five miles from the Forum, and like St. Peter's, contains one-half of the precious relics of Saints Peter and Paul.

Feasts of our Lady.—On the 18th, the feast of the Patronage of Our Lady, the Church would have us especially consider what treasures of graces we may expect from her to whom Christ was subject thirty years, and whom with His dying lips He gave us as our Mother.—All lovers of holy chastity will welcome the festival of the Presentation of Mary (21st), the day when her parents presented her in the Temple to be educated there with the other maidens consecrated to the divine services; and when Mary at the same time offered to God an oblation of perpetual virginity, and became by her own act the first, the Queen of virgins.

Men Saints.—Of the Bishops who adorn our Calendar this month, three come from the Isle of Saints. St. Malachy (3rd), the intimate friend of St. Bernard, is the humble and austere recluse who, in spite of his intense reluctance, was first raised to holy orders and then made successively Abbot of the famous Bangor Monastery, Bishop of Connor, and Archbishop of St. Patrick's ancient see of Armagh, which latter he afterwards resigned for the humble see of Down. St. Florence (7th), the Apostle of Alsace and Bishop of Strasburg in the seventh century, is one of the many Irish missionaries on the continent of Europe who are better known in the land of their mission than that of their birth. The memory of St. Lawrence O'Toole (14th), also Archbishop of Armagh, who lived in the days when the infamous Strongbow, in the name of Henry II., started English rule in Ireland, will live in everlasting benediction for the bravery and charity with which he stood between his people and their rapacious invaders.

The persecuted Pontiffs of our times have a brilliant exemplar

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in St. Martin (of Todi), Pope and Martyr (12th), who, for his vigilant denunciations of the heresies of the Emperor Constans, was by the tyrant's order dragged with revolting ignominy from Rome to Constantinople. The holy old Pope, steadfast in the truth, was finally driven into exile in Crimea, where he was starved to death. The name of Saint Stanislaus Kostka (13th), one of the youngest Saints ever canonized, is a household word. His patience and numberless angelic virtues and divine favors, have made him the patron, not only of his native Poland, but of thousands of souls the world over. From the lips of St. Andrew, Apostle (30th), came the first public declaration on record that Mary was immaculate; in his speech before the judges who nailed him to a cross at Patrae in Greece, he asserted that, "as the first man was created of the immaculate earth; so the perfect Man, the Son of God, should be born of an Immaculate Virgin."

Women Saints.—In the life of the famous virgin St. Gertrude (15th), who for forty years was a nun of Helffede in Upper Saxony, we have a charming example of how the characters of Martha and Mary may be combined. Though her union with God was truly miraculous, her conduct towards all was singularly gay, winning, and self-sacrificing. On the 22d we celebrate the feast of St. Cecilia, the beautiful virgin and martyr, so familiar to us all as the patron of music; while on the 25th comes the feast of St. Catharine, the virgin martyr of Alexandria, who, for her magnificent defence of the Faith against fifty pagan philosophers, whom she thus converted and sent on to martyrdom before her, has become the patron Saint of Christian philosophy.

Promoters' Patrons.—If we were asked to mention the most admirable feature in the life of St. Martin of Tours (11th), we should not refer to the miracles he wrought in such number, but to that extraordinary humility, mortification, and charity by which he won those gifts from God and atoned for so much of the pride, sensuality, and harshness of the world about him. Of the many practical lessons which the life of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary (19th), teaches us, none, perhaps, is greater than the shallowness of the too common excuse that one is too busy to be a Saint. Whoever is really anxious to pray in the churches and to help the poor will find in some way or another, as St. Elizabeth did, the means of doing so in spite of the distractions and other obstacles which the devil unceasingly puts in his way.

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THE GRENADIER'S TALISMAN.

ON the memorable morning of the 12th of April, 1849, every countenance in Rome was radiant with joy. The streets and public squares, over which a triumphal procession was expected to pass, were covered with the yellow sand that is usually strewn in the pathway of the Pope. The walls of the houses disappeared beneath rich hangings; the windows and balconies were ornamented with elegant drapery, ingenious emblems, and enthusiastic mottoes. Lilies and roses replaced as if by enchantment the thorns and ivy that veiled stately ruins; men of peace and good will appeared in the streets instead of those sinister looking beings whose ill-omened faces have so often darkened the Eternal City.

On that day, Pius IX. would restore to his capital her fortune, her palladium, her temporal and spiritual sovereign, without whom Rome would be only an immense cabinet of antiquities—a museum, a volume in stone, a date in marble, a necropolis—in fine, naught but a memory.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, a distant cloud of dust arose on the road from Albano, and loud reverberated shouts on the shores of the Tiber and volleys from the French artillery mingled with the clangor of Roman bells, saluting the returning Pontiff. The sun now burst forth from its curtains of clouds, as if to form a golden aureole on the brow of the pontiff-king. Pius IX. had regained his native land, and cardinals, soldiers, priests, army and populace, simultaneously prostrated themselves beneath the august hand which he raised to impart his benediction.

The first thought of the Holy Father, on re-entering his capital, was one of gratitude to the French army, and his first visit was paid to the brave men who had sacrificed their blood for the triumph of his sacred cause. On the third day after his return, he repaired to the military hospital of St. Andrew, accompanied by one of his secret chamberlains and eight of the Noble Guard. As it was evening and the Holy Father's project had not been announced, the officers were not there to receive him, but he requested Mr. Bellicoq, the superintendent, to allow him to see "his brave Frenchmen."

"Most welcome, Holy Father; one word from your Holiness will cure them;" and Mr. Bellicoq offered the Pope his arm to aid him in ascending the stairway that led to the patients' wards.

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The wounded men had been informed by the convalescents in the yard that the Pope was approaching, and were very much agitated—they were going to see him who their parents and pastors had taught them was the highest authority on earth, the representative of God! Electrified by the thought, they exerted themselves to take some position on their beds of suffering which would be appropriate for the reception of so august a visitor.

When His Holiness entered the first ward, those who could quit their beds knelt down, but he immediately raised them kindly, saying: "Beloved sons, I have you all in my heart, you and your relatives." Then directing his steps to those beds that were occupied, he addressed each patient in words of hope and consolation, accompanied by some token of special regard, such as medals of our Lord, of His Mother, chaplets composed of precious materials, his own portrait, or a handsome crucifix.

When His Holiness on leaving passed through the gate of the hospital, the sentinel on duty, genuflecting and presenting arms, exclaimed: "I am really vexed, Holy Father, to think I was not severely wounded!"

"Indeed," said His Holiness, "and why, pray?"

"Because if I had been wounded like my comrades in the hospital, I should have received a pious souvenir from Your Holiness."

"Ah! well, my son, you shall have the token you desire, without being wounded. Come to the Vatican to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Thanks, Your Holiness" and "*Long live Pius IX.!*" shouted the good grenadier, as the Holy Father turned away.

Auber, the grenadier, was sure to be exact in keeping such an engagement. As ten o'clock struck, he presented himself at the palace of the Vatican in full uniform. Introduced promptly into the cabinet of the Pope by one of the secret chamberlains, he first prostrated himself humbly at the feet of His Holiness, and then, rising and posing as if carrying arms, he cried out:

"*Mon pape, me voici!*" (Here I am, Holy Father!)

"You are welcome, my son," responded Pope Pius, and pointing to some objects of devotion spread out on the table, added: "Select from those whatever pleases you best."

"*Mon pape,* if you please, I prefer that you choose one for me."

"From a motive of discretion, perhaps?"

"No, *mon pape,* it is from a sentiment of interest."

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"Explain yourself, my friend."

"Well, Your Holiness, you see, in France, we consider less the value of the gift itself than the merit of the person who bestows it. All the objects laid out on this table are equal in value from the fact of their passing through your hands. This inestimable price would be lost if I should select the article."

"Be it so, then," rejoined the Holy Father, charmed with the delicacy of the soldier's feelings, and, taking up a golden *Christus* mounted on a cross of iridescent mother-of-pearl, said to him:

"Preserve this crucifix, my son, and your love for Him Whom it represents; by doing so it will prove a source of prosperity to you in this life, and a certain pledge of happiness in the next. I bless you, and every one of your relatives."

Three months later, as the rising sun formed a corona of purple and gold around the dome of St. Peter's, Auber, fresh and nimble, slung his baggage in a tin box over his shoulder and quitted Rome. His heart was full of glad thoughts of meeting his aged father and the sisters who were little girls when he bade them adieu, and of seeing the farm which lay on the river Dives bordered with lofty poplars. But more than once, as the coach rumbled on to Civita Vecchia, he looked out to catch another and another last view of the Eternal City. After the steamer had tarried a while at Genoa, it bore him swiftly to Marseilles; thence the iron horse whirled him away to Havre and to Caen, the last halt on his homeward journey, and finally he reached Ouistreham his native village.

His father had become aged and wrinkled, but his old face looked ten years younger as he caught sight of his son. He had been a soldier once himself, and his breast heaved with emotion at clasping to his bosom the child whom he had been ready to give up as lost.

"Your presence is necessary," he said, after the first great welcome was over; "in fact, it would seem as though a spell had been thrown on my property. The wheat crop fails, the potatoes are poor, and the apples are no longer juicy and plump."

"Cheer up, father," merrily answered the ex-grenadier; "I have brought a talisman with me from Rome. It is proof against the worst of spells. Look, father;" and opening his tunic he showed the precious crucifix given him by Pius IX., and repeated to his listening family the words of benediction addressed him by the holy pontiff.

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"May God render his blessing fruitful," prayed the aged Auber.

"Father, I am young and vigorous, and with the Pope's blessing I promise you a joyous harvest this coming year."

True to his promise, the sturdy youth set to work courageously to conquer the now almost sterile soil of the Auber farm. It was not long before the yield was more prolific than in even its palmiest days. Contentment and prosperity reigned in the family blessed by Pius IX., whose bust in marble adorned the mantelpiece of the sitting-room, beneath a time-honored crucifix.

Other instances of the blessing's efficacy were not wanting, according to the pious belief of the devout ex-grenadier. It happened one Saturday morning that two fishermen of the Dives invited him to accompany them on an excursion out into the harbor toward the open sea. The sky was blue, the water calm, and the men, absorbed in their fascinating sport, ventured a good distance from shore. Suddenly a dark cloud arose and flashes of lightning and frequent peals of thunder surprised them in their frail bark, which soon danced like an egg-shell on the surging waves.

"Is there danger?" inquired Auber.

"Not if you can swim," was the prompt answer. "At all events commend us to Almighty God."

Auber pressed his cherished crucifix to his heart, and implored the mercy of Him Who commands the tempest. He awoke late in the evening, lying on the shore on which the billows had left him unconscious. In vain he sought the two fishermen. The waves that had cast him on land had engulfed them forever.

Six months after this accident, Auber received a fresh mark of the divine protection: the flames of a terrible and devastating fire were arrested on the very threshold of his own dwelling. When an epidemic scourged his neighbor's cattle, his were spared; and while hail-storms destroyed the crops in his vicinity, his fertile crops remained standing and unscathed. When the kind Curé of Ouistreham congratulated him on his temporal prosperity, Auber always declared that it was the result of the blessing of Pius IX., but the venerated pastor said to himself: "The young farmer seeks first the kingdom of God, and all these things are added unto him."

One evening the ex-grenadier was sitting over the expiring embers of his fire, enjoying with his beloved father a mug of cider, which Auber senior was wont to declare was the nectar of old age. The young farmer wore a meditative look.

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"No need to worry," said the aged man paternally, "the presence of your bride will gild your future amazingly, I fancy."

"Thanks to the kind Providence that has watched over me," said the devout son, "ever since we received the benediction of Pius IX., and since I wear that blessed crucifix on my breast."

A loud barking of their watch-dogs here interrupted them, and announced a visitor at a most unusual hour. The door was cautiously unbolted, when lo! the postman delivered to young Auber a box and a letter dispatched, *In haste.* He read the letter with eyes fairly dancing with pleasure, and then read it aloud to his venerable father and rosy-cheeked sisters.

"I am informed, my dear Jean Claude, that you are on the eve of marriage. I felicitate your intended bride, for she will have a husband as upright as he is brave. His Holiness, Pius IX., has recently awarded some important recompenses to deeds of valor, which include those in the operations at the siege of Rome. I have been delighted to be able, though far from that city, to add your name, which had been overlooked in drawing up the first lists.—Adieu, dear Jean Claude, with the assurance of the loving devotedness of COL. CHAP * * *."

Auber, pale with emotion, hastened to open the box. To his amazement and unspeakable joy, it contained the rare and highly-coveted decoration, the Cross of St. Gregory the Great, one of the highest marks of honor which the Pope could bestow on a soldier.

On the morrow great happiness was seen in Ouistreham. A nuptial Mass was to be celebrated. The villagers were awakened early by a salute from the guns of youths clad in holiday attire. The parish church was adorned for a first class festival, and the shrine of the Holy Virgin was bedecked with freshest and loveliest flowers, while the bells rang out their most jubilant melodies. At eight o'clock the venerated Curé ascended the high altar, before which knelt young Auber with the Cross of St. Gregory the Great on his breast, and by his side a modest and pretty maiden crowned with fragrant white rose-buds.

They had come to ask the blessing of the Church upon their nuptials, and to obtain that consecration for them which the reception of the Sacraments always brings upon a married life. Can we doubt that the benediction of Pope Pius will continue to shield them, and to be a pledge of their eternal salvation?

E. V. N.

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HAIL, FULL OF GRACE!

By Sister C——.

DEAR Lady of Grace, all hail to thee,
Resplendent Queen of heaven!
Who reignest o'er that Sacred Heart
To Whom all power is given!

Fair Daughter of our God most high,
And mystic Spouse of love,
Blest Mother of our Lord divine,
How vast thy power above!

But lo! this triple honor yields
To one surpassing great—
To *Virgin* Mother, *Spotless* maid,
And Queen *Immaculate.*

Thou cam'st to us in lily bloom,
Untouched by primal blight,
In radiant robes of snowy sheen,
Of joy and chaste delight.

Then hail! blest Lady, full of grace,
With glories flaming fair;
And in thy tender mercies bend
And hear our humble prayer.

Grant us to do with loving faith
Each our allotted part,
To seek no other gift divine
Than Christ's most Sacred Heart.

At Holy Mass, Communion sweet,
Dispense thy crystal streams,
That our poor sterile hearts at least
Reflect thy glowing beams;

That through the gates which thou hast oped,
At fonts of living grace,
Our barks of life may find their goal,
Their heavenly resting place.

OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
Washington, Daviess Co., Ind.

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VISIONS OF THE HOLY SOULS.

THE history of the Church has seldom afforded us a more striking and sublime example of the spirit of reparation than in the life of the holy nun of Westphalia, Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. For twelve long years before her death, on February 9th, 1824, this venerable religious prayed unceasingly either in atonement for the profanation of the Blessed Sacrament, for the welfare of the Church, the conversion of unfortunate souls addicted to sin, or for the relief of the suffering souls, ever beseeching Almighty God to inflict upon her agonizing pains that she might atone for those for whom she prayed. God permitted her sacrifice to the fullest, but at the same time gave her such unmistakable proofs of His love as to enable her to support her sufferings with incredible sweetness and patience.

On her hands and feet and side she bore the sacred *stigmata* or marks of the Five Wounds of our Lord. By her mere touch, though at the time in the midst of her torments or ravished in ecstasy, she was able to distinguish sacred objects. She also enjoyed the gift of prophecy and the power of reading the thoughts of others; but what especially distinguishes her amongst the many holy persons to whom God has vouchsafed extraordinary and miraculous gifts, was the frequency of her supernatural ecstasies and visions.

The records of these visions contain, indeed, much that may startle the reader unaccustomed to the mysterious ways in which God directs certain chosen souls. The favor, however, shown by Pope Pius IX. himself and many Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and other ecclesiastical and lay authorities of note and dignity, in their publication, substantially approve them.

A few of her thoughts and revelations concerning the Holy Souls will be an appropriate study for November.

We can form the best idea of the state of the Holy Souls, she tells us, from those houses of correction which are governed according to the strictest requirements of justice, the atonement called for and the penalties imposed corresponding exactly to the faults committed. On earth, our consolations are mingled with lies, injustices, and all kinds of sin, but in purgatory whatever comforts the inmates is bestowed with the most impartial and perfect justice.

On the feast of All Souls, 1819, Sister Catherine was conducted into a gloomy prison for souls, where she consoled all whom she beheld. All were more or less buried in darkness, some as far as

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their neck and others only as far as their waist. They were confined in separate though adjoining dungeons, some tortured with thirst, and others with cold or heat, all unable to help themselves and sighing amid their unbroken sufferings. She also beheld in the greatest abandonment those poor souls who have no one to think of them, whose brethren in the world are callous to their pains and neglect all prayer.

Sister Emmerich was especially distressed at the sad delusion which so many in this world put upon themselves, when they imagine their departed friends were much too good either to go to purgatory at all or at least to suffer there for any length of time. They realize very little the enormity of sin or the infinite purity of God. The souls who are thus treated, says Sister Emmerich, are in consequence the most abandoned and suffer the most grievously. Such foolish and ill-timed affection she calls a real theft committed against the departed souls. The misery of these souls is exceedingly great. They cannot help themselves, since the time of their merit is over; nor can they be assisted by the souls in heaven, who, as they can do penance no longer, can no longer satisfy for others. Hence they can be helped only by the souls still on earth. They desire this assistance with an intense yearning, and yet, alas, how seldom or for how short a time do they receive it!

If we only knew, however, what incredible consolation our prayers, our alms, our sufferings—a single conquest of our evil tendencies, an act of self denial, of patience or of forgiveness, a little mortification of our self-will or of our senses—could afford them, there is none of us who would not hasten to assist them and continue to do so with unabated fervor to the end of our days.

How many of the suffering souls, she exclaims, are left long in purgatory because of their former tepidity in God's service, their want of zeal to spread His glory, their deplorable indifference as to the salvation of their neighbor! Such souls we can help most by our exercise of the contrary virtue. We can offer every work of zeal, for example, for the relief of souls that were tepid; every act of mortification, for those who shrank from the practice of penance; every kind and forgiving word, for those who were harsh and resentful. Many of them are expiating merely their levity, their small sins so-called, their neglect of trifling little courtesies, acts of charity, and self-conquest. Their communication with the souls on earth is very intimate and sensitive, and they experience

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the greatest relief from even our ardent desires to relieve their sufferings. She compares the happiness of the suffering souls at such relief to the feelings of a thirsty man to whom a cup of cold water has been given; the blessing of the priest who, for example, would recite his breviary devoutly for them, she likewise compares to a heavenly dew which wonderfully refreshes the parched souls to whom it is sent in a spirit of faith.

When praying at night in the cemetery, she felt in a vision a great sentiment of the poverty and indigence of the Holy Souls, and that the dead were imploring prayers, alms, and fasts; while some of the tombs struck her with a sense of horror and dread. Over these latter a darkness was brooding deeper and blacker than night. Sometimes a heavy vapor, which caused her to shudder, arose from the graves, and when she strove to render them assistance, something seemed to repel her and fill her with an awful sensation of the justice of God. Over some of the graves she could perceive a grayish vapor, brighter or darker, more or less brilliant, according to the needs of the suffering souls and the alms which their friends offered for them. Over others, however, she could behold nothing, and felt an intense sadness that they were utterly neglected by their friends. When she knelt in prayer for them, she could hear melancholy voices, as from a profound abyss, imploring her assistance. Then a gray vapor would rise over their tombs, and according as the devout religious prayed and suffered for them, their tombs grew brighter and brighter, until often God vouchsafed to show her the poor sufferers mounting joyfully from purgatory to heaven.

"Ah!" she cries, "if all men would only share this joy with me! What an abundance of grace is there on earth, and yet how neglected and despised it is while the Holy Souls are languishing for it! Yet whatsoever they endure, they still praise our Blessed Redeemer, and all that we do for them is a source of endless bliss."

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NOTES FROM BRAZIL.

OUR great college here owes its origin and growth to the blessings of the Sacred Heart on the works of our Fathers, who are spreading devotion to It in the churches and on the missions, privately and publicly, by every means in their power. Father Taddei is the director of the Apostleship of Prayer for all the Empire. It is from this devotion that we expect the salvation of this wretched country, where an appearance of religion is kept up, but true indifferentism and great immorality are prevalent, both protected by Freemasonry. The present Imperial Princess is very pious and gives a splendid example of devotion, as, for instance, when she recently swept the church and prepared the altar for the feast of Corpus Christi; but her power is rather limited.

The name "Jesuit" is now beginning to be respected, but formerly, in consequence of the calumnies of Pombal and of Jansenism, it was equivalent to "rascal." This would be a propitious moment to open new colleges and start missions in every direction, but "the laborers are few." May the Sacred Heart send more workmen to this nation, which was formed, I may say, by the old Fathers, so much so that you hardly find any sign of civilization, the churches, the palaces of the Presidents of provinces, roads, and the like, which does not remind you of the work of our apostles. The palaces of the Presidents were in fact our colleges, but were confiscated. Fortunately they are publishing the History of the Empire, with the letters of those Fathers who contributed so greatly to the improvement of the country when it was a part of the Portuguese dominions.

When I was in Rio Janeiro I was much interested by a little story which a pious lady told me. Her child, scarcely five years old, had a dream, in which he saw a beautiful infant, and was playfully talking to it. On Sunday next, as the lady and her child were at Mass, the child in great amazement at the elevation of the Host, gazed at It and began to exclaim aloud: "That is the child I saw last night!" His mother bade him keep quiet, but afterwards regretted having prevented him from continuing and adding something else for the edification of the people.

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

MICHIGAN'S PIONEER PRIEST.

FATHER CHARLES RAYMBAUT, S. J., DIED OCTOBER 22, 1642.

THE name of Father Jogues is now so familiarly associated with missionary labors in New York State, whose pioneer priest he was, that few of our readers are aware, perhaps, that he also, in company with Father Charles Raymbaut whose missionary life we are about to sketch, deserves the title of the pioneer priest of Michigan. It was in October, 1641, that he and Father Raymbaut, planted a great cross on the site of the present Sault Sainte Marie. No other priest had previously set foot on the soil of Michigan. The cross was turned with its face towards the South, looking away to the endless valley watered by the Mississippi, of which wonderful river these Fathers were the first white men to hear, the MISIPI being the name by which they heard it called.

Father Charles Raymbaut had already while in his native France acted as procurator for the Mission of Canada. His management of this office was marked with so much charity and prudence that the Canadian Fathers were delighted, in 1636, to have him come to Canada to share their labors. His health was extremely delicate, but he seemed to lose thought of it completely in his devotion to his work. The tribes in the neighborhood of Quebec were the first to enjoy his ministrations. After four years of faithful labor there, Father Raymbaut's superiors sent him, in company with Father Claude Pijart, to the famous mission of St. Mary's on the eastern shore of Lake Huron. Not the least of his qualifications for the post was his great facility in acquiring the Indian languages, of which the Huron is said to be the most difficult.

The journey was made up the St. Maurice River from its mouth at Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence, and was long, perilous, and painful. It was made in an Indian birch-bark canoe, the slender framework of which, covered by bark not a fifth of an inch thick, and with its seams and cracks caulked with rosin, put their lives

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in jeopardy at every new turn. They hardly dared to shift their position even in the smallest way, for fear of capsizing. They had often to beat up five times in a single day against violent and dangerous rapids, while the hot rays of the sun scorched their tired limbs relentlessly. For food they had only crushed Indian corn boiled in water, and for company a band of savages whose language they did not as yet understand. At night, they slept on either the bare ground or the rough rocks, with only the sky above them and their slumbers constantly broken by the attacks of mosquitoes. The rapids and waterfalls they encountered numbered about eighty, and at all of them the travellers were obliged to land and carry their canoes and baggage on their backs through the thick underbrush and over the sharp rocks, sometimes as far as three miles.

On their arrival at St. Mary's, Fathers Raymbaut and Pijart found themselves well employed amongst the Wyandots and the Tionontates. They had been already accustomed to hardships of a missionary life and their rapid acquirement of the language soon made them the most valuable auxiliaries. Cold, starvation, insults, blows, and all the privations of wearisome journeys through tangled forests, were their ordinary experience, but they were also so many crosses which the Fathers knew that they were taking up daily for Christ's sake.

The following year, that is, in the summer of 1641, a grand celebration took place in the Huron country. All the Algonquin tribes assembled there to enjoy their great "Feast of the Dead." This was the most sacred and elaborate festival known among the Indians. It did not occur oftener than every ten or twelve years, and attracted an immense concourse of the tribes from every direction. Funeral games and dances, songs and processions took up the first part of the celebration, after which the bones of all who had died during the preceding ten or twelve years were buried in one vast grave, which was lined with the costliest furs and other articles of value. The farmers of that country at the present day often come upon these old graves while ploughing.

The Fathers of St. Mary's were present at the celebration, and by their many kindly offices completely won the hearts of the Indians; but none were more deeply impressed by their spirit of charity and self-sacrifice than the Chippewas from the head of Lake Huron, at the Rapids, then called Skiae by the Indians, and now Sault Sainte Marie.

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On the conclusion of the feast, the Chippewas pressed the Fathers very earnestly to accompany them to their home at the Falls, where their people were then gathered in their annual hunt for the white fish. They offered every inducement to gain their purpose, assuring the missionaries that their home was a land of the greatest fertility and beauty. Fathers Jogues and Raymbaut were accordingly appointed to accompany them. Their object, however, for the present, was not to actually found a mission at the Falls, but merely to examine the prospects. The number of the priests was yet too small, even for the existing missions, to contemplate a new one before the arrival of fresh recruits from Europe.

The Chippewas set out on their return, the two Fathers with them, on the 17th of September, 1641. They had a journey of 250 miles to make in their birch-bark canoes along the northern shores of Lake Huron, which they accomplished in seventeen days, landing at the Sault on October 5, 1641.

Over two thousand Indians were drawn up on the shore to receive them, and greeted Fathers Raymbaut and Jogues with expressions of extraordinary veneration and hospitality. The fame of the missionaries had gone on before them. The people were burning with ardor to learn the Faith they had come to preach.

"It is our greatest desire," urged the chief of the Chippewas, "to hear your instructions. Stay in our midst. Teach us. We will embrace you like our brethren, and will profit by your words."

The Fathers heartily returned their affection, and preached to them and catechized them as far as their limited stay would allow. The Chippewas and the many other nations of which they spoke—particularly the fierce Nadouessis or Dakotas and others dwelling in large towns and tilling the earth along the Mississippi—offered a magnificent field for missionary labors, but the Fathers remembered the many peoples much nearer St. Mary's to whom the Gospel had not yet been preached, and felt that they could not linger long among their new friends. Planting the cross, as we have seen, with its face towards the Mississippi, to indicate the hopes with which they were filled and to bless the land on which its shadow fell, they turned sadly homeward.

They consoled the Indians, however, by assuring them that at

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the very earliest opportunity they would either return themselves or send others to take their place. This promise was redeemed about four years afterwards when the famous Father Claude Allouez arrived there on September 1, 1665, spending a month among the Chippewas. He was succeeded in 1668 by the even more famous Father James Marquette and his heroic companion, Father Claude Dablon, under whom the Mission received its name of Sault Sainte Marie and began its first permanent establishment.

Father Raymbaut had hardly returned to St. Mary's when he set out on an excursion into the land of the Nipissiriniens. The terrible sufferings, however, of this work completely destroyed his already failing health, and on June 2, 1642, his superiors sent him back to Quebec with Father Jogues, who was going to obtain fresh supplies for the Mission. Their party consisted of twenty Indian warriors and three Frenchmen. The journey to Three Rivers occupied thirty-five days, during which they were in the midst of dangers from the hostile Iroquois, though they suffered no actual damage except the loss of two canoes and some baggage while descending a rapid. Without delaying long at Three Rivers, the party pursued their way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

This was Father Raymbaut's last journey. Overcome by his exhausting labors, he sank rapidly; but even in his mortal illness he was still an apostle. As he lay dying he sent for an Algonquin chief whose conversion he had frequently attempted, and addressed him with great sweetness but solemnity:

"Mangouch," he said, "you see that I am going to die. At such a time I would not dare to deceive you, yet I assure you now that there is an everlasting fire to consume those who refuse to believe the Church."

The sacredness of the occasion and the earnestness of the missionary made a profound impression on the chief, and he promised to become a Catholic as soon as possible. He was baptized shortly afterwards, and always lived an exemplary life.

Father Raymbaut breathed his last on October 22, 1642. So great was the esteem in which he was held that the Governor of Canada insisted on having his body interred in the sepulchre which had been built expressly to honor the memory of the famous Champlain.

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SOME STATISTICS OF THE SHRINE AT LOURDES.

A FAIR idea of the fervor which is witnessed unceasingly at the famous Grotto of Lourdes may be gathered from the following brief statistics of but one year of its history. The picturesque but obscure hamlet of only a couple of decades back is to-day one of the most celebrated spots in the world, and promises to become in time a great city devoted wholly to Mary.

During February, 1887, 1,100 Masses were celebrated at this Sanctuary, and 10,900 of the faithful received Holy Communion. The number of intentions sent in reached as high as 13,378. Of these three hundred and twelve were in thanksgiving. The *ex votos* (or offerings made in fulfilment of a promise) were eight hearts, five crowns, twelve frames, one altar cloth, twelve corporals, thirty-five amices and purificators, two bouquets of lilies, and several marble slabs.

One of these *ex votos* has a history. Some of our readers may remember the Protestant minister, W. S., who came from the confines of India to make his abjuration on the 25th of March, 1884, in the presence of the Archbishop of Rheims. Since then he has often visited the shrine where he had received so many graces. A votive heart now bears this inscription written with his own hand: "In testimony of the gratitude of an Anglican minister, converted at Lourdes, March 25, 1884."

In the year 1886, Our Lady of Lourdes received the homage of the following illustrious personages amongst her many thousand children who flocked to her shrine: two cardinals, one representative of the Holy See, fifty-seven archbishops, and many bishops and mitred abbots, while for the priests it will be enough to say that during the year 32,510 Masses were said at the Grotto. The number of pilgrims in the year was 91,548; Communions, 326,500; donations—178 crowns, 328 hearts of metal, 19 decorations, 9 standards, 270 inscriptions on marble, and a large number of vases and sacred ornaments. The offerings for the great church of the Rosary that is building beside the Basilica amount at present to 1,622,254 francs.

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THE SHRINE.

Encouraging Words (*from a Private Letter*).

I was very much edified, I must say, by the pilgrimage. It was a genuine act of faith and of penance—not a particle of sham or nonsense about it. I am sure it will draw down a blessing on the shrine and the plan connected with it, if in God's providence anything is to come of either. The gentleman from whom the grounds were bought told us that hardly a day passes that does not bring its tale of pilgrims from some quarter or another, while on Sunday they come in considerable numbers. In some such way I imagine nearly all pilgrimages began, and so I do not think there is any need of feeling discouraged over the obscurity which seems to involve Auriesville as far as the outside world is concerned.

A Woman's Work.

(*From a Notice of the Year's Pilgrimages in the Catholic Review, N. Y., Sept. 1st.*)

Still the Queen of Martyrs waits for a church to cover her, and to shelter those who for love of her visit this hallowed ground. This would seem to be so eminently the work for a woman. Looking at the humble shrine one could not help thinking of the olden days, when, in places like this, women built churches and decked them with their costliest jewels in gratitude for favors received or in token of some blessing implored.

Those were the days of saints and of queens. Yes, but the saints are not all canonized nor the queens all crowned. And in this broad land there must be some woman to whom God has been generous with the gifts of this world who could do this beautiful work. The grace of a saint and the bounty of a queen must dwell together in the heart of some good woman. The church would endure for all time, its blessings would follow her into eternity.

Would that the words could be written here that would inspire a woman to do this beautiful and noble work! S. A. P.

The Rev. Joseph Sorg, of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the four Promoters of the *Postulatum* for the Beatification of Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil, martyrs S. J., and Catherine Tegakwita, Iroquois virgin, has died since our last issue. May Our Lady of Martyrs receive his soul into God's peace!

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THE COMMUNION OF REPARATION IN CEYLON.

THIS beautiful devotion (our 3d Degree) spreads through the world. It is modelled on the Sacrifice of the Lamb of God, Who offered Himself to repair the sins of the world; and is an effort on our part to repair the injuries done His Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle where His love is shown most tenderly, and yet where He is neglected and despised by thousands who should be His most devoted friends. Over two years ago it was working even amid the palm and cinnamon groves of far-away Ceylon.

The Superior of the Convent of the Holy Trinity at Jaffna, writes as follows: "Those who have joined the Communion of Reparation remain faithful and fervent. The Communion on the First Friday has a visible effect in the goodness and piety of our orphans. This year we have recruits among the clergy, and even our venerated Apostolic Vicar was happy to be enrolled. It seems to me that our Lord will be so much the more glorified and consoled, from the fact that the lives of these holy missionaries are one act of self-denial, suffering and sacrifice. I send their names to be placed in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the Visitation Convent at Paray-le-Monial."

THE HOLY LEAGUE IN A COUNTRY CHAPEL.

(*From a Maryland Letter.*)

REVEREND FATHER: I want to tell you of the edifying piety which the Apostleship fosters in our Associates here. In their snug, picturesque hamlet, they number about thirty out of a population of eight hundred, but this comprises all, except one or two, of the Catholics of the place. They enjoy the privilege of assisting at

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the Holy Sacrifice only twice a month, together with a weekly visit from their pastor, and still they are just as earnest and zealous as if they were blessed with all the advantages of a large city.

These happy dispositions I must attribute in a great measure to their tender love of the Sacred Heart, which they show chiefly in the devotions of the Holy League. Three young religious come five miles from a neighboring college every Sunday through the woods to teach them catechism, and goldilocks and greyhead all gather into their pretty church promptly at three o'clock, where for the first half hour the old folks say their beads and other prayers, while the young people join in a touching chorus of hymns to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady. Then follows an hour of instructions, into which the Apostleship is woven I might say essentially. Every one who has received Communion is a member, and every one says the Rosary decade and makes the Communion of Reparation every month. They are made to feel that their whole life is to be guided and filled with the spirit of the Sacred Heart. A great means to this end is the *General Intention.* A special discourse is given on it on the second or *Apostleship* Sunday. They offer many extra devotions in its behalf, and never fail to recommend their private intentions to the Associates.

Our first fruit for heaven was found mature a few weeks ago, when Miss B——, our modest and charitable young Promoter, passed away to her eternal reward. After making her probation of six months, she had duly received her diploma and cross, and for about a year had been exceedingly diligent and edifying in distributing the Rosary tickets, enrolling new Associates and aiding the church in every way she could. Her death has been a great loss to us, indeed, but we feel that her prayers from the throne of God will amply atone for it. R. I. P.

During the month of October, all intend to recite the beads every night for the Holy Father, in gratitude for the fatherly goodness he has shown in blessing the Apostleship with so many and such heavy Indulgences, and in token of their zeal for the advancement of Mother Church. At present, matters are hardly favorable enough for the re-opening of the Sodality which existed here in remote days, when our Catholics were numerous, but the Apostleship does much to supply its place; for no one, of course, can be truly devout to the Heart of our Divine Lord unless he has also a profound love for His Immaculate Mother.

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Ave Maris Stella.

Music from ZANARDINI. Arr. by REV. T. A. METCALF.

Hail, thou star of ocean! Portal of the sky! Ever Virgin Mother of the Lord most high! Oh, by Gabriel's Ave, Ut-ter'd long a - go, E-va's name revers-ing, 'Stablish peace be - low! Break the captive's fetters; Light on blind-ness pour, All our ills expell-ing, Ev - 'ry bliss im-plore.

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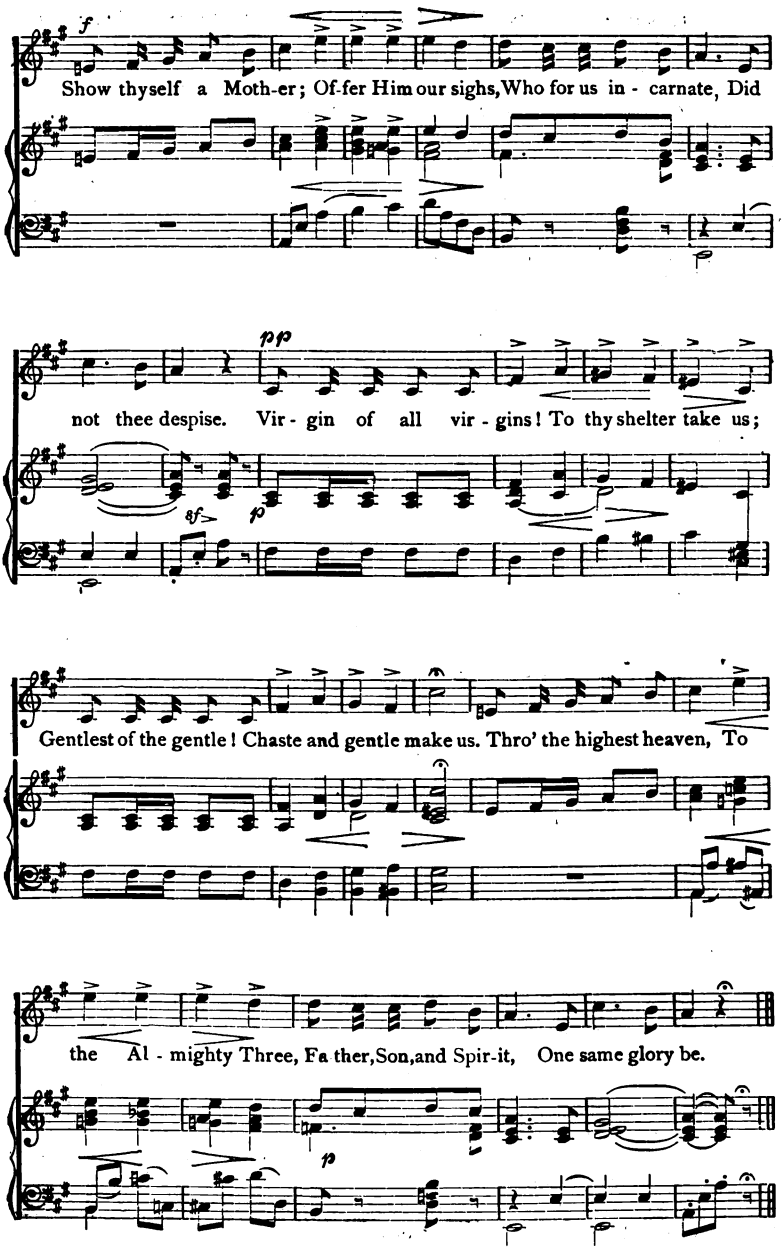

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

SOULS IN AFFLICTION.

WHATEVER afflictions we endure in this world, provided only that we endure them in the spirit of faith and love, can merit for us so many degrees of glory in eternity. *Blessed are they that mourn*, says our Saviour, *for they shall be comforted.*[1] How excellent, then, must be that prayer in which we supplicate the Heart of God to aid poor souls to bear with patience and joy the sorrows which His merciful providence sends them. The souls, however, for whom we pray especially this month are those whom some poignant sorrow, some profound disappointment, some feeling of utter desolation weighs down so sadly as to become a serious temptation.

The Christian soul cannot remain unmoved at the afflictions of rational and immortal beings whom nature and the Divine redemption have made her brethren in a twofold way. *A brother*, says Proverbs, *that is helped by his brother is like a strong city.*[2] To console the afflicted is one of the spiritual works of mercy, and here we can put it in practice by fervent and persevering prayer for all our brethren in sorrow and tribulation.

We ask the Sacred Heart to enlighten these sufferers as to the priceless treasure which they possess, a treasure for which the Angels almost envy them. God suffered not for the Angels; He suffered infinite afflictions for man: and man can now respond by suffering for God! Then we ask that they may realize how, if they but will it, their sufferings can purify and ennoble them, by making them images of Christ and sharers in eternity of His boundless love and joys. We pray that they may suffer, not only without complaint, but willingly and gladly.

It is not, however, by pious thoughts alone, but by prayer, that suffering souls are to combat their sadness. *Is anyone of you sad?* asks St. James. *Let him pray.*[3] They must have frequent recourse to those fountains of grace, the Sacraments. They must imitate that spirit of self-forgetfulness and sacrifice which prompted our Saviour to take our sins upon Him; they must recall how *He was wounded for our iniquities.*[4]

Here especially, under Its aspect of sacrifice, does the Sacred Heart become the consolation of the suffering. "I will comfort the souls devoted to My Heart," said our Lord to Margaret Mary; "I will console them in all their afflictions." Having thus assuaged their sorrows here below, He will hereafter—following that other promise which He made, to "write their names in His Sacred Heart, from Which they shall never be effaced"—give them for the eternal recompense of their sufferings, His Sacred Heart Itself.

[1] St. Matthew, v. 5. [2] Proverbs, xviii. 19. [3] St. James, v. 13.
[4] Isaias, liii. 5.

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FOURTH YEAR. DECEMBER, 1888.

THE COMING YEAR.

TO OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

WITH the coming number for January, 1889, THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS enters on its fifth year of existence, and its fourth year as *The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Its success in both these capacities is now beyond doubt.

It has kept alive interest in the shrine at Auriesville, and it has made popular many striking and holy incidents from our early missionary history. To this it has joined, according to a promise made at the beginning, interesting correspondence from the missions at home and abroad. During the past year, the PILGRIM has received thanks from China for alms collected through its appeals, and from the Rocky Mountain mission for vocations to the self-sacrificing life of the teaching Sisters.

As a *Little Messenger*—one of the many published in the different regions and languages of the world by the universal League of the Sacred Heart—it has become a necessity wherever the League has centres and the Three Degrees of its Apostleship of Prayer are practised.

Besides all this, it certainly shares in the immense good done to Catholics in general by the spread of devotional literature that is at once instructive and entertaining. That this has been the case with the matter given out in its pages may be known from a single fact. Month by month during the past three years, articles from the PILGRIM—sketches, stories, pious incidents and holy lives, explanations of the feasts of the month, and the like,—have been reproduced by many of the Catholic weekly papers. Too often, indeed,—so late, in fact, as our last number,—pages, which have cost time and toil and trouble, have been calmly appropriated without acknowledgment!

It is no longer doubtful, also, that the PILGRIM has proved a most valuable supplement to the large MESSENGER OF THE SACRED

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HEART. On the latter, too, neither labor nor expense has been spared, and it has likewise had its own large share of success. To all its subscribers the PILGRIM has been sent as a *Little Messenger*, cheerfully breaking each month in the middle, and doing its own portion of the MESSENGER'S work. It has also made the larger publication known to many, and given a taste for a kind of reading never more necessary than here in America. For it is the task, given to all the 29 MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART scattered through the world, to keep up the work, through the Christian press, of St. Francis de Sales and all his followers down to Fathers Faber and Ramière and Alban Stolz and Canon Schmidt in our own day. This is to keep constantly afloat among the Catholic people quick, keen words of faith and hope and charity. All the MESSENGER'S stories and pictures and poems, its sketches of holy lives and instructions, have no other end in view than this.

The PILGRIM, therefore, does not hesitate, at the close of another year, to ask all its good and true friends, for the year which is coming:

1°. As many as can, to subscribe for the full MESSENGER, which includes the PILGRIM. The $2.00 thus spent will be well rewarded by the entertainment and edification which is hereby promised them more abundantly than ever before;

2°. That each one should obtain for us at least one new subscriber to the full MESSENGER. Though the Sacred Heart has blessed Its own work with a measure of success, yet we still need the kind aid of Its devoted friends.

3°. That the PILGRIM—already so cheap and popular—should be spread wherever possible. It should be remembered that even our present very low subscription price is lessened, whenever a number of copies are ordered together.

Last and most wonderful of all, to show what use we intend making of success, with the coming year we enlarge the PILGRIM, *without changing the price*, by 8 full pages each month. This gives during the year:

—For the PILGRIM alone, **382** pages, at 50 cents a subscription, with heavy reductions to churches or schools or private persons ordering packages;

—For the full MESSENGER (including the enlargements already announced), **1344** pages, *illustrated*, at $2.00 a year.

We can do no more to bring our work within the reach of all; and we shall spare no pains to make it the necessity and the joy of Catholic readers.

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J., *Director from* 1885.
" F. X. BRADY, S. J., *Assistant from* 1886.
" J. A. BUCKLEY, S. J., *Assistant from* 1888.
G. O'CONNELL, S. J., *Assistant in* 1886, *and* 1888.

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DECEMBER FEASTS AND PATRONS.

(*See Messenger Calendar.*)

CHRISTMAS.—All the religious thought of December clusters round Christmas Day. Then, in the words of the Roman Martyrology:

> The whole world being at peace, in the sixth age of the world, JESUS CHRIST, ETERNAL GOD AND SON OF THE ETERNAL FATHER, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, HAVING BECOME MAN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Since the fourth century, the Church has ordained the four weeks of Advent as a penitential preparation for this sublime festival, but she does not, as during Lent, omit her joyful *Alleluias.* So, in the offices of the first and the second Sunday of Advent, she cites from Isaias passages widely different in tone. On the first, the Prophet complains: *I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised Me.*[1] But on the second, the Church turns from this reflection on our grievous need of redemption to the gladder thought of Christ's spiritual kingdom: *And there shall come forth a Rod out of the root of Jesse . . . and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him. . . . The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.*[2]

FEASTS OF OUR LADY.—Cold indeed were Christmas-tide without the thought of her who was the Mother of the Infant Saviour. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception (8th), we celebrate how she was made like unto Him—the Source and Essence of all purity—by being conceived free from the stain of original sin. The 12th is the feast of the Translation of the Holy House of Loretto; to compensate the Church for the loss of the Holy Sepulchre, God miraculously transported to Loretto in Italy the House of Nazareth, wherein *the Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary and she conceived of the Holy Ghost.*[3] On the 18th we have the Expectation of the Delivery of the Blessed Virgin, when we exclaim with devout impatience: *Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud forth*

[1] Isaias, i. 2. [2] Id., xi. 1–9. [3] St. Luke, i. 3.

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a Saviour.[4] In Mexico, on the 12th, the faithful celebrate the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe[5]—the most famous and lovely of American Madonnas.

Men Saints.—Many great Saints group themselves about the Nativity of Christ. The secret of the stupendous successes of St. Francis Xavier (3rd), the Apostle of the Indies and Japan, lies in that burning love of God so well portrayed in his prayer:

> Not with the hope of gaining aught,
> Not seeking a reward,
> But, as Thyself hast loved me,
> O ever-loving Lord,
> E'en so I love Thee and will love,
> And in Thy praise will sing—
> Solely because Thou art my God
> And my Eternal King.

On the 21st, occurs the feast of his glorious predecessor in the Indies, the Apostle St. Thomas, who prophesied his coming in the distant future, and afterwards laid down his own life, slain with lances at Meliapore on the Coromandel coast. St. Peter Chrysologus (5th) is the famous Bishop of Ravenna and Doctor of the Church in the fifth century, who by his doctrinal preaching destroyed paganism in his diocese, and taught the law of God so sweetly and effectually—especially the duty of frequent Communion—as to be called, as his name implies, Peter of the Golden Word.

Our beloved *Santa Claus* is none other than St. Nicholas (6th), of Myra in Asia during the fourth century, a holy Bishop who always made the children of his flock his tenderest care. In the same century lived St. Ambrose (7th), the fearless Bishop of Milan, who excluded the Emperor Theodosius from the church for eight months, till he did penance for his sinful cruelty in punishing a seditious town. It was St. Lazarus (17th), first Bishop of Marseilles, whom Christ raised from the dead after he had lain in the tomb four days.[6] The Proto-Martyr, or the first to give his life as a witness to Christ, is St. Stephen (26th), who, as the Jews were stoning him, a few years after the ascension of our Lord, cried with his last breath: *Lord, lay this not to their charge.*[7] The 28th is the feast of the Holy Innocents, whom Herod put to death in Bethlehem in the blasphemous hope of slaying the new-born Christ. St.

[4] Isaias, xlv.
[5] See Messenger for December, 1887.
[6] St. John, xi.
[7] Acts, vii.

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Thomas Becket (29th), Archbishop of Canterbury, England, shines as the heroic champion of the rights of Mother Church, having preferred to be hacked to death in his own cathedral by the minions of Henry II. rather than sanction that tyrant's usurpation of the Church's property.

Women Saints.—A long line of virgins and other holy women usher in Christmas. St. Bibiana (2nd), a virgin of the time of Julian the Apostate, first resisted many insidious attempts upon her faith and purity, saw her parents die martyrs to the faith, and then was herself flogged to death with leaded scourges. St. Barbara (4th) is a virgin martyr of the third century who, after incredible torments, was butchered by her own father; she is commonly represented with a ciborium in her hands, to signify the aid she renders souls to receive the last Sacraments. Virtuous widows have an illustrious model in St. Adelaide (12th), Empress of Germany, who shone by her meekness, humility, and spirit of peace-making amidst the greatest honors and riches and the most turbulent times. St. Christiana (15th) was but a lowly slave amongst the Iberians, a nation near the Black Sea, and yet by her prayers and instructions brought them all to the true Faith. In St. Victoria (23rd) we admire the courage of a young virgin who bore several years of imprisonment and other grievous torments to save her virginity, and was finally stabbed to the heart by her baffled persecutor. St. Odile (13th) is the sweet patron of Alsace, whose shrine has been a famous pilgrimage for over a thousand years.[8]

Promoters' Patrons.—The feast of St. John (27th), the Apostle of love, occurs befittingly, near that festival of infinite love, Christmas-day. "Little children, love one another," was his favorite counsel; he had learned it at the Last Supper, when it was permitted him to rest his head upon the bosom of his God and Redeemer. St. Lucy (13th), a wealthy young virgin of Sicily, sold all whatsoever she had and gave to the poor, that she might follow her Divine Spouse the more faithfully, and have a treasure in heaven,[9] and was shortly afterwards betrayed to the persecutors by a furious and disappointed suitor. The executioners, after trying many tortures in vain, at last pierced her neck with a sword, and led her to prison, where she died in a few days, consoling the Christians who flocked to receive her last counsels.

[8] See February Messenger. [9] St. Luke, xviii. 22.

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THE WHITE CRAVAT.

IT is the common experience of catechists who have been long at their sacred task, that the children who have shown themselves really fervent in preparation for their first Communion—who have felt an intense longing to receive Christ into their hearts, and have made Him a solemn promise on *the Great Day* to be faithful to His service—have almost without exception had the happiness of persevering in their good resolution. One who makes such a promise cannot fail to draw abundant graces on all his undertakings. Such a soul cannot be lost. The following story is but one of countless examples of this truth.

Young Victor Leblanc lived with his parents in a city of southern France. His mother, like every pious mother, was anxious to give her boy a good education, and Victor did not disappoint her expectations. Even in the elementary school he was a source of consolation to his teachers, as well on account of his good behavior as for his rapid progress in learning. At the age of eleven, his mother sent him to the college, where he began his classical studies.

During the first year of his stay at the college, sometime before Easter, the Father Rector gave out the usual list of the boys who were to begin their preparation for First Communion. Victor heard, to his surprise—for all the others were at least twelve years old,—that he was one of the happy number; and we can imagine the joy with which his heart overflowed at the blessed prospect.

There was a custom in the college that all these boys should go to the Rector the day preceding their first Communion, to show him a little book where they had written their notes on Holy Communion and the resolutions they had taken in regard to their future life. When Victor came, the Rector was surprised to find in his book only one resolution, and this a very strange one.

It was this: "I resolve to wear my white cravat till I have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin."

"Victor," said the Rector, "this is a resolution which you can keep only with the special permission of your mother."

His mother, as was to be expected, gladly consented; and after his first Communion Victor always wore the white cravat as a continual remembrance of that great privilege.

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This singularity of course soon drew the attention of his fellow students. In fact, he became for awhile the laughing-stock of many of them. Finally one of their number, who had always been intimate with Victor, came to him and entreated him to discontinue his oddity.

"Listen," replied Victor, "promise me to keep it secret, and I will tell you the reason of what you call a singularity."

His friend promised, and Victor disclosed to him the resolution of his first Holy Communion. His companion left him very deeply impressed, but in spite of his promise soon told most of the students the secret. Then they, in their turn, not only discontinued their mockeries, but met Victor everywhere with kindness and respect.

In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Victor had just finished his studies at the college. He was about to enter the seminary of the diocese when he was drafted into the army. In battle after battle he saw many of his fellow soldiers shot down at his side, whilst he himself fought valiantly, but without receiving any injury.

One day, however, about five hundred men were ordered to regain a certain outpost which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Victor was one of the storming party. They did their work bravely, but in vain. The enemy were too numerous. Many of the French soldiers were shot down and Victor himself received a mortal wound and fell prostrate on the red field.

An army chaplain happened to pass near him as he lay dying, and on seeing his fatal condition bent down and asked him whether he would not like to receive the last Sacraments.

"I went to confession yesterday," said Victor, "but I am very anxious to receive Communion before I die."

The priest was delighted at the pious words and at once gave him the Blessed Eucharist, which he received with extraordinary devotion. After remaining some moments in silence with his God, Victor turned his white face to the priest.

"Father," he whispered, "please take this white cravat and these beads of the Blessed Virgin and send them to my mother. Her address is written in a note-book here. Tell her the cravat has never been stained, except now with the blood I shed in the service of my country."

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THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"SAVE me from pious converts!"

"And from pious people in general—eh, coz?"

"Well, they *are* exasperating, but I did not dream of our little Mexican pet falling away at the first chance."

"What has she been doing?"

"Only engaging herself in marriage to Tom B——."

"Scapegrace Tom! Impossible! I will never believe it."

"Indeed, yes. I have it from his aunt, who had it from his mother, who has given her consent and blessing."

"Her consent? I should think so. No mother could look higher for her son, but even she could not invoke a blessing on—"

"Belle, where's your charity?" and the bearer of news laughed gleefully. "Now a malicious gossip like me might be pardoned, but my prudent cousin—I can't stop to lecture you, for the best is to come yet. Mrs. B—— actually tried to dissuade the fair Inez from thinking of such a marriage, avowed (reluctantly, but honestly) that her dear son Tom, with many virtues (I wonder where he keeps them?) is a scrapegrace—to put things mildly; in short, tearfully confessed that she would rather see a daughter of hers dead than married to a man like Tom."

"And Inez was not moved?"

"In one way, very much. She threw her arms around the weeping mother, smiled up in her eyes, though tears were in her own, and said: 'Dear Mrs. B——, no child of yours can ever be lost.'"

"I agree with her," said the elder lady, in a softened tone. "Truly you are preaching charity to me in the most effective way. Who would have thought Mrs. B——, of all mothers, capable of such an act? It is heroic."

"And Inez is a heroine, doubtless, for as she thought of his soul not being 'lost,' I suppose she intends to save it. A happy time she will have!—Yes, show Mrs. D—— right up"—to a servant—"she comes to chat about the news."

The visitor verified the guess, entering with a hasty "Have you heard, Mrs. F——, such a horrid thing, Fan, dear, is it not? Thank you, I'll not sit down; just run over to ask what you both think of——" pausing to sink upon the sofa with a groan. "A

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pious young lady, just imagine it! marrying a graceless scamp like that!—Why, I call it as bad as a mixed marriage!"

"Well, it is sort of mixed," said Fan, coolly; adding as the other looked surprised, "he's half Italian, half Irish, you know, by parentage—no American blood in his veins."

"I never thought of that!" Mrs. D—— was aghast at such monstrous delinquency in the prospective bridegroom.

"Oh! and her father came from Portugal, they say, but she is a Mexican,——"

"If Boston is in Mexico," suggested Mrs. F——.

"Sure enough, I forgot: but still 'twas only the accident of birth, you know. She's in no better case than Tom."

"Except as to her American mother," said cavilling Fan.

"Her mother was an American, then?"

"Puritan of Puritans; therefore I call the marriage mixed."

"Yes, I see. And she was brought up in Boston?"

"No; but her mother was a trifle romantic, or rather sentimental, and determined that her child should be brought up in its spirit as far as might be consistent with the Catholic training which the father insisted on. So when the family returned to Mexico, a New England maid and governess were included.

"Well, I am glad to know all this. As she is half-Protestant——"

"Ah! I was not aware of that. Her Catholic education was solid. Her mother and the governess and maid all became Catholics of the strictest sort."

Mrs. D—— was silenced. Turning abruptly to another subject kindly started by Mrs. F——, she only ventured to say amid her good-bye remarks: "There will be no nuptial Mass, anyhow, for Tom couldn't be led nor driven to Communion!"

Alas for her powers of prophecy! There was a nuptial Mass, as grand as piety, taste, and expenditure could supply, and "Scapegrace Tom," as he was popularly called, behaved admirably in the estimation of sharp-sighted critics, "just as if he was at the altar every morning!" Were the critics satisfied? Not at all; for of course he would be off on the other extreme now, and if his wildness was bad, his puritanism would be unbearable.

Another disappointment! Bride and groom returned from the brief wedding tour which satisfied the most fashionable in those

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slow times, and went to housekeeping in a style consistent with their wealth and associations. Inez continued her maiden habit of going every morning to Mass, and every afternoon making her "visit;" while Tom, as formerly, was a respectful attendant at High Mass, and on especially solemn occasions at Vespers, but there his piety ended. He was evidently as "fast" as ever, and she certainly seemed more worldly than before, the gayest in every gay circle—not a bit pious!

A time soon came when the stream of gossip, more thoughtless than malicious, was turned into compassionate sympathy. The young wife became a mother, but only at once to be left childless. The hasty baptism was scarcely over when the new-born soul was welcomed to its eternal home. A strange thing then occurred. Tom, graceless Tom, could scarcely be restrained by his mother from having a first-class burial for the babe of an hour.

"Think how he was welcomed to heaven!" he almost shouted, "and shall he receive no honors on earth?"

"Dear boy, think of the impropriety," old Mrs. B—— pleaded, and she had her way, but Tom had his as well. When the little coffin was taken into the church, as was the custom in that Western diocese, the cortège that had gathered, silently and uninvited, filled the sacred building. There were men, women, and children, many in tears, more than one sobbing aloud. Pomp and fashion had no representatives there. The mourners were "God's poor."

Never had monarch's child such a funeral. Everybody was ready to explain it by reciting how charitable the B——'s were. It was talked over again and again, and then forgotten to make way for the usual tide of gossip.

Inez, indeed, seemed destined to promote this gossip; but now it became a little more ill-natured than formerly. For who could have thought that matters would resume their old course as they were now doing? She was a trifle paler, but just as fashionable and fond of company as ever. Some ventured to hint that she was "a little sad-looking, and so sweet!" but there will always be imaginative folks. On one thing all were agreed—Tom was going down fast. He was never seen in church, had grown neglectful towards his wife, disagreeable to friends, and at last was openly cut by those who had regard for the proprieties. Horse-racing had become his absorbing passion, and only his wife's immense wealth kept him from ruin. And through all Inez was the same.

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One night he returned home after a longer absence than usual. He had been travelling on what he chose to call business, to a distant part of the State, and had encountered several unpleasant experiences, and so was unusually tired and thoughtful. As he passed through the stately mansion which he had long ceased to regard as home, he thought of his patient wife, and shrank from meeting the gentle, loving welcome he knew awaited him.

"Poor Inez!" he said softly, and wandered on in hope of avoiding her. A smothered cry soon attracted him to a small room at the end of the corridor. It was a place he had seldom entered, his wife's private oratory, the key of which she always carried. As he hastily pushed the door further open, he stood in surprise that almost rose to terror. In the bare, comfortless room, before a poor print of the "Mother of Sorrows," knelt Inez. Tears streamed down from the eyes passionately gazing on the holy face of Her who had known grief like no other, and as a child tells its mother through sobs and sighs its tale of woe, she was pleading for him—telling how she had hoped against hope for his conversion, offered her first-born for its father's soul, and all in vain, in vain!

Was this wan, grieving, trembling woman his stately, gracious, yet merry Inez? In that moment faithful memory recalled a crowd of little incidents at the time unheeded, and gave the key to this mystery of a room he had laughingly called "a den of horrors," to the nightly vigils kept for him, the crowd of grateful poor at his child's funeral, the early Mass so scrupulously attended in all weathers and often after scarcely an hour of rest. In an instant there was another kneeler there, a vow uttered to her who as the Mother of Sorrows is also the "Cause of our Joy," a vow registered in heaven.

The next morning there were two worshippers in the pew which had long known but one. Tom never relapsed, and the wonder was great among those who were constrained to say: "Why, if you will believe it, he's a perfect saint!"

But the old favorites of Inez—the poor, the sick, and the young—knew the secret; and in the confidential chats between the beautiful great lady and her protégés there was many a laughing contention as to which of these parties so strikingly contrasted and yet so closely linked in Catholic unity of Faith, Hope, and Charity, had won the battle for a soul.

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LEI-LONG-PIAO'S STORY.

OVER twenty years ago at Mao-Ka-Heng, Father Carrère was addressing a short discourse to some pagans after Mass on a feast-day when, turning to one of them in particular, a man named Lei-long-piao, he exclaimed: "You, my friend, must become a Christian."

From that day the man was haunted with the thought that it was indeed his duty to renounce his idols and embrace the faith of Christ; but when he considered all the scorn and insults and other persecutions which he would be sure to suffer, the sacrifice seemed too great and he kept postponing his conversion from day to day.

After twenty years, however, he felt more courageous, and set out to find the missionary, who was now Father Beaugarde. Three times he thus made a long journey, but three times he arrived at the mission-house too late, for the Father had started off on a parochial tour of over three hundred miles. It was three months before the Providence of God brought them together, and then, with a heart full of joy, the eager Lei-long-piao told the Father his story and his anxiety to delay no longer.

His case was one which required prudence. What was he to do after his baptism? The people of Tong-che threatened to burn his house unless he quit their country. For several days in succession they had sounded the tom-tom to warn the populace. They had arrested his father and thrown him into prison, and he himself had only escaped by flight.

At first his story struck the priest as almost incredible, and he privately despatched a Christian to learn the real state of affairs. This man, however, was not wily enough for the pagans, who so deceived him that he returned and declared the whole story a falsehood. Father Beaugarde thereupon called Lei-long-piao and bade him repeat what he claimed to have happened. He did so without the least hesitation or change of detail, and when he saw that the Father doubted his word, offered to return with the Christian and prove what he said.

The two started off at once, and, coming back on the morrow, the Christian confessed that he had been deceived. The threats were real. Lei-long-piao's father had been set free, but only after signing a solemn promise that he would never become a Christian.

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Father Beaugarde now encouraged the brave catechumen to have no fear, saying that he himself would soon go with him to Mao-Ka-Heng to live there. The missionary thought that, by asking for an official notice of protection from the government, he would receive it after a few days and thus have no longer anything to fear. It was two months, however, in coming, and during that time Lei-long-piao came to him at least four times, always to meet with the same response: "Patience; we shall have to wait."

For one who had not yet been received into the Church, the trial was a severe one. The faith and courage, however, of Lei-long-piao were equal to it, and he waited submissively and patiently.

At last, the notice came. Two officers of the prefecture came down from Ton-Kao and signified the will of the mandarins to the people of Mao-Ka-Heng that the Christian should not be disturbed.

This is how Father Beaugarde's mission stands there at present. After a few weeks he expects, please God, to go and spend some time in the city, with the hope of founding a new congregation there, as two families in the neighborhood have already placed themselves under instruction.

CONTRIBUTIONS have been received since September 12, 1888, from the following:

For the Holy Childhood—

Child of Mary, Plains, Pa., ...	$ 1.00
"X,"	10.00

For the Pope—

William Coffee, Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O.,	1.00

Of the delights of missionary zeal the poet's words are true:

> They who feel them are as men
> Sailing the southern ocean, when,
> At midnight, they look up, and eye
> The starry Cross, and a strange sky
> Of brighter stars; and sad thoughts come
> To each how far he is from home.
>
> *Coventry Patmore.*

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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE SODALITIES

FOR THE YEARS 1886–7–8.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Sodalities seem to grow proportionately with the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart as practised by the League. In many parishes the League has shown the necessity of a Sodality for those who desire to form together a public association, making special profession of piety. Thus, where before neither League nor Sodality existed, the Sodality soon followed after the establishment of the League.

Our record shows that 248 Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin have been erected and affiliated to the Roman *Prima Primaria*, thus entitling them to its Indulgences. None but those acquainted with the formalities required can appreciate the amount of work this number of affiliations has entailed. Correspondence with the applicants, furnishing papers for the episcopal approbation, transmission of the applications to Europe, the receipt and filling in of diplomas and forwarding them to the applicants, are some of the items of work.

It is noticeable that the title chosen for the Sodality was, for more than half of the number affiliated, the Immaculate Conception. The favorite Patron was St. Aloysius, with St. Stanislaus, St. Rose of Lima, and St. Agnes following next in order. Both the titular and patron feasts, as is known, are days of Plenary Indulgence.

The Sodalities erected exclusively for *Men*, number 21; those for *Young Men*, 42; for *Boys*, 20; for *Married Women*, 31; for *Young Women*, 62; for *Girls*, 40; the remaining 32 were for persons of both sexes and all ages.

BONA MORS ASSOCIATION. The work of transmitting applications to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus for diplomas of affiliation to the Roman Primary for the "Bona Mors" Associations, is also done in the MESSENGER office. The

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formalities to be observed are similar to those for the Blessed Virgin's Sodality.

Diplomas canonically erecting and affiliating the Bona Mors Association have been obtained for 11 churches. They entitle all persons, irrespective of age and sex, to be enrolled. The patron, as usual where there is question of a happy death, has always been St. Joseph.

AN INDIAN GIRL APOSTLE.

AGNES, URSULINE PUPIL, DIED CHRISTMAS WEEK, 1643.

THE Ursuline nuns of Quebec have many a pretty story to tell of the thousands of pupils whom they have trained in the ways of God for the last two hundred and fifty years—some as entertaining as the pages of any romance, some affecting even to tears with pictures of sadness, all of them at once entertaining and edifying. The following we cull from pages away in their pioneer days, when the most of their children were savage young maidens fresh from the wild woods.

One day in August, 1639, Father de Quen, a Jesuit missionary of the neighborhood, was walking in the forest when he suddenly beheld an Indian maiden, about twelve years of age, chopping wood for the fire. As soon as she saw the Father, she threw her hatchet aside and, running toward him, cried out: "Teach me, Father! teach me to be a Christian!"

She did this with such a grace and earnestness that the Father was sensibly touched, and to satisfy her earnest appeals he soon afterwards brought her and two of her young companions to the nuns at Quebec to be duly instructed. They were apt scholars and at next Easter all three of them had the happiness of receiving holy baptism.

Our little heroine was given the name of Agnes, which—as it signifies *a lamb*—the nuns said suited her exceedingly well, for she was truly a lamb in sweetness and simplicity. She made rapid progress in all her studies, not only in the knowledge of the sacred mysteries, which of course she prized above everything, but in good manners as well, in reading, playing the violin, and a dozen polite accomplishments. Her holiness of life, however, far surpassed her

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other good qualities. The young savage chopping wood in the forest had become a real saint, and, after three years in the convent, she wrote the nuns a charming letter in which she begged to be admitted as a novice into their Order. The nuns would have been only too happy to receive her, but God ordained it otherwise.

As Agnes grew older and advanced in the knowledge of letters and in natural graces, her parents grew more and more tenderly attached to her. Amid her sweetness and polish and the ease with which she spoke her own and the French languages, no trace of her old character remained except her native energy and ardor, and with these the parents wished to adorn their wigwam for some time at least before she entered the novitiate.

Once in the woods again with her untutored playmates, Agnes became a little apostle among them, instructing them patiently and minutely in the teachings of Mother Church. She possessed a singularly beautiful voice, at once soft and musical from her convent training and thrilling with all the passionateness of the Indian wilds, and it was her wont to gather the girls and boys around her and teach them to sing the beautiful hymns she had learned. A number of Indians and Frenchmen sought her hand in marriage, but all of them she modestly rejected. She desired but one Spouse, and that was Jesus Christ in holy religion.

Everyone regarded her with the deepest love and veneration. Her amiability and devotion were an example which they strove to imitate, and her mature advice was often sought even by her elders. She was soon, however, to become their patron in Paradise.

At fifteen years of age, Agnes was as strong and fearless as she was modest and devout, and this fearlessness it was which cost her her life. On a morning early in December, 1643, she, with some others of her own age, was paddling up the Saint Lawrence in one of the frail little Indian canoes. The river was rough with wind and ice, and almost any Indian maiden but herself would have felt afraid. She did not, however, and paddled bravely on until an unusually large wave struck violently against her canoe. This disconcerted her somewhat for a moment, and then another and another wave beat cruelly against her, till at last the canoe was completely overturned and poor young Agnes and the others were thrown into the ice-cold waters.

She promptly regained her presence of mind and, swimming

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toward the drifting canoe, clung to it for support and helped her companions to do the same, in the hope of being soon rescued. Her brother-in-law, who had witnessed the accident from the shore. at once put out to save them and soon brought them, benumbed with cold, to land. Loving hands were eager to attend them, and everything was done to preserve the young lives so rudely threatened, but in vain for poor Agnes. The cold had penetrated too deeply, and she must die.

When those who attended her told her that death was near, she recollected herself for some moments, and then, drawing a deep sigh, only said: "Alas! I should dearly love to make my confession. I do not feel anything weighing on my conscience, but still I should love to be assisted by one of the Fathers."

As she was now with her parents on one of their great hunts many miles away from the French settlements, there was no chance of gratifying these ardent desires. She consoled herself by fervent acts of contrition for having ever offended God, and with sentiments of such tender piety that all the savages were touched. She constantly held her prayer-book and beads in her hands or before her eyes, now using the one and now the other in her dying moments; and so, just a few days before Christmas, her beautiful spirit was breathed out in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Her parents, as they buried her, placed her book and beads in her hands as a sign of the love she had always had for our Lord and His Blessed Mother. On being asked whether they were not sorry at her death, they answered with true Christian sublimity: "No; she died too lovely a death. We believe that she is happy. It would be wrong for us to grieve at her good fortune."

CONTRIBUTIONS to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since September 1st:

Miss Kate Curry, Baltimore, Md., . . .	$ .50
A Friend, Jersey City, N. J., ...	2.00
Mrs. John Stephenson, Jersey City, N. J., .	1.00
Friend (from Box, St. F. X., N. Y.), . .	1.00
Friend, Bakersfield, Cal., ...	1.00
Miss Jane Posey, Yazoo City, Miss., . . .	2.00
Mrs. Anne Smyth, New York City, . . .	2.00
Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., ...	1.00

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THE MOVEMENT OF THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART IN AMERICA

FOR THE YEARS 1886–7–8.

WITH the grace of God and the Church's approval through her appointed representatives, the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, has prospered very encouragingly, here in America, during the past three years.

70 Archbishops and Bishops of the United States have given their approbation for its establishment in their respective dioceses, many of their letters containing gracious words of encouragement and their episcopal blessing on the work.

444 Local Centres have been aggregated up to November of this year; that is, the American Head Director has signed and sent to various parishes and communities that number of Diplomas of Aggregation, with an equal number of Local Directors' Diplomas, —888 in all. Of these, 8 were for ecclesiastical seminaries, 20 for colleges, 48 for other schools, 2 for Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, and 183 for convents. The 203 others were for parish churches, amongst which are numbered several cathedrals. The area covered represents 62 dioceses in 39 States and Territories.

The great majority of these Centres have shown by their reports that the League is no idle work or mere "joining" society in their midst. They prove that just as the League is adapted to all places, so its practices may be taken up by all persons alike. Several Bishops even personally direct its working in their own cathedrals.

Among the different Religious Orders and Congregations of men, the League enjoys the labors, as Local Directors, of Augustinians, Basilians, Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans, Fathers of the Holy Cross, Jesuits, Lazarists, Fathers of Mary,

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Fathers of Mercy, Oblates, Passionists, Paulists, Redemptorists, Sanguinists, Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Servites, Sulpicians, Fathers of St. Viator. Also, the Christian Brothers, the Franciscan Brothers, the Brothers of Mary, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and the Xaverian Brothers are among the active Promoters of the League.

The communities of religious women where Local Centres have been established include convents of the Carmelite nuns, Sisters of St. Benedict, Sisters of St. Dominic, of St. Francis, of the various Sisters of Charity (of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Augustine, St. Elizabeth, of the Blessed Virgin Mary), Franciscans of the Perpetual Adoration, of Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of the Holy Child Jesus, of the Holy Cross, of the Humility of Mary, of the Immaculate Heart, of St. Joseph, of St. Joseph of the Immaculate Conception, of Loretto Sisters, of Sisters of St. Mary, of Mercy, of Nazareth, of Notre Dame, of the Precious Blood, of Presentation Sisters and Sisters of Providence, of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Servite Sisters, Ursulines, nuns of the Visitation, and others. Many of these communities, having their General Superiors in this country, have granted to the Holy League a full participation in all their merits, prayers, and good works. They have thus swelled largely the list of Religious Orders and Congregations which had already entered into this generous communication with our universal League.

The Promoters whose names have been recorded in the register at the American Head Centre, as having received the official Diploma and Indulgenced Cross, now number nearly 2000.

The monthly Rosary and Calendar Tickets are now issued for more than 13,000 Bands, that is, for over 200,000 Associates of the League who practise its Second Degree, and are in full communion of its union of mutual prayer and good works.

RECENT INSTANCES OF THE PROMISES.

I.—Boston.

MY experience of the blessedness of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and especially of the fulfilment of the promise of our Lord to grant special blessings to those who keep a

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statue or a picture of His Sacred Heart in their houses, prompts me to write you this letter.

I have no more doubt of the faithfulness of our Lord in fulfilling this promise than I have of my own existence. From the time I placed a statue of the Sacred Heart in my upper hall and a good-sized picture in our bedroom, and encouraged the devotion in my family, we have experienced the goodness of God in a thousand ways which it would be impossible to enumerate in the compass of a single letter, but especially in the blessing, so precious, so rare, but so much to be desired, of peace and concord, of fraternal affection and domestic piety among our children.

I am glad of the opportunity to give this testimony of our personal experience for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart. But I have been prompted to write to you more particularly in consequence of having recently become acquainted with an instance still more striking than that of my own, in which this devotion was most blessed to a young family.

The wife had been well trained and was, up to the time of her marriage, a good and faithful Catholic. Her husband was also a Catholic, but for some reason had become careless and worldly, and even failed to assist regularly at the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays and holy days of obligation. Unfortunately the wife, as is too often the case, grew tired of expostulating with her husband, and gradually fell into the same careless, irregular habits in regard to her duty. But she was not happy.

After suffering the struggles of an accusing conscience for some time, she called upon one of her most intimate young lady friends, who was a fervent Catholic and devout client of the Sacred Heart. She opened her heart fully and frankly to her and asked advice as to what she had better do.

Her friend explained to her the devotion to the Sacred Heart, especially the promise to those who should keep a statue or picture of the Sacred Heart in their houses. She then told her to go to a certain priest, make a full and free confession, and tell him what she had been recommended in regard to the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

She met a most cordial reception from her confessor. He warmly approved of the recommendation of her friend, and told her to procure a statue or picture of the Sacred Heart or both, to commence

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the devotion in a quiet, unostentatious manner, to say nothing to her husband but to be faithful in all her duties, and after a time to come and tell him the result.

The happy wife went home with good resolution and peace in her heart, complied with the directions which had been given her, and before long had the inexpressible joy of telling her director that her husband had been truly converted, that he attended Mass with her and went to his duty regularly, and that they were never so happy in their lives as now. She thanked God from the bottom of her heart for the grace that led her to consult her good Catholic friend, and that she had been finally induced to adopt the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

If this, as I think, striking instance and my own experience shall have the effect to encourage any poor, doubting, perplexed soul to go and do likewise, I shall feel that I am a thousand times repaid for the trouble of writing this letter.

H.

II.—Philadelphia.

An interesting proof of how God rewards unquestioning faith happened to come to my knowledge a month or two back.

A brother and sister had heard from some devout friend that any one making the *Nine First Fridays* would obtain any grace he might ask from the Sacred Heart. Persons familiar with the "Promises" to Blessed Margaret Mary know that the twelfth promise gives the assurance to those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months of the grace of final penitence, and that they shall not die in God's disgrace, nor without receiving their sacraments. Though this promises a gift that is above everything, yet it does not include everything. But the brother and sister were sure that any favor asked, no matter what it might be, by those who should make the Nine First Fridays would be granted.

They had a favor to obtain, and accordingly set about doing that which would secure it. A sister of theirs had, from overwork, trouble, or some other cause, become seriously sick some years before. Every means had been resorted to for her restoration, but all remedies proved fruitless, and many months' anxious nursing only resulted in an evil worse than death—insanity. Only those

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who have been similarly afflicted can know the sadness and sorrow that came into that once happy household. The poor girl was removed to an asylum and, though told by the physicians that the case was beyond all human remedy, they had other physicians visit the patient regularly, as if the cure depended merely on time and superior skill. These same doctors assured them again and again that their sister was beyond the power of experts and their remedies, and there was not a shadow of reasonable hope for the possibility of her recovery.

The girl was now in the asylum going on nine years, and what the physicians had said proved true; for she was as crazy, if not more so, as the day she was first confined there. Yet the hope of both brother and sister was as unchangeable as their poor afflicted sister's condition, for during all those long years—so long, so sad—not a prayer was said, not a Mass heard, not a Communion made, but they begged God for their sister's recovery, to restore her to reason, if not long enough to live with them, at least long enough to receive the sacraments before death. And they had confidence in prayer. But now they felt their hope was to be realized. If the Nine First Fridays could be made, the desire of their heart would be granted. Of this they had no doubt.

Just eleven months from the First Friday of July both brother and sister made the first in the series of nine Communions. When the fifth First Friday came, grave obstacles threatened, but fortunately they were removed after considerable effort. And now the ninth was at hand. This was to be their day of joy. Their cup, filled with many years' sorrow, was to be emptied and replenished with bliss.

Somewhat tremulous with anxious fear lest some unforeseen impediment should present itself just at the last moment, they arose earlier than usual and hastened to the first Mass. Half an hour later, they had communicated for the ninth time successively on the First Friday. When they met outside the church door after Mass, their eyes spoke mutual joy, and on their way home they could speak of nothing but their anticipated happiness. And now comes the wonderful part. Breakfast had hardly been over when the brother received this telegram:

"Sister's condition changed. Come. M——."

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He handed the telegram to his sister and cried: "Oh, Mary! read this."

In three hours' time both had reached the asylum. In the next hour they had seen their sister, who recognized them at once when they were shown into her room and conversed with them. In their impatient joy, they wished to take their sister home at once, but the superintendent, knowing from past experience that the sudden recovery of consciousness is a frequent premonitory symptom of death, advised delay without hinting his reasons. Yet the anticipated death did not come, neither that day nor the next, nor the next. To the astonishment of all and the bewilderment of doctors, there was constant improvement, and the conviction grew that the woman who had been regarded as incurably insane was well and sane.

But the brother and sister were not astonished, only very joyful. They had been confident all along of the result and looked upon their sister's restoration as a matter of course. Had they not done their part, and would not God do His?

The family is once more united. The woman is perfectly well and sane, without ever showing irrational and flighty intervals. The physicians who had written out her commitment to the asylum could hardly believe their eyes when they first saw her. They insisted she was a different person altogether, so loath were they to believe that so wonderful a cure had been wrought. Yet the cure is an undoubted fact.

A coincidence in this cure is, that the day the ninth Communion was made, the woman had completed her ninth year to a day in the asylum, but this is mentioned merely as a coincidence.

I am a Promoter of the League, confirmed in my office by the official Diploma and Indulgenced Cross, as you will doubtless see on reference to your office registry, and the brother and sister are members of my Rosary band. As their Promoter they have asked me publicly to acknowledge their favor in the MESSENGER for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart. This will explain how the above facts came into my possession.

This was truly a great grace and wonderful, but it is only wonderful to those who do not know God's merciful ways and do not remember the condition He Himself enjoins for obtaining favors: *Ask, and you shall receive.*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1888.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, (the Prefect of the Propaganda), and confirmed with His special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

VOLUNTEER TEACHERS OF CATECHISM.

WHY is the need of *volunteer teachers of catechism* so pressing that our Holy Father the Pope should bless it as a General Intention for the prayers of the universal League during an entire month?

There can be only one reason. It must be because the *regular*, or *necessary* teachers of the Christian religion are no longer able to do all the work imposed upon them. These *regular* teachers of catechism—who must teach catechism because it is a *necessary* part of their office—are priests, whom our Lord has commissioned: *Go, teach all nations;* parents, whose highest duty it is to instruct their children; and the Christian schoolteachers, to whom priest and parents may entrust the instruction of children in part. Now, all of these, working their best and together, are not sufficient for the instruction of Catholic children in the ordinary elements of the Christian religion. In country missions, the faithful are too scattered for the priest to gather the children together frequently; in the cities, the pastors are overburdened and often the children of careless parents quite escape their notice. Where parents are not careless about instructing their children, they are often unpractised and ignorant in things of religion, even when otherwise well informed. And the Brothers and Sisters, or other teachers, can hardly be expected to teach children who are not brought to their schools and whom they never see. Add to all this the simply prodigious number of Catholic children who are in non-Catholic schools or institutions.

We are to pray then—it is an urgent need of the whole Church—that, from among the Christian lay-people, *volunteer* teachers of catechism may start up to aid and complete the work of priests and parents and of regular schoolteachers. This is already done in many places by the institution of *Sunday Schools.* These do a great good, and in some cases there is really no other Christian teaching possible. But these also do not suffice for reaching those unhappy children who can with difficulty be brought under any organized training. For such as these the Promoters of the Holy League, when it is well established in a parish, offer the best resource. Their office gives them the opportunity of reaching many ignorant children and grown persons, and, if they have zeal, of instructing them little by little in their religion.

For such teachers and promoters—the two works will usually go together—our Holy League is to pray this month.

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